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OUR SECRET WAR

OUR SECRET WAR

True American Spy Stories

1917-1919

By

THOMAS M. JOHNSON

Author of *Without Censor*

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book tells some true American spy stories of the World War—most of which have not hitherto been told.

Spy stories, mystery stories, war stories, adventure stories all in one, here are the best the writer could unearth from eleven years' encrusted silence. Many are nuggets of virgin gold, yet unseen by American readers.

In truth at least, he is confident they assay ninety per cent. Every incident is true fundamentally, to the writer's best knowledge and belief, although, be it said, he has had sometimes to depend upon the undocumented memory of participants. There are some intentional inaccuracies, to deceive outsiders or to protect American secret agents, one of whom cautions:

"If you write about G-2, watch your step!"

The writer has endeavored to watch. In this first published attempt at a substantially truthful account of American Intelligence and Secret Service work abroad, he has not "told all." That is partly because he does not know all, partly because he has forgotten purposely some things dug from document or human memory that, even now, can not be told without harming seriously some person or government. To prevent that, he has sometimes taken liberties with names, places, dates.

This narrative concerns principally thrilling or mysterious aspects and incidents of American Intelligence work in Europe, and especially of that branch most fascinating to the general public, Secret Service. It attempts to tell something of the whole G-2 machine, whereof Secret Service is but one of several parts, and the methods whereby its wheels are made to turn. After all, it was the steady day

INTRODUCTION

and night labor of the many, rather than the "stunts" of the few, that enabled American Intelligence to read pretty accurately for the greatest Army in American history, the inmost thoughts of its enemy, the greatest Army in World history. But it neither pretends nor desires to be a technical treatise. What follows is just a story, true as may be, of the only aspect of the A. E. F. that remains unrevealed.

The more delicate the writer's task, the more valuable the help of many friends who, eleven years ago, fought in our secret war. Unfortunately, most of them must remain unnamed, as they are unquoted. Special thanks for reading manuscript and for valuable suggestions are due to four Chiefs of American Military Intelligence and to many others recognized as authorities. But responsibility for the final and present text is the writer's alone.

He is grateful also to *The American Magazine*, especially to Mr. James C. Derieux and Mr. Merle Crowell, for collaboration indispensable as it has been pleasurable.

Nor can the *New York Sun*, and especially Mr. Keats Speed, escape responsibility for having sent him to France in the first place, as Accredited Correspondent with the A. E. F., and later, at the Peace Conference.

T. M. J.

CONTENTS

Part One

Page

G-2: UNTOLD TALES OF OUR INTELLIGENCE SERVICE IN THE WORLD WAR 15

There *was* American "secret stuff"—The German Spies were caught—The babes venture into the wood—The hidden panel at G. H. Q.—The secret history of a battle—The Germans talk with G-2—The truth about one American "spy story"—Letters of mark—How G-2 sank some submarines—And the general finished his supper—A puzzle to solve—Behind the scenes—Artful dodges.

Part Two

THE HIDDEN DUEL: SPY AGAINST COUNTER-SPY IN THE A. E. F. 63

On dark battle-fields—Our secret service in Europe—To make drug fiends of American aviators—The Black Book—The fate of the traitor—They tell no tales—An American spy for the Germans—The Germans lost the secret war—Who were in our secret service?—The I. P.'s: men of mystery—A spy in our midst—Wine and women—"Sairveece!"—A dangerous mission, a fearful ordeal—An I. P. risks death—"An oath in blood!"

Part Three

THE MASTER: HOW AMERICAN SECRET AGENTS TRAPPED A GREAT GERMAN SPY 127

One of our most thrilling exploits—A sinister visitor—Tricked—A Master Spy—Before the war began—A horrible story—Who is The Master?—Jekyll and Hyde—The mystery of Zero.

Part Four

THE NET: AND HOW QUEER FISH WRIGGLED 157

What a green Alpine hat hid—A toothpick writes—Who were the

CONTENTS—*Continued*

Page

suspects—Disguises and false papers—Dark wings at night—New stories of the Zimmermann note—Spy-hunting in doughboys' letters—They said it with flowers—Tricky things, codes.

Part Five

WE SPY: THE GREAT GAME AS THE AMERICANS PLAYED IT 255

Praise from the enemy—The Innocent Yankees—Hist! Play ball!—President Wilson and secret service—How did we spy?—What are spies like?—Their names are still secret—The remarkable Captain Voska—Our best German spy—Our Russian spies—Bertha: a gun within a gun—Hooks and crooks—The wages of spying—The legion that never was listed—A firing squad at dawn—Assassination, and the "sealed train"—A shot in the dark—The affair of the four colonels—An American warning—American spies and the "corpse factory"—Allied secret service and the German revolution—Poisoning the German Empire.

Part Six

OUR SECRET PEACE: PLOT AND COUNTER-PLOT AFTER THE ARMISTICE 253

Our unknown rôle in Germany—Agent A-1 goes to Berlin—The real German plans divulged—A censor with a pistol—Plots to kill President Wilson—A cat who looked at some kings—Meet the grand duchess—A tap on the shoulder—Our spy-trap on the Rhine—Our German-American agents—The Düsseldorf affair—The American Bolshevik who risked a firing squad.

Part Seven

EVES-DROPPING: ADVENTURES OF WOMEN SPIES THE AMERICANS KNEW 297

American women spies—"Q," who spied for President Wilson—A Jeanne d'Arc of the secret war—Women's wiles—Queen of spies: fascinating, deadly, tragic—The ever-open eye—Sic transit—Our secret service in the Alsace Ruse—Bella Donna gets the papers—Delilah's sisters—An historic dictograph—Pumping the doughboys—Why girls go into secret service—A woman spy in Washington—Our unknown heroine.

OUR SECRET WAR

PART ONE

G-2

UNTOLD TALES OF OUR INTELLIGENCE SERVICE
IN THE WORLD WAR



OUR SECRET WAR

PART ONE

G - 2

UNTOLD TALES OF OUR INTELLIGENCE SERVICE IN THE WORLD WAR

G-2 IT was that saved the lives of thousands of American doughboys that dark, rainy September morning eleven years ago when they wiped out the St. Mihiel salient in the first independent American attack of the World War. But for G-2, they would have attacked without the terrific preliminary artillery bombardment that for four preceding hours had blasted a path through German barbed wire, trenches and concrete dugouts, smothered German artillery and machine-guns.

Without that mighty prelude, they would have been struck by such a storm of German bullet and shell that their losses in killed and wounded would have been not light but heavy, gold stars at home not few but many. Yet that also would have been because of G-2.

It came about in this way. The artillery preparation had been planned far ahead. Three thousand cannon, great and small, were assembled to fire a million shells before a single doughboy jumped off. For a time on the day before the battle General Pershing seriously considered giving up the preliminary bombardment, firing only a rolling barrage as the infantry advanced. The reason was simple—it looked as if the Germans had gone, evacuated the salient.

There were signs of it: among many, the statement of a German soldier, captured three days earlier, that the Germans were tearing up narrow-gauge railroad tracks and moving them rearward. That very morning of September eleventh, Allied aviators flying low over German front-line trenches had not been fired upon. Perhaps there were no Germans there. Why fire a million shells into empty trenches? G-2 had reported these signs—now General Pershing told G-2 to check up on them.

Late in the afternoon, just a few hours before the bombardment was to start, G-2 reported: "The Germans have not withdrawn. They are still there."

General Pershing turned to the telephone.

"Orders for the artillery preparation stand," he said.

At one o'clock in the morning, three thousand guns crashed. At five o'clock, after four thunderous hours, whistles shrilled along the forty-mile line and one hundred fifty thousand infantry scrambled over the top. A few hours later G-2 laid upon General Pershing's desk a captured order marked "*Streng Geheim*" showing that the German infantry had not withdrawn, and that when our artillery preparation fell, save for one small sector, they were still in their trenches.

Expert American radio men, listening day and night to the German wireless stations talking to one another behind their front, had reported at four o'clock the preceding afternoon: "All German divisional wireless stations still working from same old places." That gave G-2 a final check, for it had studied German wireless habits for over a year.

No matter what prisoners or aviators said, the Germans were still in the salient. To attack without artillery preparation was not safe. The news meant that to General Pershing and to Major-General D. E. Nolan, Chief of Intelligence of the A. E. F.

G-2 is Army talk for "Intelligence," which means finding

out what the other fellow is up to, one of the most fascinating of military arts. This hitherto untold incident of St. Mihiel is one of many that serve to illustrate the workings of G-2 and the vital part it played in winning the A. E. F.'s battles, for really the A. E. F. was pretty good at it.

Yes, dear old Uncle Sam with his innocent chin-whiskers could move in mysterious ways his wonders to perform. When he got into the ring with a bruiser who hit below the belt, Uncle Sam, like a shrewd Yankee, put on sneakers. They were of modern make, and he skipped about so nimbly that he eluded most of the bruiser's swings and kept him guessing about Uncle's own blows until the bruiser took the count of ten—oddly enough, at eleven o'clock November eleventh.

The Germans were befuddled sometimes, for A. E. F. Intelligence not only found out what they were up to, but often fooled them as well about what we were up to. After the Armistice, a German Intelligence officer begged Colonel Arthur L. Conger, one of our best G-2 men, to tell him whether it was true that the Americans could transport at once more than ten thousand troops aboard the *Leviathan*. German shipping experts had called it impossible. And where was our 41st Division? The Germans knew it had come to France nearly a year before—but since then they had lost it. We had supposed that every one knew it had been used as replacement—but the Germans didn't. Then the submarine code-book episode and the Alsace ruse—but they come later.

THERE WAS AMERICAN "SECRET STUFF"

Some people protest to this day that "we didn't do any secret stuff in Europe." Well, they don't know, or pretend they don't, which is fashionable in the Army sometimes. We had our espionage and counter-espionage, our secret

agents and counter-agents, and some surprising, gripping things can be told of them now, after eleven years. They were part of G-2—G-2-B, in fact. But there were also A and C and D, all busy and useful, who did Intelligence work just as interesting, exciting and extremely important, as the story will show. In fact, in the World War "spy stuff" was only one of many ramifications of G-2, which was a highly organized and very modern enterprise that went far beyond the days of spy-glass and false whiskers. So expert is a good military intelligence service that some one at the Army War College remarked recently that in the next war—if any—we may know more about the enemy than he knows about himself.

In modern war, with its tremendous complexity, it is not enough to know the strength and disposition of an enemy's Army and Navy. That is only one of four factors that statesman, general and admiral must consider, the other three being the enemy's political, economic and psychological state. For modern war is not merely a struggle between men and ships, but between governments, economic organizations, states of mind and heart. The service that furnishes the information, the "Intelligence," upon which to base decisions and shape policies to win this struggle, has three functions:

1. To collect information concerning the four factors.
2. To digest that information.
3. To disseminate that information.

To perform this task American Intelligence worked through the departments of State, War, Navy and Justice.

Did it make good on that big job? Did Intelligence Services, Allied and American, predict accurately what that great war-making machine, the German Empire, would do?

The answer is: Usually. An American expert says: "The future can be forecast with reasonable accuracy." Our Intelligence Service then, including our secret service, to the average citizen most mystic, most baffling aspect of the World War, could read many of the inmost thoughts of a crafty adversary. As tales hitherto untold show, it failed sometimes, but succeeded more.

Without G-2, at any rate, no statesman, no general, no admiral, can go into battle with safety. Without a good Intelligence Service, Heaven help those who try it. There are striking examples in the World War, some furnished by the generally dangerous German Intelligence Service. Germany was acclaimed as having a war organization of super-human efficiency, yet her very entry into war appears to have resulted from blunders in Intelligence as well as intelligence. Probably the same sort of blunders lost her the war in its early stages.

The German General Staff anticipated quick victory in a short war. Yet their Intelligence Service failed to estimate correctly how long it would take Russia to mobilize. When they found the Russians in East Prussia long before they were supposed to be, there was a panic at German General Headquarters and two corps were taken from the famous Von Kluck's Army marching upon Paris, to save East Prussia from the invader. Had they stayed with Von Kluck, Paris would probably have fallen, with what further result can only be guessed. And to complete the comedy of errors, it is doubtful whether the two corps were actually needed in East Prussia, after all. Germany had filled Russia with spies to find out just such things.

THE GERMAN SPIES WERE CAUGHT

A splendid piece of stupidity made twenty-one of the leading German spies in England utterly useless. They

used so simple a means of sending their reports that every one was gobbled up by the British Intelligence the day Great Britain entered the war. So the Germans had no news of the sailing of the first British expeditionary force for France. Their Intelligence estimates were off again in regard to Great Britain, for they seem to have failed to consider seriously the possibility of a long war and economic blockade by her Navy.

Again, German Intelligence blundered in not realizing that they could break the French fortress front as well as the Belgian with the great Skoda guns, which would have avoided the violation of a neutral nation that brought in Great Britain and shocked the world. When the Germans first used the great guns in Belgium, they showed their hand and warned the French, thereby largely wasting this great surprise weapon.

That it was a surprise at all was due to poor Intelligence work, this time French. For years before the war French spies and agents had reported to Paris that these vast guns really existed. But it was peace-time; such a report sounded like a good story, and nothing much was done about it.

It was through Intelligence that the British Navy knew in advance of the German plans before the battle of Jutland. For some days before the German fleet made its sortie, the British had known through their secret service that something was up. Then at five o'clock the afternoon of May 30, 1916, the German Admiralty sent by radio, in code, an order to all units of the fleet to carry out the plan already agreed upon. The British radio stations intercepted the message, and although they could not decode it, recognized it at once for what it was. In fifteen minutes the Grand Fleet was directed to proceed to sea "prepared for eventualities."

The Germans had slipped in sending so important an order by radio, but they evened up by the same means. They

stationed at the mouth of the River Jade a guard ship with powerful apparatus. Using the call letter of the German flag-ship, it sent out fake messages addressed to the other ships which, meantime, kept radio silence. The British intercepted these messages and figured out their point of origin. If the German flag-ship were still at the mouth of the Jade, they thought, the battle fleet had not yet sailed. So the British believed, even on May thirty-first, that the Germans were ready to dash forth at any moment but had not yet done so—believed it in fact, until they almost ran into the Germans. And the Germans had not known that the British knew they were coming out. Thus did Intelligence and counter-Intelligence make a game of blind man's bluff, a new game that we had largely to learn when we came into the war.

For in April, 1917, American Military Intelligence was a joke. In Washington it consisted of two officers and one part-time clerk; abroad, of a few military attachés working largely on their own, even as to funds, paying many expenses from their own pockets. A government that had kept us out of war had appropriated for Intelligence for that fiscal year, the sum of eleven thousand dollars. The Army stepped into the baleful glare of the World War—blind.

The officer who in peace had tried most earnestly to give it eyes to see was Major-General Ralph H. Van Deman, the first modern American Intelligence officer. He remained at home for a while to help conquer German espionage, then went to France. Brigadier-General Marlborough Churchill then commanded the Military Intelligence Division at Washington.

Strictly, the beginning of American G-2 in France was when Colonel James A. Logan, head of our military mission in Paris, went to the French Deuxième Bureau and said, in effect, "Let's get together." History does not state, but probably they kissed him on both cheeks, for that was

April 6, 1917, the day after Congress refused to consent to American ships painted like barber-poles walking a chalk-line across the ocean under penalty of being *spurlos versenkt*, and declared war upon Germany.

THE BABES VENTURE INTO THE WOOD

Whereupon, General Pershing sailed for France May twenty-seventh, taking with him three Intelligence officers, about all there were in the country. At the height of our effort, sixteen months later, there were in France alone two hundred eight-seven "headquarters" Intelligence officers, besides thousands more officers and men attached to units. G-2 had grown, from the crossing aboard the *Baltic* when General Pershing studied data on French and British services brought over by the Joffre and Balfour Missions, and decided tentatively to adopt the British method because the British in France were working in a foreign country, as we must. To head his Intelligence Service, he chose General Nolan, then a major, a General Staff officer who had been with him in the Philippines, and whose benevolent smile did not conceal a purpose tough as steel and an intellect as keen.

In June and July, 1917, General Nolan and his assistants went up and down the Western Front, getting advanced instruction in the fascinating science whose rudiments alone had been practised at home. At French G.Q.G. they learned much; then Brigadier-General John Charteris, Chief of British Intelligence in France, invited them to see the wheels go round at the opening of the Flanders offensive of 1917. For the Americans this was laboratory work in Intelligence.

Amid the stress of a great battle, they saw the whole system at work: prisoners questioned, captured papers and maps examined, wireless intercepted and decoded, airplane

photographs analyzed, and reports from spies in Belgium on reenforcements behind the German line. American Intelligence in France had a British basis—the regulations of the Second British Army, with some added American improvements.

At Chaumont, provincial Lorraine small town just become American G. H. Q., in drafty French barracks converted to American office buildings, grew the somewhat mysterious organization called G-2, G. H. Q., A. E. F.—meaning Second Section, General Staff, General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, France. The first section handled administration; the third, operations; the fourth, supply; and the fifth, training.

Upon heavy oaken doors painted black (probably by chance) appeared little signs bearing cabalistic figures: “G-2-A” or simply “S. S.” (popularly translated “Sh! Sh!”), and an earnest and capable lot of officers, mostly with new shiny shoulder insignia, began putting in an eight-hour day before dinner and a four-hour evening after. They were hand-picked, personally recommended to General Nolan: former college professors, linguists, globe-trotters, geographers, detectives, newspaper men, lawyers international and criminal, code experts, radio men, draftsmen, printers. G-2 had a hole to fit every peg.

They banded together to find out all about Germany—military, economic, political—about the *feldgrau* at the front and the *hausfrau* at home, how the Allied blockade was working and what was happening in the Reichstag and what it all really meant to the A. E. F. and the Allies in winning the war. They used every aid science had thought of and invented new ones. They learned to train pigeons and fly toy balloons, to get Germans tired of *ersatz* food to desert and come over, to arrange matters so that certain harmless-looking parties might see and hear many things the Germans didn't want them to hear and see, to run an exten-

sive printing and publishing business, and to lure from captured Germans, by means disarmingly frank, confusingly subtle or crassly alimentary, information to be utilized in making uncomfortable their late friends the wrong side of the line.

The business grew. Two weeks after General Pershing sailed from New York, his three Intelligence officers had become five: General Nolan, Colonel Conger, Colonel Roger G. Alexander, Colonel William O. Reed and Captain S. T. Hubbard; five months afterward, twenty-eight; and nine months afterward, eighty-one. Soon there was an Intelligence School in the old Roman city of Langres, training and turning out hundreds more.

At the same time the Intelligence studies for the battle of St. Mihiel began—a year before the battle took place. That was a secret closely guarded, but Major Kerr T. Riggs, directed by Colonel Conger, commenced then learning by heart all the German arrangements in the famous salient, every twist and turn of trench, every battery position, every rest camp. He even knew about the officers' bathtubs atop Montsec. That started almost before we had any troops on any part of the front. Later the southern face of the salient, assiduously camouflaged by censorship as "the sector northwest of Toul," became the proving-ground of G-2, the back lot that developed the big-leaguers. Here they experimented, sometimes amusingly, and learned and grew, keeping up with the newest tricks made in Germany, and with the fast-growing A. E. F. as well. Intelligence officers got little rest.

THE HIDDEN PANEL AT G. H. Q.

They slaved to placate the Juggernaut of G-2, the great wall map of the order of battle that was called the riskiest map in France. It was hidden by a sliding panel in the wall

at G. H. Q., guarded at night by a secret agent, who slept with it and a Colt automatic. It was the only single map in France that showed at a glance the location and condition of every German and every Allied division on the Western Front, at any time.

Looking to-day at a reproduction marked "Secret," one can see what infinite capacity for taking pains went into it. It shows the whereabouts at eleven o'clock, November 11, 1918, of three hundred ninety-eight separate German and Allied divisions and some other units on either side the four-hundred-mile Western Front from Holland to Switzerland—and it shows more. It shows the twenty-six German divisions that in four months had been dissolved to meet the heavy losses. It shows the two hundred thirteen Allied divisions, equal numerically to at least two hundred forty-three German divisions but opposed actually by only one hundred eighty-five, of which only two were fresh reserves as against the Allies' thirty-two, equaling numerically at least thirty-five German divisions. The secret-panel map on the first Armistice Day was a bird's-eye view of Victory.

G-2 had many tasks, but the most important was to keep this bird's-eye view clear, accurate, complete and up-to-date day and night. If we knew where the Germans were, and what shape they were in, and knew it right, we could beat them. If we didn't—who could tell? Now, our best information about that usually came from the Germans themselves!

German prisoners, and papers, maps, diaries and letters taken from them, were the best source of information that A. E. F. Intelligence had, better and more reliable than spies and agents, better even than intercepted radio although some interesting things were accomplished by it. The best way to find out about the Germans was to ask them.

In the tense summer of 1918 during the Germans' last

superhuman effort to win before the Americans could intervene decisively, the importance of prisoners in the complicated scheme of G-2 was illustrated in this untold tale.

In April and May all the Allied Intelligence Services were trying to find out where the Germans would attack next. Marshal Foch believed it would be toward Amiens, and French reserves were assembled there. But on April twenty-third, Colonel Stanley D. Embick of General Bliss's staff with the Allied Supreme War Council in Paris, prepared an estimate indicating that Marshal Foch was mistaken. Weighing all the strategic factors, Colonel Embick decided that the Germans would attack not toward Amiens but toward Paris, on the Chemin des Dames front between Soissons and Rheims, a considerable distance from Amiens. General Bliss and the entire American section of the War Council approved this paper, and gave it to Marshal Foch in May.

The British also made their estimate where the blow would fall. On May thirteenth their Summary of Intelligence said it was they, not the French, who were to be attacked, far to the other side of Amiens, between Arras and Albert. On May fourteenth each of the three Allies had, therefore, guessed differently.

That day the experts of American G-2 had a conference. Captain Hubbard, then chief wizard on the German order of battle, announced he agreed neither with Foch nor Haig. The next German attack, Captain Hubbard had deduced independently, would be on the Chemin des Dames, sometime between May twentieth and thirtieth. Next day, May fifteenth, the Americans sent to their Allies the first of several warnings of what they feared. The British became rather uneasy, but until almost the last minute French Intelligence and Marshal Foch believed the danger-spot was not the Chemin des Dames, but Amiens, and near there the French reserves remained.

On May twenty-fifth, the Intelligence Service of the VI French Army on the Chemin des Dames asserted: "In our opinion there are no indications that the enemy has made preparations which would enable him to attack to-morrow." Early next morning, they captured two Germans, an officer and a private soldier, and questioned them separately. The officer said there would be no attack, the soldier that there would be a big attack next morning. What a situation, said the French. Which of them shall we believe? They accused the officer of lying, and gave him a "special interrogation," in other words, a course of sprouts. He changed his story, and then, at dusk, French observers saw large bodies of German troops moving up behind the front.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF A BATTLE

French and British, in this "quiet sector" to rest, were ordered to their battle positions. But it was too late; the warning had been too brief, and when, after terrible artillery fire, the Germans attacked at half past four next morning the defense was insufficiently prepared, and in less than a week the German wave had flowed over the Aisne, the Vesle, the Ourcq to the Marne, where Château-Thierry became part of American history. Almost the same day, the French Intelligence received from an under-cover man at a German headquarters this message: "Germans will attack May 27 on Chemin des Dames." The message was ten days old. It had taken the secret service too long to get it through Switzerland.

Strange as it may seem, French Intelligence, and so Foch, guessed wrong about some of the biggest German drives of early spring, 1918, that nearly won the war. When the first of them, that almost broke the British, began March twenty-first, General Pétain told General Pershing he thought it only a feint preparatory to the real drive against the

French in the Champagne, and General Charteris blames Pétain's slowness to realize the truth for part of the French delay in sending reinforcements to the hard-pressed British. They had to stand the gaff nearly three weeks, says Haig's Chief of Intelligence, before Foch, now Generalissimo, concluded that it was actually the real attack they were sustaining unaided, and the Champagne idea was a delusion. For one thing, German secret agents had fed the French false reports, as is told later.

They were not the only ones fooled by German preparations in Champagne. The Allied War Council headed by Marshal Foch, were fooled, and the eminent British military representative, Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, wrote in his diary the very night before that he thought the big German drive would be against Italy, "later." There was neither Italy nor later in the prediction of American G-2, which warned of just what happened.

The last great German attack of all, the *Friedenssturm*, the "Peace Drive" to end the war, came July fifteenth, and this time French Intelligence worked well, as did American. Observation posts along the front, from Château-Thierry to the Champagne, spotted the Germans assembling guns, shells, supplies. The American Third Division on the Marne even saw them preparing pontoons upon which to cross. Early in July Colonel Conger showed American correspondents the complicated tabulation of German rested and tired divisions and their whereabouts, and predicted that the next attack would come within two weeks. Expectancy was tense. Some prisoners had told of vague rumors of an attack, and French and Americans had been alerted on July fourth and at other times. On July fourteenth a picked French raiding party got into the German lines in Champagne and brought back just a few prisoners, but enough. They wore new uniforms and had heavy equipment, carrying iron rations. Yes, they admitted, there was to be an

attack, early next morning, and they were to be in it. All along the front the word flashed, and then the Allied guns! When the Germans advanced, it was to their worst repulse of 1918. They never attacked again.

Who can forget the jubilant scenes at various Allied Intelligence Headquarters those next few days, how they sorted out the letters from home and the diaries that every captured German seemed to carry—providentially. Each told its tale of woe, discouragement, sickness, short rations, the same tale that the owners were telling to their questioners. From every Intelligence officer went up the cry: "They're losing their nerve!" On July twenty-fourth Marshal Foch called together Haig, Pétain and Pershing to plan the Allied offensive that was the beginning of the end.

According to one of the weirdest of all Intelligence stories, that decision might never have been made had German Intelligence chiefs listened to the warning of subordinates that Foch was preparing the counter-offensive that on July eighteenth caught the Germans off guard and turned the tide. Their highest Intelligence officers were "kidding themselves," did not want to hear unpleasant truth. This according to Major Kurt Anker, formerly of the German Intelligence, who says that on July eleventh he and two other officers told their chiefs at German Great Headquarters exactly what Allied divisions Foch would use, including the First, Second, Fourth and 26th American Divisions. These reports, prophesying things the German leaders did not want to believe, went into the waste-basket. Had they been heeded, the great Allied blow of July eighteenth would have been no surprise and so, perhaps, no great success. In those circumstances, would Foch, Haig, Pétain and Pershing have decided on July twenty-fourth to keep on attacking? And if they had not, would the war have ended November eleventh?

In the last few months of the war, man-power was prob-

ably Germany's biggest problem. The losses in the spring offensive had been terrible, and they were the German Army's picked men, its *Stosstruppen*. The Allies were reinvigorated by two million fresh Americans. How long could the Germans stand the strain, and how soon must they throw in prematurely the striplings who were their last reserve? Every Allied leader, every Intelligence Service, wanted to know.

The Americans were fighting the Meuse-Argonne, our greatest battle. After a good initial advance we were stopped, but on October fourth attacked again. The veteran First Division struck head-on one of the great shock divisions of the old German Army, the First Guard. Prisoners taken were hurried to experienced interrogating officers working at the front. Shaken and weakened, they talked. They were receiving young replacements, they said, too young. When trouble started, these youths ran away. What better proof that the Germans were hard pressed?

German prisoners usually talked; so do the prisoners of most armies, including the American. To be sure, two unsung heroes of the First Division, knocked on the head and dragged "over to Germany" the night before our Cantigny attack, did not talk; hence, the attack was a surprise and a success. But there were others who forgot the exhortation on a card that Colonel Walter H. Sweeney, controlling censorship, sent every doughboy: "If you are captured, try to forget as much as possible."

Prisoners, freshly caught, nerve-shaken and unfed, were G-2's meat. Just out of the hell of battle, they must be iron men who would not answer questions, if only to get a cigarette and something to eat and perhaps a sleep. Most of the officers and the old-style Prussian non-coms were tough customers; the others would usually succumb to the wiles of G-2 and would presently be telling all they knew; often not realizing that it had any importance. There were all kinds of ways to handle them.

A prisoner who looked as though he might in happier circumstances appreciate the joys of life, would be asked in excellent German and with a friendly air: "*Nun, wie ist das Bier auf Munich? Gut?*" and before he knew it would be replying: "*Jawohl, Herr Leutnant! Jawohl!*" After that it wasn't so hard.

With the hard-boiled, a little cracking of the whip might work. The familiar command "*Achtung!*" barked out as if by a drill sergeant, would reassert familiar discipline.

Prisoners were really the Germans' Achilles' heel, for they had in their army three elements with no fondness for Germany: Alsace-Lorrainers, Poles and Danes, and others with little fondness for Prussia: Saxons and various South Germans. The first thing some Intelligence officers did was to walk down a line of prisoners asking each, "*Bist du Pole?*" All who said yes were examined immediately, as they told more than did Germans. The French handled Alsace-Lorrainers cleverly, and many deserted to them. They deserted to us, too, and a few days before our St. Mihiel attack General Fuchs, the German commander, ordered relief of the 77th Reserve Division because so many had walked across No-Man's-Land that he considered the division unreliable. Of course deserters would talk.

THE GERMANS TALK WITH G-2

So would troops just from the Eastern Front, brought back since Russia went Bolshevik to turn the man-power scale and permit the German spring offensive. They did the Germans almost more harm than good. They had been exposed to Bolshevism, and many had caught it. Their morale was rotten. Many would not fight, surrendered readily and told their examiners everything they knew. They were for revolution in Germany and would help any enemy of the Kaiser.

Sometimes the opposite type, the good old Prussian fire-

eaters, gave good information unwittingly. What General Pershing wanted to know the third and fourth days of the Meuse-Argonne battle, September twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth, was: How soon will the Germans get enough reserves to this front to stop us? We had rather rushed them off their feet at first, had almost broken through, but they had managed to hang on and gain time to move reserves. The reserves were coming, and it was a race between those reserves and the slackened momentum of our first assault. How much longer should we continue our efforts—when was the time to stop, reorganize and prepare another blow?

Riding along the front, General Nolan reached the sector of our 35th Division, and found its progress stopped. The Germans were counter-attacking. Then a little knot of prisoners appeared. Clad in new uniforms, a healthy color upon their faces, these members of the crack 52nd Division stared the Chief of Intelligence of the A. E. F. straight in the eye.

"Well," he said, "it looks pretty bad for you, doesn't it? We've been pushing you back steadily, six or seven miles!"

The Germans were indignant, off guard.

"Hah!" said one of them, "we'll soon stop that. We're the 52nd Division, and we've been in rest billets for a month. They sent us in here to stop you Americans, and we're the boys can do it. You may have captured a few of us, but there are a lot more over there like us. More fresh troops are coming. You won't advance any more."

The others grinned and nodded agreement.

General Nolan sought General Pershing.

"I'm sorry to bring bad news," he said, "but the German reserves are arriving. The 52nd Division, one of the best, has come up and stopped the 35th. The men are rested and fattened up and full of fight. Whatever we get from them, we'll have to work for. The 35th are tired already. There'll be more fresh German troops."

Thus it proved. Our first punch had expended itself, and soon the Germans were counter-attacking all along the line. But for hurried aid, the fresh 52nd would have completely broken our tired 35th.

The last thing the 52nd's men had meant to do, of course, was to give valuable information to the Americans. They were crack troops. One Intelligence officer examined three thousand Germans and found only three who refused to give information for patriotic reasons. They were cleverly handled according to tested rules, such as: always question a prisoner in his own language, without the presence of a third party, without taking written notes. An unwritten rule added: on an empty stomach.

There was a standing order by General Pershing that when prisoners arrived at a Corps cage, they should get a meal of bully beef, hardtack and coffee and a sack of tobacco. Two German cooks stayed at the I Corps cage throughout the Meuse-Argonne battle, cooking for each incoming batch. Despite General Pershing's order, not all German prisoners ate immediately. Intelligence officers first culled from each batch those who looked most intelligent and those who looked of weakest character. These got an immediate grilling, while the rest ate.

A quick way to impress a prisoner was to ask him: "Well, how's Colonel Schmalz?"—naming the prisoner's own commander. He would reason: "This man knows a lot about us anyway. Why refuse to answer his questions?" Another way was to offer to send through Switzerland a letter to his family saying that he was safe. Those promises were always kept.

The Germans tried special ways to make Americans talk. The surest, one German Intelligence officer said, was: "Just get a few Americans from different outfits arguing which was the best outfit. Then everything you wanted to know would come out."

In another way prisoners unintentionally gave information—they talked among themselves. When they were brought back from the fighting, they were questioned quickly about conditions on the immediate front, in their own units, then filtered rapidly through Division and Corps Intelligence to Army Intelligence. Here they were assembled in large wired stockades and winnowed carefully and expertly for every grain of news about Germany and its Army. Not even when they were alone in the cages were they safe from G-2. In German uniforms, filthy as the rest, German-speaking Intelligence officers mingled with the crowd, listening to what they said to one another.

THE TRUTH ABOUT ONE AMERICAN "SPY STORY"

Not all the wide-open ears were American. Some Germans, usually because they wished a Republic in Germany, joined up with G-2. One German university graduate who must be nameless, working for Captain Sanford Griffith, disguised himself as an officer, entered officers' prison pens and picked up much valuable information. For such help G-2 escorted two Germans to this country after the war, and helped them lose themselves. Even a Republican Germany, it turned out, would have been uncomfortable for them. Some years ago that incident furnished a brilliantly imaginative magazine article, wherein the two Germans were General Staff colonels, and there were intrigue and hairbreadth escapes enough for several wars. One of the Kaiser's sons was mixed up in it. It would have made a fine movie.

One day a German officer prisoner remarked as he sat down in the inquisition chair:

"So you're Captain Griffith, are you? We know all about you, and what you're doing."

Another German officer was shamed into telling the truth. Colonel Willey Howell, Chief of Intelligence of the First Army, told officers they need not talk if they did not wish, but if they talked they must tell the truth. This officer gave intentionally false information. What he said was checked, of course, and next day Colonel Howell staged a little satirical comedy, the ceremony of degradation, removing the insignia of the officer who, having been treated like a gentleman, had lied. In the middle of it the officer, deeply humiliated, broke down—and talked.

A real German lieutenant-colonel, trapped in a cave in the Meuse-Argonne, was induced simply by fair and sympathetic treatment to give valuable insight into conditions in the German Army. A captive lieutenant-colonel was almost as much a curiosity as the first Austrian prisoner, of whom Colonel Howell had a painting made and circulated in order that every one would know an Austrian from a German.

A trench-raiding party that brought back shoulder-straps and papers from dead Germans got from G-2 a passing mark for the evening. From a shoulder-strap with a numeral, and a little brown book, the order-of-battle experts could deduce a whole division. They preferred, of course, live prisoners to question, whence the invention of the trench raid, whose object was to get some.

There were more grisly means to the truth: examination of clothing, equipment and badges of dead Germans, for instance. Every night the daring Combat Intelligence sought in No Man's Land information often stained with their own or German blood. How from such sources and others an Intelligence officer, like a detective, puts together small facts to deduce larger, is shown by these brief grim extracts from the *Intelligence Report of the American First Army* just before its great attack in the Meuse-Argonne:

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE FIRST ARMY

Sept. 20.

First Guard Division (?). The body of an officer killed during the enemy raid of September 18-19 was found one kilometer west of Avocourt. He appears to have come recently from the Ersatz battalion at Potsdam and to belong to the First Footguard Regiment of the First Guard Division. The presence of the Division, however, cannot be accepted without further evidence. It was withdrawn from the Laon front about September 4. The point at which the body was found is near the boundary of the presumed sector of the 37th Division and the 53rd Reserve Division, but probably in the present sector of the 37th.

Sept. 22.

117th Division. One prisoner of the 157th Regiment, taken 500 meters east of Avocourt, states that his regiment relieved the 150th Regiment of the 37th Division three nights ago. The 117th Division appears to have relieved the 37th.

First Guard Division. This same prisoner states that "a Foot Guard Regiment" is in line west of his regiment. This appears to confirm the presence of the First Guard Division in the Varennes sector which was indicated by the finding of the body of an officer of the First Footguard Regiment.

Sept. 23.

A cap with a Wurttemberg cockade was found one kilometer west of the Four de Paris. As the Second Landwehr Division is from Wurttemberg, it would appear that it is still in the line in its normal sector.

Sept. 25.

First Guard Division. One deserter of the Fourth Footguard Regiment came into our lines near the Aire River (south of Varennes). He confirms the presence of the First Guard Division in this sector, stating it relieved Saxon troops of regiments in the 200 series (53rd Reserve Division ?) on September 16th. He states that the order of battle, from west to east, is Second Footguard Regiment, Fourth Footguard Regiment, First Footguard Regiment.

What was wanted most was data for the order-of-battle map, telling what German divisions were where, and when. That showed the distribution of the enemy strength, and from it could be deduced what they might try to do and whether they would be able to do it. Yet the prediction of Germany's imminent collapse came late in 1918, from the secret service rather than from the prisoners. It was clear that the break in German army morale, noticed in July, had gone far, but it hardly seemed far enough for collapse. This time our secret service reports through at least two neutral countries were nearer the truth. They were slower in reaching Chaumont, and some accurate predictions of the German revolution did not get through until after it had happened. But that story comes later.

"I must have the papers" had meaning more than melodramatic to G-2. Beginning with the broken Belgian treaty, scraps of paper made trouble for Germany throughout the war. In the A. E. F., with attacking infantry went Intelligence officers who sought them in German dugouts, posts of command, billets. Prisoners were searched for them as soon as possible. Official documents, orders, circulars, maps, letters, memorandum books, diaries, were full of valuable data.

Before the St. Mihiel attack, the Germans had shown signs of demoralization, and the question was whether they could stand repeated Allied blows. Intelligence officers turned the salient inside out as a detective "frisks" a crook, and found an important confidential general order signed by Ludendorff, dated September fourth, only eight days previous, including this paragraph:

"It is on the main line of resistance and behind that line we must hold. There is the place where we must aim straight without wasting ammunition, and prepare resolutely for the hand-to-hand fight."

That order revealed two important things, the principal German plan of defense against future Allied attacks, the "elastic system," and an ammunition shortage of serious proportions. More orders and papers were found, stressing the need of saving ammunition, the importance of resting the wearied troops, signs that the great machine was running down.

Other scraps of paper captured at St. Mihiel told the inside story of the German defeat by the British before Amiens, August eighth. Hindenburg and Ludendorff had sent General Staff officers to investigate. Their reports of the German weaknesses discovered had been circulated along the front, including the St. Mihiel salient.

Yet another scrap of paper helped in getting them, a captured map made in Germany, showing the German fortifications and defenses in the St. Mihiel salient, trenches, dugouts, barbed wire. This also was "*Streng Geheim*," not to be taken into front-line trenches, where risk of capture was greater.

On the first day of our next attack, the Meuse-Argonne, what looked like a brilliant blunder by an American Intelligence officer, turned out otherwise after all. This officer had been told that the first "useful prisoners" received at his Corps Headquarters were to be sent to General Pershing's headquarters immediately by the one available automobile. He picked as "useful" from the first batch, all the officers—and German officers almost never talked. These proved no exception when, after a nice automobile ride, they reached Army Headquarters. While some G-2's frothed at the mouth, one genius suggested: "Let's search 'em, anyway."

They found a memorandum from some German higher-up revealing that the crack Fifth Guard Division was just behind the line and exactly what position it should occupy in case the Americans attacked—as they had that morning.

LETTERS OF MARK

A G-2 text-book said: "Correspondence between soldiers in the field and family and friends at home constitutes one of the most important sources of information regarding the enemy." Letters were therefore sought everywhere—including the pockets of souvenir-hunting doughboys—and carefully analyzed. German soldiers' letters sometimes, despite censorship, told of troop movements, whether our artillery fire was effective, whether losses had been heavy, and whether they were well fed and felt like fighting. Letters from home dealt mostly with food or its lack, but often passed on valuable news from mutual friends in other units. Sometimes they described the effect of Allied air raids on German towns. For a complete and accurate picture, one pieced together letters of men in the same company or regiment. Occasionally, of course, an amateur Sherlock Holmes got wondrous results, which provoked one G-2 wit to promulgate this under the head, *Interpreted Documents*:

"From sweetheart in Berlin to German soldier: 'I have not a movie since three months seen.'

"Deductions:

"1. Movie actors disguised working as spies in France.

"2. Berlin too short of electricity to light movies as well as beer-halls.

"3. Moving-picture machines being used for search-light batteries.

"From soldier to sweetheart: 'How much thy smile misses me.'

"Deductions:

"1. German Army would rather be at home than in trenches.

"2. No good-looking women allowed near front line."

The Marines owe to a captured German soldier's letter their nickname, "Devil Dogs"—translated from "*Teufel-hunde*" and promptly handed to correspondents by a publicity service, like everything else in the Marine Corps, "always faithful."

Historically, probably the most valuable German document captured by Americans is General Fuchs's report to Hindenburg and Ludendorff of how the Americans gave his Army Detachment C such a drubbing at St. Mihiel. G-2 reprinted it in English and circulated it to American generals and staff officers, a select reading public.

G-2 got secrets not only from scraps of paper but out of the air. Some of its best work was intercepting and decoding German radio. On March 11, 1918, the Germans commenced using a new code that was absolute Greek to the Allies. This looked like the forerunner of the anxiously awaited spring offensive, and French, British and Americans put their best men to work to solve it.

On March thirteenth our intercept station heard one German station sending another a message in the new code. Then, to our amazement, the reply came: "We haven't received new code-books yet. Please repeat in old code." The sending station repeated the same message—in the old code, that we knew like a book. Putting the two together, our experts got the meaning of every code group in the first message, and the system used. We sent what we knew to the French by telegraph and to the British by airplane. Three days later, all three were reading the new code almost as well as the Germans. When the great offensive finally started March twenty-first, the Germans' messages were being read all along the line.

Code and cipher reading was developed to such an extent in the World War that it is doubtful if radio will be used much in the next war, unless secret radio is developed. The Allies were so good at decoding intercepted wireless mes-

sages that sometimes they knew, by this means alone, where two-thirds of the divisions in the German Army were. The French didn't let even their own Army staffs know where they got all the information. The fewer in a secret, the better.

The British Admiralty was especially clever at finding out what the German fleet and submarines were up to by deciphering wireless and other codes. "Room 40" did this work very quickly, and little has been said about it. Russian divers first got the German code from the stranded cruiser *Magdeburg* in 1914, and often afterward, German code-books were fished up from submarines. Once American G-2 got from a Zeppelin a code-book that played havoc among submarines.

In October, 1917, the last great German Zeppelin raid was a failure, and most of the fleet were brought down or had to come down. One landed at Bourbonne-les-Bains, in the American training area behind the Lorraine Front, and the crew were nabbed before they could destroy all the contents of the gondola. G-2 seized the golden opportunity. Almost simultaneously an American secret agent working under Lieutenant-Colonel N. W. Campanole, head of our espionage service, found a book containing wireless code the Germans used to transmit orders to their submarines, and Captain Hubbard put together the torn pieces of a map showing the North Sea area allotted to each submarine. The dread enemy was delivered into our hand.

HOW G-2 SANK SOME SUBMARINES

From Chaumont Colonel R. H. Williams sent Captain Hubbard with the precious book and maps on a breakneck journey to London, personally escorted most of the way by Brigadier-General Macdonald, Chief of the British Imperial Intelligence Department. Admiral Sims was away,

but his aide jumped from a sick-bed to take them to Room 40. Then began a terrible week for German submarines. Obeying Allied orders in their own code, they came to the surface amid destroyers waiting to pounce. If not caught, they could be trailed and so could sink few merchant ships. Before the Germans had discovered the situation and changed the code, Lloyd George announced that fewer British ships were being sunk than at any time since the submarine campaign commenced. He might have added that more submarines were sunk in the week after the American feat, than in any week until then.

The Germans really helped the British keep track of the movements of their ships by detailing certain ships to handle the radio traffic of groups. It facilitated business in the German fleet—and also for the British Intelligence which, by listening only to the traffic ships, found out how the ships were grouped, and all their messages.

Before the battle of the Dogger Bank, the Admiralty were able to send to Admirals Jellicoe and Beatty a message commencing: "Four German battle cruisers, six light cruisers, twenty-two destroyers will put to sea this evening for reconnoitering expedition against Dogger Bank. Return probably to-morrow evening," then ordering that they be attacked.

It is little known here that one of the main reasons why the Russians lost the battle of the Mazurian Lakes and so many early battles even into 1915, was that in the first months of the war, the Germans were picking the Russian radio messages out of the air and translating them. They knew where every blow would fall, where every division would go. It was like sitting in at every Russian council of war. A French staff officer with the Russian Army had a hard time convincing them that they must change codes often in modern war.

When the United States entered the war, we knew, as a

whole, about as much as the Russians. Colonel Parker Hitt and Major Frank Moorman were our only regular officers who had specialized much. Under General Churchill's direction there was organized in the United States by Colonel George Fabyan a company of wireless experts to man our intercept stations in France. It took our code men seven months to prepare the first American field code-book—which was promptly suppressed because it was too risky. A copy in German hands would have told too much.

The Germans did capture at least one American radio code-book. An American major went into the front line with a copy in his pocket, quite against orders. The moment he chose for his stroll was the moment the Germans chose for a trench raid, which gobbled up major, code-book and all. Luckily some one who knew that the major had the book in his pocket, telephoned G. H. Q. There flashed to every American division on the front orders to change instantly to an alternative code.

A radio code would last only three to six weeks, anyway. After that, the enemy would have solved it. We were continually testing ours out by sending fake messages. A trusty ruse was to order by radio an "attack" in a sector where already we had withdrawn all troops from the front line—then watch for the German barrage to come down on that section. If it did, we changed our code. We read German codes, too.

The reason the Allies knew as soon as the German General Staff that General Mackensen was going to retreat from Rumania, in November, 1918, was that an American code expert, Lieutenant J. R. Childs, read one of the General's radios recommending not only plainly but forcibly that the Germany Army of Occupation be withdrawn from Rumania at once and start the march to Upper Silesia through Hungary. He told of all the weaknesses of his Army. Good news for the Rumanian Government. It re-

entered the war against Germany immediately afterward.

The German intercept stations found Americans rather good game because inexperience or something made them too gossipy—some thought radio was a party line in a country district. During the Meuse-Argonne we captured a German report that gave the Allied order of battle pretty well, and apologized for having been unable for a week to identify by radio just one of the American divisions.

One American code man's job was to play German, listen in on American radio stations and see what he could make of their talk. He had no data that the Germans could not obtain. Before our St. Mihiel attack he reported our battle order, located some of our reserve divisions, gave the names of their commanders and told what instruction they were getting. He gave the date of attack as September thirteenth, one day late—because of an error in a message! But he out-Germaned the Germans, for General Fuchs's report shows that although they expected trouble, they too had guessed the date wrong—by about six days, not just one.

AND THE GENERAL FINISHED HIS SUPPER

We played into the German hands during the race for Sedan at the end of the war. The late Brigadier-General J. C. Rhea, then with the Second Division, and his staff, established headquarters in a farmhouse just vacated by the German general commanding the opposing and now retreating division, who before leaving had promised the French owner and his wife that he would not allow his artillery to shell their farm. So General Rhea and his staff sat down contentedly to supper with the family. Came a whistle and crash, and the farmhouse walls shook. The party finished supper in the cellar. Then the sergeant in charge of the wireless station appeared, pale and worried.

"Sir," he said, "while I was away, that new corporal as-

sistant of mine sent this message to the artillery—in clear.”

The message gave in plain English the exact location for the night of the new front line and of General Rhea's new post of command at the farm, which it named. It had been sent only a few minutes before the shelling started.

“Send this message at once,” General Rhea said to the sergeant, “also in clear.”

He wrote a fake correction of the front line and announced that General Rhea had moved to another farm about two hundred fifty yards away. Soon afterward shells stopped falling around his farm and commenced to fall around the other farm, to the disgust of several officers newly arrived there, who had not been warned. No more messages in plain English went from the Second Division's radio.

One of the best spy captures in the United States started through an intercepted radio message from the German Legation in Mexico City, instructing one Pablo Waberski, about to cross the Texas border, what American munition plants to blow up. Pablo meditated for some time thereafter upon the inconsiderateness of diplomats.

G-2 listened in not only in the air, but on the ground. It tapped telephone wires in the German trenches, and heard conversations that way or by microphones. Listeners got to know the voices of Germans who used the telephones, and listened hard for new voices that meant a relief and a new division in the trenches. When the Tenth Division, one of the Germans' good ones, entered the line before St. Mihiel, our listeners spotted the voices, and G-2 put down one more indication that the Germans expected trouble.

We rigidly forbade unnecessary talking over the telephone in the trenches, and above all, “talking business,” troop movements, reliefs, plans, units, names, anything that would be of value.

One brilliant expedient to confuse the Germans was the

sending to France of a special picked detachment of American Indians who in dialects unknown in Germany, were to do all the confidential talking on American trench telephones. It never seemed to work.

Anyway, if you must talk, you must talk in code, and each higher officer had his code name, meant to be deceptive. So General C. P. Summerall, now Chief of Staff of the Army, got the nickname of "Sitting Bull," that was bandied about over the wires in France. Let us hope the Germans never solved the mystery.

They listened in, too, as two 26th Division telephone operators found out one damp night in the Toul sector. They had gossiped a bit, when one heard queer noises over the wire. "What's that?" he asked, remembering belatedly the orders about discreet conversations. "Who's on the wire?"

"Who's on the wire?" a taunting voice came back. "Why, a couple of German crooks who are on to your game."

Ever afterward, the 26th had great respect for the German Intelligence, and indeed it knew quite a little about them. The Germans found men who had been in the United States very useful.

We could listen in on German guns as well as conversations, and find out where they were. Thanks to the newly developed arts of flash and sound ranging, it was possible day or night, especially at night, to plot the location of batteries firing by locating the flash, or the sound as it reverberated through the earth. Locations so obtained could be verified by observation from ground or airplane. What we couldn't hear, we might see.

All along the front specially trained men spent the day hidden in some high nook, eyes glued to high-power "scissors" glasses, watching the enemy lines for every tiniest movement: the flash of a gun, the appearance of a single truck, even of a squad of men. Every morning they sought for new trenches dug during the night. Always they were

looking for something new, for changes in the enemy's arrangements indicating his plans.

In a hot sector, they led an active life, for snipers and artillery chased them "from crag to crag." One observer in the 77th Division found a fine post up a tall tree, but the Germans found him and he had to come down. Being persistent, he went up again, and that continued. At night he sent back this note: "If you want me to keep on observing, please send new pair of pants. Wore mine out sliding down tree all day."

In the last two years of the war, the best eyes of the Army were sometimes in the air. Aviators who saw, and came back and reported what they saw, or took photographs of it, were of great value. Balloon observers watched constantly. G-2 became expert at pasting together these pictures taken from on high and reading into them the proper meaning. One sort of blur meant an ammunition dump, another sort, a battery position. Trenches and barbed wire were easily recognized.

When weather in the Meuse-Argonne was clear, which was seldom, our aviators were busy. They told us when the Germans started their retreat east of the Meuse, so that our guns could seek them out crowded upon the roads and in the villages. Our night fliers told us when the Austrian divisions on the Western Front left the Germans flat—they had every railroad station for miles lighted up like a church. They must have felt too good about it to care.

German newspapers gave G-2 valuable information about moods and tenseness in the surrounded Fatherland. After great effort, we managed to get them across Switzerland and delivered at our G-2 station at Pontarlier on the French side of the Swiss frontier, only one day after they were published. Perhaps the best thing about most German newspapers was that they printed only what the government told them to print—which gave a good line on govern-

ment policy. The German Army Press Bureau sent out often to German newspapers and writers, confidential bulletins indicating what line to take about the week's fighting—copies of which duly reached G-2.

Through the final campaign of 1918 the German papers were more and more eagerly read by the G-2 officers at Pontarlier and Chaumont, for they gave more and more important indications of approaching defeat, and possible revolution. As the Allied armies advanced, the Socialist press became bolder, the censor more timid about muzzling it. During the Armistice negotiations, German press comments were immediately wired to Colonel House in Paris and cabled to President Wilson in Washington. They showed the reaction not only of press, but of government, to the notes that were exchanged.

Occasionally German newspapers—usually those published in small towns where the censorship was less astute—gave military information. One such provided us with desired data, and the advocates of strict press censorship in war with a good argument. About the same time that we broke the new German radio code, before their spring offensive opened in 1918, British and French wanted to know where the German shock divisions were located, for that would indicate their plans. Chief among these were the five Guard Divisions. Four of them had been located, every one sought the fifth. One day G-2, wading through newspapers from all over Germany, came upon a paragraph in a small-town paper, describing some festival:

“The occasion was made more enjoyable by the music of the Guards’ band.”

A PUZZLE TO SOLVE

The censor probably thought he had done his duty by keeping out the number of the Guards’ Division. He would

have, had G-2 had no other sources of information. But Intelligence work is very much like a jigsaw puzzle. You put it together—here a little and there a little, a prisoner's statement, a quotation from a letter, a German censor's slip, an intercepted wireless message—and behold, you have the key to something you want to know, perhaps only the position of a single battery, perhaps a whole plan of battle.

German newspapers and reports of an American agent in Germany once gave us valuable insight into what not to do. They told the fate of an American major who with six French airplanes tried to bomb Coblenz in daylight. All we knew was that they had not come back. Then came the sequel. Running into a thunder-storm, the inexperienced squadron had come down in Germany, near Cologne. Two Americans had surrendered to a sixteen-year-old boy.

German propaganda seized this chance to set at rest the fears of the civilian population of great American bombing raids. They quoted the captured aviators as saying that "the ten or twenty thousand airplanes, promised by President Wilson a year ago, have not materialized." They also quoted the Chief of the German Air Service as saying that if six American planes could not reach Coblenz, "the American plan to make a mass attack on Germany with twenty thousand airplanes is not practical."

No American had heard of that plan—but it was significant that the Germans thought necessary to mention it.

One of the neatest examples of American Combat Intelligence work was that done by Colonel Conger, before the Second Division captured the village of Vaux, near Château-Thierry. Vaux had been squinted at through glasses for a month, air photographs taken, raiding parties sent there, finally French refugees, former residents, questioned about it, notably a stone-mason who knew about all its deep cellars. Colonel Conger felt as if Vaux were his

old home town. When the Ninth Infantry went into Vaux July 1, 1918, they felt the same way. Every officer, sergeant or corporal had a map of the village, showing just where he was to take his company, platoon or squad. Every house, every deep cellar, was marked, including that chosen by the German commander. So were the positions of German machine-guns, trench mortars and infantry. Captain Hanford MacNider walked right to his new post of command. Two squads were even told off to close either end of a water-course—a tunnel under the main street where, sure enough, they found sundry Germans crouching. If Vaux was a “cut and dried show,” it was because of G-2 and its maps.

An Army always needs maps, and it was part of G-2's job to furnish them. Intelligence therefore went into the printing business, and between July 1 and November 11, 1918, turned out over five million. They had to be accurate, above all, and detailed. They were of all sorts and sizes for all purposes, from the microscopic maps that showed every kink in a trench, almost every good-sized shell-hole, to maps of the whole of France. General Bullard's Second Army alone published daily thirty-three periodic maps, in quantities running from fifty to four thousand copies of each. Most of this work was done by the Base Printing Plant at Langres, run by the 29th Engineers, who handled that end of the A. E. F.'s publishing business and had a frequent scare lest some spy steal their maps. If any tried, none succeeded.

By no means all the information received, weighed and dispensed daily could be mapped. G-2 published what were practically four small daily newspapers. First was the secret *Summary of Intelligence*, for general officers and the General Staff only, which gave the most important news of the day about the Germans. Then came the *Summary of Information*, which went to all the divisions, and dealt with

the Western Front only, contained translations of captured German documents and all manner of information. A printed review of the world press, German and Allied, was circulated at G. H. Q. only, and last of all was the *Summary of Air Intelligence*, gathered by our aviators.

G-2 not only found out about the Germans, it helped them find out the wrong things about the A. E. F. Counter-Espionage, part of G-2-B, worked against German spies and agents, but G-2-D, Press, Censorship and Propaganda, fooled the Germans whenever they could be fooled.

"Why, do you trust your journalists?" General Pétain once asked an American staff officer. "We use them, but we do not trust them."

French, British, Italian correspondents had "conducting officers" who largely controlled their goings and comings, listened to many of their conversations with generals and privates and then censored arbitrarily the dispatches they wrote. The thirty-one American correspondents fully accredited to the A. E. F., attached to G-2-D, rambled about as exigencies of news and automobile supply dictated, eating what and where they could, asking anybody anything, and arguing with censors in manner quite American. That consummation was not attained immediately, for at first some General Staff officers smelled brimstone on every newspaper man, but even they realized presently that as General Nolan said recently in an address at the Army War College:

"There was a very grave reason underlying our very liberal treatment of our correspondents. You could not keep our people long supporting a war unless they knew what was happening. For that reason, the policy to give all information possible that would not jeopardize the operations themselves, had the earnest approval of General Pershing."

That is the War College doctrine for the next war—arrived at after due deliberation. There was an interesting discussion some years ago before a roomful of student high-ranking officers, by former A. E. F. censors and press officers, some now practical newspaper men. Its theme was—in modern war, the commander-in-chief of the Army in the field must have his country's public opinion with him and back of him. Colonel Sweeney, author of a book on Military Intelligence, said:

“Under a republic or any other kind of government where there is a newspaper reading public, there is no question that the career of the military commander lies in the hands of the censorship, and the way the censorship is handled.”

This drew a question from a hearer:

“Will the commander's future depend on his performance, or on some publicity he may get from the censor?”

Colonel Sweeney replied:

“Yes—if you regard as part of his performance the way he handles his publicity!”

In the last war, censorship built reputations, and sometimes was manipulated for that purpose. Still, some rules that tended to glorify the commander-in-chief seemed almost inevitable, such as that forbidding criticism of him in correspondents' dispatches, or mention by name of subordinates, which in the A. E. F. held until the last days of the war. The British originated that order to prevent newspaper intrigues for promotion, and we took it over bodily. It accounts in no small measure for the fact that the generals who served under Pershing are, even to-day, comparatively unknown.

Censorship rules caused, of course, many a struggle between censor and correspondent for the freedom of the

press—but actually there can be no such thing in war. When war comes in at the door, truth flies out of the window. Less has been said about this than about some others of war's horrors. American correspondents and censors sometimes wilfully deceived American newspaper readers in hope of deceiving the Germans also. At other times they encountered Allies in the clash of truth and untruth.

BEHIND THE SCENES

In the summer of 1917, when the A. E. F. consisted of one half-trained division, seventy-five per cent. of whom were rookies, the French tried for moral effect to force General Pershing to send it immediately to the trenches. General Pétain reviewed the division, then made a speech, saying it was "now ready for the trenches." The speech "went" in correspondents' dispatches, but when Marshal Joffre reviewed the division and was dined by the Americans, he issued (by request) a statement that they would go to the front in their own time. The correspondents sent that, too (General Nolan gave it to them), and they also explained that General Pershing would decide when it was safe for his green troops to enter the trenches—as he did, some months later.

Nearly a year afterward, we had troops enough to form our First Army for the St. Mihiel attack, but every newspaper in the United States and Europe printed dispatches from the correspondents with the troops announcing formation of the American First Army Staff to control all the American troops in the Marne-Ourcq-Vesle area—a good day's ride from St. Mihiel. When a few days later the correspondents left that area for St. Mihiel, one Associated Press man remained sending dispatches from Meaux until the last minute, while we at Nancy kept silence until the jump-off.

Before the Meuse-Argonne attack we wrote continually about Metz, as part of a plan to draw German attention there, and when the Meuse-Argonne commenced they were days moving reserves assembled about Metz.

There are a thousand and one censorship tales, like that of the censor who deleted "walking wounded" from a descriptive dispatch because "a wounded man is a casualty and there's a rule against mentioning our casualties," then, anxious to please, suggested: "But you can say, 'those coming back bandaged!'"

A. E. F. press censorship boiled down to some such simple rule as this: "Anything goes that does not give valuable information to the Germans or effect unfavorably our own or Allied morale or reputation at home or abroad." The original censorship rules looked like the Fourteen Points.

Mail censorship was another story, employed mainly for counter-espionage and to detect disloyalty in our own ranks.

Censorship of the A. E. F.'s famous newspaper, *The Stars and Stripes*, would have been harder had the editors not been their own censors. The paper was started by a censor, Major Guy T. Viskniskki, who with Colonel Campanole and Colonel Frederick Palmer, got the idea because there wasn't censoring enough during the dismal winter of 1917-18. The staff of officers and soldiers made the paper a medium of propaganda as well as news, explained to the dough-boy what it was all about and, above all, made him laugh at his hardships. As it was a great builder of morale, G-2-D fostered it.

The American official communiqués were, like the *Stars and Stripes*, news and propaganda blended. One G-2 officer had for his job nothing else than preparing them. Usually General Nolan, sometimes during the Meuse-Argonne, Colonel Howell, checked them, occasionally they went to General Pershing, and once, at the end of the victorious

second day at St. Mihiel, General Pershing himself wrote the communiqué, partly because in the light of General Nolan's special tour of the battle-field, the earlier announcements seemed rather tame. Even then, he worded it so as to deceive the Germans.

The communiqués were about all that most European newspapers printed regarding our greatest battle, the Meuse-Argonne, and as in some respects they controlled what American correspondents could cable papers at home, they were well worth watching carefully. The noon communiqué was usually brief, but at nine o'clock at night the full evening statement was telephoned from G. H. Q. or for a short time, First Army Headquarters at Souilly, to the American censor in the Paris Bourse for the French press, cabled to the War Department in Washington and telephoned to all units, including Press Headquarters at the front, whence sometimes our dispatches, filed after its receipt, beat the communiqué home. Just before St. Mihiel, G-2 began broadcasting the American communiqué to the world from the Eiffel Tower—so the Germans got it promptly.

The A. E. F. was probably the best advertised army in history. Nearly a thousand writers visited it at one time or another, of whom thirty-one were rated "Accredited" and four hundred eleven "Visiting Correspondents." All were guided by the communiqués to some degree, yet the communiqués seldom told the whole truth. They told our side of it, or so much of it as was good for Germans, Allies and our own people to know. What they said was usually pretty true—it was what they left unsaid. Probably American communiqués were as truthful as any, or more so. Propaganda is part of war.

G-2-D's propaganda got better and better, and in the last three war months the Americans were playing the biggest part in the consummately clever campaign conducted by

the late Lord Northcliffe. In that time we dropped three million leaflets behind the German lines from airplanes, and from toy balloons, nine feet long, weighing four pounds and having a slow burning twelve-inch fuse that could be adjusted to drop a load of pamphlets. The French had a special hollow 75-millimeter shell that they filled with leaflets and shot into the German lines.

Much of the propaganda used by British and French, as well as Americans, was of American origin—the speeches and notes of President Wilson about peace and a democratic government in Germany. We sent over a denial that we killed our prisoners, as rumored, and the Germans countered with the same thing, each to encourage desertion. We got best results by sending over copies of a General Order signed by General Pershing, directing that German prisoners should get the same food as American doughboys, then describing that food. Many underfed Germans who deserted or surrendered easily produced that leaflet from their pockets as a sort of meal ticket.

Hindenburg and Ludendorff tried to beat our propaganda, and issued strict orders that leaflets must be turned in. Civilians were fined twenty-five dollars for even picking them up. Thus they received in May, 85,000, in June, 120,000, in July, 300,000. What serious damage the leaflets did is seen by this order to his troops written by General von Hutier on August 29, 1918, and captured by the Americans, quoted recently in R. Macnair Wilson's *Lord Northcliffe*, published by J. B. Lippincott:

“The enemy has founded a ‘Ministry for the destruction of German Confidence’ at the head of which he has put the most thoroughgoing rascal in all the Entente—Lord Northcliffe.

“The method of Northcliffe at the front is to distribute through airmen, a constantly increasing number of leaflets

and pamphlets: the letters of German prisoners are falsified in the most outrageous way; tracts and pamphlets are concocted to which the names of German poets, writers and statesmen are forged or which present the appearance of having been printed in Germany and bear, for example, the title of the Recla series when they really come from the Northcliffe Press which is working night and day for the same purpose.

"Fortunately Northcliffe, the Minister for the Destruction of German Confidence, forgets that German soldiers are neither negroes nor Hindus nor illiterate French, English or Americans, incapable of seeing through such machinations. Explain these infamous attempts to your young and inexperienced comrades, and tell them what our mortal enemy expects of them and what is at stake. Pick up the pamphlets and leaflets and give them to your Commanders for transmission to the High Command, which may be able to make valuable deductions from them as to the aims of our enemies. You will thus help the Command and you will also help to hasten the hour of victory."

Actually American G-2-D used only truth in propaganda, and found it worked best. This was the policy of the strategy board: Hugh Gibson, Ambassador to Belgium, Walter Page of *World's Work*, and Walter Lippman of the *New York World*. The special propaganda field section headed by Captain Heber Blankenhorn, former assistant city editor of the New York *Evening Sun*, used facts and no more: President Wilson had actually made the following speech published in full, not lacerated by censorship as it had appeared in German newspapers; General Pershing had actually issued the following order, and our German prisoners actually were as well fed as it said they would be. Of course, it was propaganda to undermine German morale and make them want to stop fighting—but it was true.

ARTFUL DODGES

There was another sort of propaganda, that might be called "High Propaganda." The French did it well. It consisted in giving to the newspapers versions of events not quite accurate but calculated to produce a desired popular reaction. When our First Division entered the battle sector in Picardy (name of a region made famous by the censor because nice and general) the French extracted maximum propaganda value by announcing that one of its units had repulsed gloriously an attacking German battalion, thus justifying confidence in the Americans. There had been no such fight. To this day nobody appreciates how much propaganda helped make Château-Thierry an American household word—a surprising tale, even eleven years after.

A kind of propaganda not mentioned much in polite circles since the war, was that employed by generals and other officers, American as well as Allied, to spur troops to greater efforts, often by false or exaggerated statements or an appeal to emotion. It was a favorite trick to send to the front line false reports of progress elsewhere to encourage the troops and justify a demand that now they too make one more effort. With the same aim, objectives were set farther forward than the troops could be expected to go, not only as incentive at the start but as spur when they lagged. The first successful German trench raid on American troops taught us some propaganda.

The Germans, according to the French Intelligence Service, had offered a substantial reward to the first German soldier to take an American prisoner. Whether or not that story was true, its appearance in American newspapers made good war propaganda in 1917 when most Americans had not yet begun to see red. Then on the night of November second, over a hundred Germans came after that reward, raided our trenches near Arracourt in Lorraine and

dragged away twelve men of the 16th Infantry, First Division, leaving behind three dead and many wounded.

That created great excitement in higher German Intelligence circles. Every one, including the Crown Prince, questioned those prisoners, asking all sorts of questions about American war aims, plans and intentions. Perhaps obeying orders, perhaps because in 1917 a great many Americans rather wondered why their country was in a European war, the twelve displayed abysmal ignorance.

"Why are you Americans fighting us Germans?" the interrogators asked.

"To free Alsace-Lorraine for France," the Americans replied.

"What is Alsace-Lorraine?" the Germans asked.

"Guess it's a big lake somewhere over here," the doughboys replied.

And more of the same. Most of the prisoners were happy-go-lucky regulars from the Texas border, who had volunteered to see the fun. They knew little of diplomacy or worlds safe for democracy. The report of that conversation with photographs, caused consternation when German newspapers reached G-2. This would never do. The Army must be told what the war was about—vagueness about that gave German propaganda a loophole which later it did try to use. But then the counter-measures had gone into effect. The fighting men had been educated by speakers and pamphlets as to what they were fighting for.

From the same German accounts and elsewhere, their generals found that the Americans in France in those early days were not bloodthirsty enough. They did not hate the Huns nor realize that war was hell. So when later, the First Division entered other trenches, there was read to them an order from Major-General R. L. Bullard reminding them that of the three doughboys found killed by the Germans in that raid, one had had his throat cut. The Hun was a

worse enemy than the most savage Filipino. Whereupon the doughboys started sharpening their trench knives. *C'est la guerre!*

Since the war, G-2 has fallen upon quieter days. Recently a Corps Intelligence officer complained that "all I do now is answer questions for writers." Even the name remains only semi-officially, for the organization directed by Colonel Stanley H. Ford now is called the Military Intelligence Division. But if you want to know something about some other country, M. I. D. can usually tell you. As General Churchill has outlined it, M. I. D. is ready to answer the questions, "What is the situation to-day?" in any country, and "What is the future situation likely to be?"

It is more than a storehouse of information; it is a sales-room and distributing center. Its strategic index, devised by Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Mason, strives to cover no fewer than four hundred eighty-four points about each foreign country, that should be known in case of war. The planning section furnishes the War Plans Division of the General Staff with information to use in planning what we should do in case of war. Once the plan is inaugurated, this section, like a group of British staff officers whom Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson had wear their caps backward, gets the important and interesting job of "playing enemy." From the opponents' view-point, they criticize the plan.

But M. I. D. now does little or none of what is popularly termed "secret service work." That ended with the war, and the story of it,—is another story.

PART TWO
THE HIDDEN DUEL

SPY AGAINST COUNTER-SPY IN THE A. E. F.

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THE HIDDEN DUEL

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ON THE night of May 27, 1918, German lookouts crouched in the ruined French village of Cantigny felt as cheerful as one can feel in the front line. Across No Man's Land, the American trenches seemed quiet, peaceful. Even their exuberant artillery was almost silent. That day the Crown Prince had surprised Foch, the new Allied Generalissimo, and broken through the French and British line on the Chemin des Dames, headed toward Paris. A good day! Germany might yet win before too many *verdammt* Americans came. To-night their First Division, across No Man's Land, seemed subdued. A perfect evening.

"*Stille nacht, heilige nacht,*" hummed a gray *feldwebel*, smoking contentedly a drooping cherry pipe whose glow his hand hid. Suddenly, the pipe dropped from his lips, and he leaned forward, every nerve and muscle tight, ready to give the alarm. In the darkness, where the American front-line trenches were he had seen spurts of flame, heard shots. Now, he heard a cry. Then silence.

"*Was war das?*" a companion asked, hurrying up. Both stared and listened, but they saw nothing, heard nothing. Minutes passed. More minutes. The first hint of dawn came through the ground mist. They relaxed with relief. A nervous sentry, they thought, seeing things—nothing to worry over. Chuckling, they relighted their pipes in the shadow of coal-scuttle helmets. Sixteen minutes before six, the matches showed. End of a quiet night.

But they never saw the day. With the sudden crash and roar of doom, behind the American lines hundreds of guns opened, hurling a torrent of bursting shells that made Cantigny a place where none could stay above ground and live. After the barrage came the doughboys, three thousand eager fire-eaters of the 28th Infantry, first time over the top in their young lives. They swarmed through Cantigny, and what Germans would not surrender they bayoneted. The first real American attack of the World War was a complete victory.

ON DARK BATTLE-FIELDS

To make that possible, before a gun fired or a doughboy charged, the Americans had won another victory. It was not in the open war that the world knew, but in the war amid the shadows, the war known to few, who never told—the secret war of spy and counter-spy. Sometimes the turn of tide on its dark battle-fields swayed great events more powerfully than did the struggle in the light of day. So the night before Cantigny, there were shots and a cry—then silence.

That silence has shrouded to this day what happened in the American trenches. Few have heard of the dark figure of a man in American uniform and helmet, clutching something beneath his slicker, who started around a traverse of a front-line trench into a little sap jutting out into No Man's Land. Few know of two other dark figures, similarly clad, that followed, hid around the traverse corner until their quarry climbed into No Man's Land and started running, bent over in the mist, straight for the German trenches. Then both sprang to the parapet.

"Halt!" one shouted sternly, and once more, "Halt!"

Then in an instant: "Get him!"

Pistols flashed together, and just at the edge of the

barbed wire the runner stopped, cried out once, fell and lay still. The pursuers crept up, looked at the putty-gray face.

"Got him," one whispered grimly, "shot in the back."

The other held up what had been hidden beneath the dead man's slicker.

"Trench code-book," he said.

That is why the Germans did not get the warning of the coming attack that a German sergeant in the First Division tried to take to them the night before. That is how that sergeant died, whatever the official records may say. That is how the lives of many Americans were saved, and Cantigny written in our history a surprise attack, swift, sure, successful. Our secret war was sometimes to the knife.

In unhallowed conflict, its furtive armies struck at one another over the world. The secret war was not less far-flung nor complicated, than the World War. "From the ends of the earth to the ends of the earth," its agents were at their unending game, seeking bits of information, large and small, to fit somehow into the eternal puzzle: "What is the enemy up to?"

If war be indeed the sport of kings, then the secret war was the sport of magicians, of necromancers, played with loaded dice for great stakes, for crowns and thrones, for power and glory, for very existence.

That contest ranged against the German secret service, Allied services less celebrated but fully as efficient: the French, trained for *revanche* for nearly fifty years; the British, largely a wartime growth but numbering many remarkable, gifted people who considered its trust an honor; the devoted Belgians; the consummate Russian Imperial service, part of which worked for the Americans after the Bolshevik revolution; and last, the newcomers, the Americans, fifty thousand of whom did some sort of secret work in Europe. Yet that fact and others remain as secret as the work they did.

Who has heard, then or since, about accomplishments of American secret service abroad? Some were highly important, some were thrilling, some were amusing, almost all were interesting whether to patriotic American, war student or lover of mystery stories. It is time now to tell true tales of G-2-B; of the I. P., an astonishing body of men; of the "Silent Watchers," army within an army, unsuspected by the rest of the A. E. F. whereof they were part. These were not the M. P., the military police "who won the war," or the D. C. I., crime detectives. They were the ones who spied upon the enemy and upon his spies, who fought his secret service, who waged the secret war. The stake was always men's lives, sometimes in thousands; the fate of battles or of nations—settled by a smuggled code message on tissue-paper.

OUR SECRET SERVICE IN EUROPE

About our secret service in Europe, the very little published is largely fiction. Nor will all the truth ever be told. A quick easy way to let loose over this country—and over others, too—a tempest of anger and hatred, suspicion, scandal and misery, would be to publish its secret service records. No wonder that many such records have been destroyed, that all the government departments that have such Pandora's boxes, keep the lids nailed tight. Nevertheless, some things may be told that happened in the secret war of our comparatively unsophisticated, sometimes amateurish, but infinitely enthusiastic service, upon the German organization that seemed to them learned in every trick of a devious trade, hoary with age and iniquity.

Immediately we entered the war, they were after us, far more viciously than in the days of our neutrality. We had to build at once a strong defensive organization. But in war-time it is easier to thwart enemy spies than to spy suc-

cessfully upon enemies. For that and other reasons, we attempted and accomplished more in counter-espionage, spy-chasing, than in actual espionage, spying. At the very beginning we had startling proof of the grimness of our task.

The Germans tried to wipe out the original American Expeditionary Force before it set foot on French soil. Two of the three transport convoys of the First Division, A. E. F., were attacked by submarines off the coast of France. The attacks were repulsed, the troops landed, partly because of American secret service. Before the first convoy sailed, our naval censorship on incoming and outgoing cable messages, established immediately we entered the war, had intercepted a cable to Amsterdam, asking quotations on various quantities of milling machines, in lots that corresponded exactly with the numbers of the regiments in the convoys, and almost exactly with the numerical strength of each regiment! The address in Amsterdam was one suspected of covering a forwarding station of the German secret service. The sender of the cablegram, who did a small export business in Brooklyn, was already on the Allied suspect list. He said he was cabling for a South American firm unable to connect with Holland because of the British censorship of cables through England. His whole tale sounded so queer that he spent the remainder of the war interned.

While their submarines kept trying to torpedo American transports, German secret agents planted bombs aboard American ships leaving our ports as already they had planted them aboard Allied ships. All told, they succeeded at least fifty times in New York harbor alone. Despite every precaution they hid bombs in the coal-bunkers of two American troop transports that caught fire at sea. They tried to blow up the old German liner, *De Kalb*, that as a transport crossed and recrossed the Atlantic repeatedly with crank-shaft cut four-fifths through by Ger-

man sabotage—which no one discovered until after the war. Several British tramp steamers out of New York blew up at sea, more caught fire from German bombs, especially the chemical type ignited by slow-eating sulphuric acid after the ship had sailed. They were more dangerous than the clockwork type, which searchers sometimes heard ticking. The German bombs were often small, covered with tar and shaped to resemble chunks of the coal that hid them.

Hardly had the First Division landed at St. Nazaire than the Americans, then without counter-espionage service, heard from the French that German agents were using the islands and coves of the Loire estuary to hide spying upon the doughboys. From then on, we knew that they would do us what secret harm they could, whether by putting stones and sand in journal boxes of locomotives, stealing papers and plans, or luring information from our unsuspecting amateur soldiers by liquor, women, even drugs. We had warning in what the German secret service had done already.

Since the days of Stieber, most notorious of all super-spies, the German had been, with the exception of the Czarist Russian political police, the most vicious such organization in Europe. It trod the paths of Bismarck's ally of the left hand, who claimed his spies made possible Moltke's crushing victory in the Franco-Prussian War by flashing word from Paris of Marshal MacMahon's movement that ended at Sedan. Before Bismarck falsified the Ems telegram, he knew that already Stieber had invaded France with a stealthy army of forty thousand spies, that would receive Moltke's Prussians with open arms.

"The Bloodhound" had made vice his ally, had set up in Berlin the infamous "Green House" that pandered to every basest impulse, even supplied new ones, to diplomats, politicians, officers, foreign or German, then used blackmail to force services or betrayal of trust. Stieber's stock in trade

was human weakness. Perhaps his World-War successors were more scrupulous, but the Americans were never sure of that.

TO MAKE DRUG FIENDS OF AMERICAN AVIATORS

No wonder; when they discovered a German attempt to make drug fiends of American aviators! This was a real plot, with ramifications in several American flying fields in France, especially the field at Tours, headquarters of the Services of Supply. Its weapons were that worthy pair, cocaine and loose women. Their prey were our young flying cadets in training, just getting used to going into the air, taking each day their lives in their hands, seeing each day some comrade crash. The method was devilishly simple.

The women, some French, all utterly abandoned, would waylay the Americans at evening when they sought relaxation from the day's strain. They would lead the way to apartments where, pitying the *pauvres garçons* their taut faces and twitching nerves, they would produce liquor. Sometimes the liquor was drugged, often it was merely preliminary to powders that promised "*bon slipp, hein?*" Before they realized it, a number of aviators were becoming slaves of the drug, unable to still the craving that was making its first deadly inroads into physical and moral strength. Which was what the Germans had hoped.

They were furnishing this vicious munition of the secret war to a group equally vicious, long experienced in drug-peddling. The French police recognized the members of the ring as desperate criminals, when the American secret service turned over its information.

"A very serious affair," said the French. "We must take no chances."

So, in supposed disguises, a squad of their detectives lounged about a small café where an American secret agent

had arranged to meet some of the ringleaders. The ringleaders never set foot within the door. One look at the disguises, and they were off. After that it took time to round them up, but it was done.

The scandalous affair of the Black Book showed again what the German secret service would do. The American secret service in Switzerland was able to thwart this particularly filthy game through the help of a German, known to this day only as Zero, whose tragic story is told more fully elsewhere. It was he who revealed, without a cent of pay, how the Germans in the twilight of their power, in the fall of 1918, hoped to gain advantage in the negotiations that preceded the Armistice by the weapon of blackmail.

Before 1914 many German agents abroad, not only in France and Russia but in England, were women in varied positions: loose women, keepers of brothels and gambling houses, barmaids, governesses, nursemaids, chambermaids, in the homes of good, even exalted families; and there were men club servants. Most of the secrets such ears would hear would be scandals, about the second apartment this one kept in another part of the city, about the week-ends of Lord So-and-So, and Captain Blank's gambling debts. Not diplomatic or military information, but grist for the German mill. Every story, every scandal, every bit of filth, went into the Black Book, whose size is indicated by the title the British gave it—*The Book of Forty Thousand Names*.

Allied secret services had heard of the book, but had heard of little attempt to use it. They had even heard that the Kaiser had forbidden the only use to which it could be put. But it had not been destroyed; in its secret hiding-place it lay, waiting the chance to dart forth and discharge the venom that filled it. Late 1918 was the time, Germany's desperate need the cause, that brought it forth. Armed with its forty thousand barbed secrets, the German service set

about forcing a propaganda in Allied countries for acceptance of German terms, a quick and easy peace.

THE BLACK BOOK

They formed a special organization, to forge a chain of scandal over Central Europe. Its head in Switzerland was a lawyer, a German Jew related to a certain artist well known in the United States. Were his assistants the miserable creatures one might have supposed? Not always, by any means. Germans of real ability seemed willing to undertake this dirty work. They would approach, by means direct or indirect, some one of influence in an Allied or even neutral country whose sins were inscribed in the Black Book.

"Germany wants peace," they would say. "You have influence in your country, political, military, financial, journalistic, whatever. Use that influence now to secure acceptance of the German proposals, or we will tell. You don't think we know? Ah, well, here is just a little of what is in the Black Book!"

Some highly placed men and women faced sheer ruin, social or financial, sometimes both. By great good fortune, the Allied secret services were enabled through information furnished by the Americans, to scotch this nest of blackmailers and to close the Black Book. It remains closed, but where? How many people would like to know!

Stieber would have reveled, might even have succeeded, in that attempt. He would have quite approved another exploit, this time in the eastern Prussian provinces now part of Poland. For long their large Polish population chafed at German rule and, like Russian and Austrian Poles, hoped for freedom. One day an officer in a Guards regiment, handsome and polished, was ordered to the secret service "for special duty."

"The Mayor of one of the largest cities of Posen is a Pole," they told him. "We know that he is disloyal, may even be plotting revolution, but we can not prove it and he is too popular to remove without proof. You are to get the information we want."

Then, in lower tone:

"He has a very beautiful daughter. To get this information, it may be necessary for you to seduce her, possibly, even to marry her. You will not flinch at either duty."

The officer left the room. Some months later, the beautiful daughter of the Mayor of a large Posen city died—a suicide.

Ruthlessness was illustrated in the case of Edith Cavell, the English nurse the Germans executed in Belgium, a costly blunder in judgment if not in justice. Every one knows that Miss Cavell had helped Allied soldiers to escape. Not every one knows other interesting aspects of that famous case, not brought out even in the recent controversy caused by a moving picture. The whole affair was more sinister and important than is generally realized.

Edith Cavell was arrested August 4, 1915, one year after the war started, by Eberhardt and Pinckoff of the German secret service. Pinckoff had spied in Paris before the war. But the Judas who betrayed her was a member of an important Belgian family, whose father was known throughout Belgium. The son had turned renegade, gone over to the Germans, as did a few especially among the Flemish Belgians, and had discovered the café near the Dutch frontier that was a rendezvous of Miss Cavell's underground railway. His information started an inquiry under a German agent named Engel, formerly a jockey, who uncovered Miss Cavell's numerous Allied associates, some of whose activities against the invaders were plain espionage. On July thirty-first he caught Henri Baucq, sometimes called Brocque, who under his alias "Fromage" (cheese),

was distributing five thousand copies of *La Libre Belgique*, the famous secret Belgian newspaper. Others were brought in, including the Countess de Belleville and a woman from Cambrai. Thus far the Germans suspected much, knew comparatively little. Then began a contest of wits to see how much they should find out.

It ended in one of the most important victories the Germans won in the secret war. Miss Cavell and her associates were cross-examined by Goldschmidt, former German police magistrate. Their conversations were overheard by dictographs, and stool-pigeons were their cellmates. Steadfastly all refused information or to identify their associates—all, that is, but one, the woman from Cambrai. She told. So it was that on October 11, 1915, Miss Cavell and Henri Baucq were led out, tied to stakes and shot. Allied secret service reports are that she did not faint, but died bravely. Pinckoff got the Iron Cross, Engel a sum of money.

But it did not end there. Patiently the Germans followed the trail opened by the woman from Cambrai. Nor was it so difficult as might be, since, unlike most secret service trails, it did not vanish into the ground. Most of the members of the French secret service in Belgium knew one another as spies—a fatal weakness. Once one had talked, it was not long before almost all were followed day and night by shadows awaiting only the word.

That word did not come for months. The Germans bided their time until February, 1916. When they made their great drive for Verdun that nearly succeeded—at that instant they put out the eyes of the French secret service in Belgium. They made the greatest spy round-up of the war, eight hundred French and Belgians, one hundred seventy-nine of whom they sentenced to death, and actually executed sixty-six, which German posters announced throughout Belgium.

For months the French at Verdun fought, half-blind, one

of their most desperate battles of the war. They did not know what went on behind a large and important sector of the Western Front, except as they heard from the British, whose agents worked on safely, largely unknown to one another. There was just one bit of grim satisfaction for the Allies.

THE FATE OF THE TRAITOR

The traitor who was responsible for it all continued his treachery. But he had aroused suspicions among the myriad loyal Belgians. One night as he entered his house, two men asked him what time it was, then as he stood watch in hand, they shot him dead. Not until eleven o'clock next morning did the Belgian police notify the Germans—for which delay a Belgian police officer went to a German prison. He had tried to give the executioners time to escape, but one, whose name even now this writer will not mention, was moved by some impulse to attend the funeral. There he was caught, again through treachery. It is believed he was executed later, and his companion imprisoned. It took almost the rest of the war to rebuild the French secret service in Belgium.

That distressful little country was one of the secret war's fiercest battle-fields. Probably more Belgians than any other people were spies of one sort or another, sending information to the Allies, making trouble for the Germans, smuggling, running letters into Holland. Sometimes ancient German *Landstürmer* sentries connived, for a few marks. If they didn't, they might be found dead, a knife in the back. But not quite all the Belgians spied for the Allies.

Bribing Flemings, who sought under the Germans relief from what they considered French Walloon oppression, was one German way of fighting the secret war. Flemings tried to corrupt the Belgian Army, and one Belgian general at

least feared for a time they might succeed. Yet when the time came, in September, 1918, the Belgians, Fleming and Walloon went enthusiastically over the top to victory. Again, the Germans had lost in the secret war.

Their own methods were partly responsible. The treatment of suspected spies in Belgium or bordering France by such men as managed the cases of Edith Cavell and the heroic woman spy, Louise de Bettignies, was unjustifiably harsh. Criminal magistrates, police captains, stool-pigeons, matrons, how would they handle a conquered people? In these words they notified the widowed mother of sixteen-year-old Leon Trulin, of Lille, that her son was to be shot as a spy: "He made his own stew. Now he'll have to eat it." When he stood with back to wall, twice the firing squads' rifles were lowered so that movies could be taken sufficiently gruesome to deter other Belgians from spying.

What manner of organization was this Imperial German secret service? Was it all black? Were all its methods vile, all its members monsters? How did it work, at whose command? Even eleven years afterward, very few, even in Germany, could answer that last question fully. The Allies never knew all about it. Although with documents and notes before him, this writer pretends only to touch on some aspects of it.

The real German secret service that Europe knew, not their makeshift in the United States, was as diversified and versatile as were the thousands of jobs it did—from deeds of bravery and patriotism to tricks utterly contemptible. It was made up of all sorts of men. Yet there was perhaps no single organization, "the German secret service," in the sense that many understood. There were several German secret services.

There was the diplomatic service gathering information about the international situation, particularly relations among the Allied nations, their foreign policies and inten-

tions. This was attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, employed many of high rank and station, neutral and if possible Allied, as well as German. Its liberal pay-roll was said to read like a page from the *Almanach de Gotha*, possibly a slight exaggeration. Its head was believed to be the Kaiser himself, who certainly dealt directly with some of the agents, seconded by Mathias Erzberger, brilliant leader of the Catholic Center Party who, after playing a great part for Germany in negotiating Armistice and peace treaty, was assassinated in 1921. One American agent thought Erzberger was succeeded by the agent's friend, Baron von Schenck, and an interesting story might be told did not the American fear it would divulge his identity. In diplomatic spying, the old Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was expert, but yielded to the Germans on military spying.

The German Military Intelligence waged most of the secret war against the A. E. F., and was G-2's principal enemy. During the war, its influence was of the four branches perhaps the greatest. It was part of the Great General Staff transferred from the Koenigsplatz, in Berlin, to German General Headquarters at Spa, in Belgium. It got military information about Allies and Americans and did all possible by secret means to injure them militarily. Most of the German agents the A. E. F. encountered were working for the military branch, supervised by General Ludendorff, although the actual head was Colonel Wilhelm Nicolai, now running a private detective agency in Berlin. General Heye, now commanding the German Army, belonged to this service. There were said to be about ten traveling supervisors, real master spies, highly trained Army officers, linguists, expert in disguising face, voice, gait, manner so that each had, like The Master in Switzerland, several identities. Beneath were many thousand spies and agents of all sorts—good, bad, indifferent.

Naval intelligence, especially information to aid German

submarines in their raids, was gathered by still another organization in the Leipsigerplatz, Berlin, believed to have some agents in the United States.

The Ministry of the Interior in the Mittelstrasse had its own secret service, largely concerned with combatting war-weariness within Germany and preventing the revolution that finally came.

This four-legged prowler left a spoor that suggested the Chimera, instinct with the desire for secrecy, the dread of being caught. It was cunning, complex. No part of it knew much about any other part—and often that was not true. Probably no one, even the head, in any of the four branches, knew all about his branch. Certainly none in any of the branches knew the identity of all its agents. Knowing that the Allied services were trying continually to solve the riddle, to introduce their own agents into the Germans' most secret places, knowing too the weakness of human nature upon which they themselves played so cleverly, the German super-spies trusted no one. A highly expert war-time Allied study of the German methods said:

“A multiplicity of branches of the service is maintained partly to make it even more difficult for the attachés themselves to penetrate the secrets of the principal machine. The infrequency of meetings of officials and the limitation of personal relations among agents of different branches, may have in view suppression of opportunities for dangerous indiscretions. And it is, no doubt, to be attributed to the same intention that even within the limits of a particular branch of the Service, the ties between the persons belonging to it appear uncertain; that the office correspondence, not excluding that relating to the most elementary needs of accounting, is reduced to a minimum and is not even classified and, finally, that agents who have come to know too many secrets are eliminated. One method is to make them fall, by some plot or other, into the net of hostile counter-espionage.”

THEY TELL NO TALES

So one motto of the German secret service, "What they don't know, won't hurt them," was replaced sometimes by, "Dead men tell no tales." Of course, some did tell tales before they died, tales sometimes useless, occasionally so useful that the tellers did not die after all. They had known more even than their betrayers supposed. From them, from their own agents including a few intrepid spirits working within the German ranks, Allied services got a picture of the secret army they were fighting. It seemed divided into two bodies, the rather small *corps d'élite*, the innumerable, heterogeneous rank and file.

"The first," it was decided, "consists to all appearances of a group, distinct, stable, most carefully picked, chosen by selection, at least as far as Germany is concerned, from the official and upper social classes, and sometimes designated through the especial confidence of the Kaiser; the second consists of an amorphous mass, subject to the greatest variations, in which are found the most unlike and surprising elements, methods and individuals. Some agents or centers of espionage whom we were able to identify disappeared suddenly without leaving any traces; others appeared to us to lead an intermittent and uncertain life, which made identification always difficult; and still others seemed to be endowed with an appearance capable of changing so much from time to time, that the most contradictory reports reached us with the most disconcerting precision. For one agent who, coming in any way into our hands, gave us reliable and conclusive information on a zone, almost always very restricted, of the field of the enemy's activity, a hundred others gave us details shorn of all value; or related stereotyped narratives obvious to the point of crudity."

The trouble was that not even the higher-ups knew more than they need. They were hard to get at; and even if "got at," they would tell little or nothing. The German high spies, the *corps d'élite*, were usually men of great ability and force, however unscrupulous, notwithstanding Colonel Nicolai says in his book, *Geheime Mächte*, published in English by Stanley Paul of London, that the heads of a secret service must be gentlemen, guided by some principles, else the whole fabric will rot and collapse. That, because of the temptations and opportunities for dishonesty inherent in the work, and because of hordes of mediocre agents composing the rank and file. To make even these humble workers more difficult to trace, the Germans employed many only temporarily. The same Allied authority quoted earlier, says:

"It is true, nearly all of these undergo a period of instruction and apprenticeship which is often very minute; but the knowledge acquired by them is always limited to special tasks. Perhaps the greater the care taken to keep them ignorant of many things, the more useful has the system of frequently renewing them seemed. At all events, it is certain that this body presents itself to us as a mass of individuals and of groups in constant transformation. Another application of the same system may be seen in the practice of making use of occasional informers and practically of travellers—subjects of neutral or even enemy countries, living in or passing through Germany or Austria, who are favored with transit or travel permits and facilities for their journey, in return for the quest and the furnishing of information. And if the agent thus charged with the adventure does not come up to expectations, or does not send the information asked for or invents imaginary news, the harm is not considered appreciable. The German organization foresees a large figure on the wrong side in the balance sheet of results, and counts, far more than

on the product of one source of information or another, on the patient, methodical and almost scientific labor of selection from the immense mass of minutiae flowing, every day in the guise of news, through their sieves."

This recalls Stieber's vast spy army. But his successors had excelled this master in one respect, Allied secret service believed. They had spread over foreign countries networks of espionage hidden beneath the appearance of legitimate modern business. Famous corporations with international connections, secretly spied for Germany. The names of some that were "suspect" by the Allies, would surprise Americans, to whom they are household words. It was suspected that the mass of valuable information about world political, military and economic conditions that they gathered for business purposes, passed left-handedly to the German secret service. Two powerful and well-known international organizations with ramifications throughout Europe were called by many simply camouflaged secret services, subsidized by the German Government.

The first was started to furnish business information, and had by 1914 a hundred offices throughout Europe and the Levant, with archives containing hundreds of thousands of memoranda not only on business and industrial firms throughout the world, but on the financial, economic and military resources of each nation. What that might mean was shown when in 1915 Italy entered the war and investigated the four agencies at Milan, Turin, Genoa and Naples, finding reports on the Ansaldo workshops and their acquisition of the patent rights of the Deport gun, on the leading Italian munitions manufactories, and on the Fiat and Itala automobile manufacturers. The German heads of the Italian branches gave way to Swiss, sometimes even consular officials, but the Italian secret service soon stopped the whole business.

The second, an association of hotel employees, had headquarters in Germany with branches throughout the world including the United States, and twenty thousand members, of whom two-thirds were German. It succeeded because it got them jobs paying, the Allies believed, two salaries, plus tips: one salary and tips as hotel managers, waiters, interpreters, porters, cashiers, another salary and "bonuses" as spies and informers. There were fifteen hundred of them in France, led by the head waiter at the Ritz, each with open ears in a nation's whispering galleries, its hotels. Their success was imitated by another organization, even more German. The Allies maintained that such groups, headed often by German reserve officers, were a sort of semi-professional auxiliary, and a valuable source of recruits, to the German secret service.

The secret army had its recruiting service, with special agents, retired officers, women, but mostly officers or non-commissioned officers invalided out of the Army. Rank and file recruits for spying in Allied countries came largely from two classes: the first, persons of Allied nationality but weak in loyalty or character, in internment camps in Germany and Austria, or Holland and Switzerland, who would yield not only to money inducement but to promises of better treatment for relatives and friends in the same camp; the second, Allied prisoners of war in the German prison camps.

When they accumulated some American prisoners of war—the total was 3,550 contrasted with 48,280 prisoners we took—the Germans tried to weaken their loyalty and possibly to recruit spies among them. The Reverend C. C. Jatho who did gallant chaplain's work at the Rastatt prison camp, tells of German agents working among American prisoners. A propaganda newspaper containing false news in English was circulated among them. A German official photograph shows "an American journalist" whose unfat-

miliar countenance is not helped by a Teutonic hair-cut, interviewing American prisoners.

Did any Americans turn traitor and join the German secret service? Colonel Nicolai says not, and so far as this writer knows positively, he tells the truth, at least for the Military Intelligence. But there were the diplomatic, naval and interior services. In fact, some American secret service officers suspected strongly that one German-American, at least, was working against them, in the German secret service in Spain.

AN AMERICAN SPY FOR THE GERMANS

His name was Otto Preiss, and he had been in the Philippines, first in the American Army, then in the Philippine Constabulary. It was known that he had reentered the German Army. It was rumored that he had been killed at Tannenberg, yet there were indications that he or some one very like him, familiar with the American Army, was with the Germans in Spain. That neutral country was of greater importance in the Allied scheme of things than the world outside realized. Its lead supply helped greatly to feed Allied rifles and machine-guns, so the Germans tried by fair means or foul to divert the stream.

It was important that Spain at least remain neutral—one reason why a famous and fascinating French actress took a trip to Spain, met a very high Spanish personage and, like the Northwest Mounted, got her man. But that concerns a secret service other than ours.

The Americans were so sure that their secret foe was Otto Preiss, that Major John W. Lang, our military attaché, once told a beggar who stood outside his Madrid office: "Go tell Otto to call you off. We know you." The beggar went. The Americans in Spain thought Otto might be "Groskanon, the American," reported high in the German

service in Spain. But no American in Spain knew Preiss, even by sight, so General Van Deman who did know him, was preparing to go to Spain when the Armistice came—perhaps just in time to prevent a drama.

There are traces of two others who played the German game, and were known to some as German-Americans: one Bundell of Zurich, another Heintzel, who is said to have helped prepare the way for the German invasion of Belgium in 1914. There is no direct evidence that they ever worked against the Americans. We do not know that the sergeant who tried to warn the Germans before Cantigny was anything more than a traitor. One American in Europe against whom such evidence incontrovertibly exists, had neither the German nor any other hyphen, but was a native-born American. Still, he belonged to no secret service, unless that of Soviet Russia. Of him, more later.

It seems strange that the Germans did not honeycomb the A. E. F. with spies who had lived in the United States long enough to become indistinguishable from simon-pure Americans. The reason was partly that our counter-espionage measures in the United States and in France worked well, partly that the secret war ended in German defeat, especially that part between Germans and Americans.

For some time it was a more aggressive war on their part than on ours. They had a stronger reason than we for seeking information, and their system for getting it was in existence, ours was only starting. Their network of secret lines reached out from Berlin east, west, north, south, to branch centers at Bucharest, Lemberg, Warsaw, Vilna, Antwerp, Brussels, Strassburg, Lörrach and Lindau, besides many others, especially on the Swiss frontier, like Constance with its two suburbs Emmishofen and Kreuzlingen across the border in Switzerland offering an easy jumping-off place. Presently there spread through this network the word: "Find out about the Americans."

It was after the First Division had landed at St. Nazaire, after it had been announced that we would send a large Army to France, after the Committee on Public Information had told the Germans a quite surprising lot about our plans. So much, in fact, about our great aviation program, that the Germans got frightened and, while we talked about our thousands of airplanes, speeded up and produced theirs—as we and the Allies found to our sorrow. The German General Staff had estimated before unrestricted submarine warfare was decided upon, that a real American Army could never be raised, trained and landed in Europe in time to prevent Allied defeat by starvation. As gradually the possibility dawned that the General Staff was wrong, the secret service sent out to its agents a questionnaire that makes interesting reading. Here is a copy of part of it, as it came to the hands of G-2-B:

“What routes are taken by American transports to Europe, and at which French ports have American troops been landed up to the present?”

“How many troops have been landed at each port?”

“What is the composition of such troops? Combat units, labor battalions?”

“In which French ports is the American war material being landed?”

“Which French ports are being specially enlarged by Americans?”

“From which French ports are railways being specially laid to the front?”

(The true answer was “from none.” The same ingenious publicity had started that tale.)

“What naval forces are used by the Americans for the guarding of their bases in France?”

“Which are the American bases in England and Ireland?”

“Are American troops being landed and trained in Portugal?”

(One wonders where that idea originated.)

"Where are these troops stationed?"

The signs warning doughboys landing in France to "keep your mouths shut" were not, therefore, so much bunk as the doughboys thought. But, anyway, the Germans found out pretty well. Their estimate of how many Americans were in France from month to month, was generally accurate, based as it was on secret service reports, but checked up for them by the periodic announcements of the American Chief of Staff, General Peyton C. March. Those announcements were a terrible infringement of some iron-clad rules of military secrecy, but in practise the good they did in bucking up the morale of the Allied people and depressing that of the Germans more than counterbalanced whatever they told the German Staff that it hadn't guessed before about the growth of the young giant A. E. F. at a speed they had believed impossible.

More and more proof comes to light of the influence this knowledge had on the German final demand for peace. The latest such proof is in the memoirs of Phillip Scheidemann, one of the leaders in the German revolution and the republic that followed. He reports a meeting of the Ministry of Prince Max of Baden, in mid-October, 1918, to decide what course to pursue in the Armistice negotiations with President Wilson. To find out what chance, if any, Germany had still to win the war, the Ministers called in Colonel Heye of the Military Intelligence, now Commander of the German Army. This conversation took place:

"Prince Max: 'How many Americans land monthly in France?'

"Colonel Heye: 'An average of 250,000.'

"General Ludendorff: 'In April, May and June it was 350,000.' "

(An over-statement. Ludendorff's nerves were giving way.)

"Prince Max: 'How strong will the American Army be next spring?'

"Colonel Heye: 'The American military leaders count on having 2,300,000 men by spring.' "

(It would have been more than that.)

"Prince Max: 'And have they the corresponding equipment?'

"Colonel Heye: 'If they continue at the present rate, they will have. The Americans have always been accurate in their estimates.' "

(Flattery, if truth be told.)

"General Ludendorff: 'Before we accept these armistice conditions, we ought to say to the enemy: "Fight for them."'

"Prince Max: 'But when they have won them by fighting, won't they impose worse terms?'

"General Ludendorff: 'There are no worse terms!'

"Prince Max: 'Oh, yes! They would break through into Germany, and devastate the country.' "

The ministers decided to tell President Wilson that his conditions for commencing Armistice negotiations had been met. So we can be glad that German Intelligence, helped by General March's propaganda, knew how our war effort was succeeding.

THE GERMANS LOST THE SECRET WAR

That was the only success that amounted to anything that the Germans won in their secret war with the Americans—they did keep close tabs on the A. E. F.'s growth. But considering that for propaganda purposes Washington (sometimes to Chaumont's dismay) was figuratively getting out extras to tell them and the rest of the world about

that very thing, was that such a great success, after all? For all its reputation, the German secret service lost the secret war.

Colonel Nicolai says so. So does Field Marshal, now President, von Hindenburg in his memoirs:

“Our spy service produced only miserable results. In this sphere even German gold succumbed in the struggle between our enemies and ourselves.”

No little “gold” spent in that victory, especially in 1918, was American, financing Allied secret operations. When they came to the Americans with a chance to make a coup if only they had the money, usually they got it. Americans may be surprised now to hear that the Allied secret service seemed to its enemies far more aggressive after we entered the war. But so say Colonel Nicolai and others.

The appointment of Marshal Foch as Commander-in-Chief unified the Allies not only in the war in the open, whereof he was master, but in the secret war upon whose forces he relied in making important decisions and plans. Under Foch, an expert clearing house for information about the enemy worked secretly in Paris. It had members from each of the Allied nations, whose Intelligence services sent them daily data, military, political, economic. This information was pooled and interchanged among all the Allies. The Allies also pooled and distributed news about enemy spies and agents, and created an Inter-Allied suspect list, every name carefully investigated. American G-2 passed on its information not only to American services in Europe and at home, but to the Allies as well.

If our organization gave assistance in counter-espionage valuable to the Allies, their assistance in creating that organization was indispensable to us. British ideas and experience helped especially, though French helped too, in

creating the American military secret service of the World War. Its sponsors in the United States were General Van Deman, Colonel Mason, and Colonel Dansey of the British Army, who crossed the ocean to assist.

The crowning achievement of General Van Deman, almost unknown to the general public, yet known to the regular Army as "the Father of American Military Intelligence," was the forging in 1917 and early 1918 of the American principal weapons that beat the German secret service. For some thirty years he had been acquiring knowledge and experience that enabled him to answer the call that found him and Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander B. Coxe the entire Intelligence General Staff of the American Army. The training of the man some might call (though not in his hearing) our Super Counter-Spy, was varied.

Officer first, Intelligence officer second, General Van Deman saw military service before he was twenty-one, as volunteer in the Ohio National Guard during the Cincinnati riots of 1885, and again in the Hocking Valley Coal Mine riots. Even before that he had been captain and major in the cadet corps at Ohio Wesleyan University. He did his first Military Intelligence work at twenty-two, when he organized and commanded the first signal detachment in the Ohio National Guard. In 1889, '90 and '91 he added equipment for his future work by graduating from Harvard, reading law for a year, then entering Miami Medical School. But his heart was in the Army, and in July, 1891, he passed examinations for a second lieutenant's commission. In 1892 he got six months' leave to return to medical school and graduate, an M. D. After five years' assorted Army service, he gravitated to the branch for which he was so admirably fitted, Intelligence.

In 1896 he did military map work; then, in June, 1897, came a summons to Washington. War with Spain threatened, and he went "on confidential duty outside the limits

of the United States" until November, when he returned to Washington to prepare for more such duty. When war began, he performed many services, including one that saved thousands of lives when he supplied data that decided President McKinley against the plan for a siege of Havana by American volunteers in the summer, when unacclimated troops would die like flies.

In 1899 began his large service in G-2 as Intelligence officer of the Department of the Visayas, Philippines, gathering information about insurgent troops and leaders, then verifying it in active campaign. In 1901, Captain Van Deman organized the Military Information Division of the whole Philippine Department, with branches at four hundred military posts, covering all the islands. Working with the secret service of the Philippine Constabulary under Major, now Major-General, Henry T. Allen, this organization had some thrilling experiences unknown to this day.

Quietly, they frustrated two major Philippine insurgent plots and many small ones. They discovered that several officers of the Japanese General Staff were in the Philippines under cover, taking what might be mildly termed a very active interest in the insurgents. The American secret service under Van Deman and Allen succeeded in sending these officers back to Japan—and without involving the United States with the Japanese Government. They stopped the mischief without causing a war.

A natural result was that Van Deman became, in a few years, a General Staff expert on the Far East, the Pacific and Japan. He knew more than any Army officer of Japanese activities throughout the world, particularly in the United States and the Philippines, Hawaii and Samoa. These observations were not unconnected with the inception of the trip of an American fleet around the world in 1908.

Van Deman was sometimes in Intelligence work that

took him outside the country, sometimes with troops in the Philippines, until in 1915, a major, he was again in Washington, in charge of the Intelligence Service of the United States Army—helped by one clerk. Then began a long fight to have the importance of this service recognized, but until we entered the World War it was almost impossible to persuade higher-ups that the General Staff needed any Intelligence organization at all. Although the moment we entered the war, in April, 1917, the Father of American Military Intelligence was put in charge of building up one, it was late 1918 before this organization was recognized as a separate entity of the General Staff.

Meantime, its creator's work in Washington had been taken over by Brigadier-General Marlborough Churchill, and Colonel Van Deman had gone to France and joined G-2, A. E. F., then headed by its founder, Colonel, now Major-General, D. E. Nolan. Colonel Van Deman did important work in Switzerland, Holland, Paris and London, and various parts of British and French fronts, studying British and French Intelligence systems and making improvements in the American. The Armistice found him on the American front in the Meuse-Argonne, whence he joined the American Commission to Negotiate Peace in Paris and organized the secret service to protect its members, including President Wilson, its records and papers. Now, a Major-General commanding the Sixth Infantry Brigade, at Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, California, he awaits retirement with a characteristic good nature far removed from the portentous mystery sometimes attributed to secret service officers.

WHO WERE IN OUR SECRET SERVICE?

General Van Deman and Colonel Coxe, influenced partly by their English assistant, Coloney Dansey, stamped

upon American secret service a character it never lost. They said: "Spying and counter-spying are and always have been necessary in war. The spy who gets information that enables his army to capture a city, serves his country as truly as the soldiers who scale the walls. Properly conducted, there is nothing disgraceful about secret service. There are temptations, hazards to character as well as to life. The greater the honor to those who can endure."

Whereas in the German service, the *corps d'élite* was a minority, in the American it was a majority. Like the British, they tried to obey the rule, "People of low morals and character are unreliable, undesirable secret agents. Do not employ them if you can help it." Here and there, now and then, both may have broken the rule—but usually reluctantly.

To-day Americans and Englishmen who were "in that work" or "the service," are proud of it. Many are listed by *Who's Who* or Dun and Bradstreet, or in the Social Register: college professors, musicians, bankers, brokers, lawyers, newspaper men. Members of very old New York families were in it, one heartbroken because they kept him in New York instead of sending him as a spy to Germany. He could easily pass for a German. An unusual group gathers around the table at one of their occasional dinners in New York. If, as General Nolan once said, "It is sometimes necessary to have some accomplished liars in G-2," they lied like gentlemen, in a good cause,—their country's.

A cosmopolitan lot, for as one of their leaders says: "Counter-espionage work required officers who were diplomatic, tactful, discreet, and had a knowledge of the French language, people and customs. Fortunately, excellent material was found among Americans who had resided or traveled abroad. . . . The operation of a secret service requires constant attention to duty and to details. It calls for a large number of investigations, a good many of which

lead to no satisfactory solution. Every item of information received must be carefully analyzed, weighed and connected up. This means a great deal of drudgery. But withal, if the fighting troops feel that they are protected from enemy agents by an efficient counter-espionage service, those engaged in the work are fully repaid for their efforts."

This work was directed largely from the office behind the black door marked "S. S." in the old French barrack at American G. H. Q. in Chaumont, by a little group of officers more or less experienced in secret service work. One of those was Colonel William O. Reed, now dead, an old comrade of General Pershing. The two departments of espionage and counter-espionage, spying and spy-chasing, were headed most of the time by two unusual men, Lieutenant-Colonels N. W. Campanole and Aristides Moreno, short, nimble, dark, of Savoyard and Spanish descent, masters of a half-dozen languages each, in which they might with triumphant safety transact business when visited by less accomplished newspaper correspondents. Both had been in General Pershing's secret service in Mexico. Their executive officer, Major J. S. S. Richardson, was a former newspaper man who before we entered the war helped the British secret service chase German spies, and was one of a volunteer secret service among New York newspaper men. Since most of G-2-B's secret work was counter-espionage, this chapter is devoted to spy-chasing.

The object of counter-espionage in the A. E. F. was to spread a net over Europe that would catch German spies already behind our lines, and prevent others from getting there.

In weaving this net, the first and great commandment was "*Contrôle* everything," *contrôle* meaning: supervise, check over—everything: travelers, passports, crews of ships, even shipments of goods, especially from Switzerland; telegrams, radios, letters, every means whereby a

spy might travel or send information. To make *contrôle* effective was a separate science, to be described later. This control became as largely automatic as routine police or newspaper "covering" of a city for crime or news, but it, too, had to be supplemented with means more supple, more secret. So American counter-espionage had two powerful arms, the Silent Watchers, and the I. P.

Silent Watchers was not, of course, an official name, but it describes what they did. Forty or fifty thousand of them played in the A. E. F. a double rôle, outwardly soldiers like any others, drilling, hiking, fighting, but unlike the others, never relaxing eyes, ears, wits in their search for spies and traitors in their midst. Their unsung service was as heavy as it was unsuspected. It brought to none privilege nor reward; to not a few wounds, sickness and death, for they shared every hardship and went over the top with the rest.

But their service was of incalculable value. Thanks in no small measure to it, the A. E. F. was probably the most loyal army that ever served the United States. More honor for its bright record, but honor also where hitherto it has not been bestowed, to the Silent Watchers. They detected the disloyal, who were quietly sent where they could do no harm, to stay-at-home depot brigades, or labor battalions, even in extreme cases, to internment camps or prisons—usually before their units left the United States. That work was indispensable, although some have objected since to its "spying on comrades" and the abuses it occasionally caused.

Throughout the A. E. F., roughly to every platoon, to every group of sixty men, there was one Silent Watcher. Nobody knew of his existence except one officer in his company to whom he reported. This officer in turn reported to another higher-up, until the peak of the organization was reached in an officer of the Division Headquarters Staff who in turn reported directly to G-2-B at Chaumont. The

organization had only one purpose, and usually stuck to it, to detect spying and disloyalty. Silent Watchers were not supposed to report violation of regulations, lax morals, even crime.

Although German-Americans as a class behaved splendidly and proved themselves more American than German, not all were so. Nor were all connected with the Dual Monarchy loyal to their adopted country. Some of them hated the Army they were drafted into, which found itself confronted with a situation unparalleled in any Allied nation. In the 77th Division alone, the polyglot New York City draft division, eight hundred men were weeded out and left behind through the Silent Watchers.

It was sometimes hard to detect just what they sought. The most dangerous men were not those of German or Austrian birth or descent who became conscientious objectors or asked non-combatant duty, but those who sought combatant duty and even promotion. Many such were transferred, lest the safety of their comrades in battle be jeopardized. The policy was to take no chances, but to transfer suspects without waiting for positive proofs. An ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure. Nor could the Silent Watchers reveal themselves or their organization by testifying in court.

A certain New York congressman unwittingly helped in weeding out undesirables from the 77th Division, by sending its commander bales of rubber-stamp-signed letters asking soft jobs for constituents with German connections. The jobs they got were sometimes on the rock pile—but they did not go to France.

The system worked so well in the Divisions, that it was extended to the whole A. E. F., Services of Supply, ports, replacement centers, hospitals, thereby covering every uniformed American in France or England.

It was the Silent Watchers who got the German sergeant

and his stolen code-book the night before Cantigny. Barely in time their suspicions had been aroused. The Silent Watchers discovered a movement to stir up race hatred among the negro troops, that resulted in their being sent home first of all A. E. F. units, and also in warnings to the Washington and Chicago police of the race riots that followed their return. After the Armistice the Silent Watchers detected repeated efforts to incite American troops to Bolshevism in Germany especially, and found Bolshevik messages hidden in a quarter of beef and a loaf of bread.

No other Army but the American had this system. The sincere compliment of imitation seems to have been paid it by none other than the Red Army of Soviet Russia. Within its ranks were hidden a corps of Silent Watchers, less scrupulous, more numerous, more powerful than ours, headed in each unit by a commissar whose testimony before a counter-espionage court called a "Flying Tribunal," required no corroboration. This secret and deadly discipline helps to explain why there is still a Red Army and a Bolshevik Russia.

THE I. P.'S: MEN OF MYSTERY

That other arm of counter-espionage, sometimes even of espionage, the I. P.—what a company was theirs! The Corps of Intelligence Police was probably the most romantic body of men in the A. E. F., suggesting the Foreign Legion or Walker's Filibusters. These picked spy-hunters were picturesque from the start, when the first fifty were recruited largely in Old World New Orleans, by mysteriously worded newspaper advertisements about work for daring men who spoke French and German.

Daring men responded. One had held up a Russian train single-handed. Another had murdered an officer and deserted from the French Army. A third tried later to do

about the same for an American officer. A fourth was a Belgian nobleman who made a most successful agent, posing in Paris and Langres as a wealthy French banker. Few knew military discipline, most were cosmopolitans, French, Italian, Spanish, German-Americans, former actors, newspaper reporters, salesmen or men in business for themselves, fitted by temperament and experience to work "on their own." No wonder Captain Royden Williamson had his hands full chaperoning those free companions across the Atlantic. Even so, they were only half those who had answered the advertisements. The rejected half turned out on investigation crooks of some sort, usually confidence men.

Even the landing in France was bizarre. The I. P.'s had sergeant's rank and pay and, surprisingly for a secret corps, arrived at St. Nazaire plainly distinguished by green and white cords on their Stetson hats. But not for long would the Military Police, the M. P., permit fifty sergeants wearing green and white hat-cords, unheard of in the A. E. F., to run around loose. Soon after they reached France, all the future spy-chasers were behind the bars but one—who had been too sick to go ashore.

They got out, threw away their hat-cords and went to work. As might have been expected, a few of that first fifty did not make good. But most did, and the corps grew with the A. E. F. from whose ranks new recruits were picked, given probationary training and finally made I. P. sergeants of whom there were as many as four hundred five, with thirty-four probationary candidates. All had a high school, some a college education, and spoke French or German, or both.

The I. P. did much of the "leg work" of searching for German spies, especially in places the Silent Watchers could not cover, and among the civilian population of England, France, Belgium and later, Germany and Luxem-

bourg. They were the "detectives" of G-2-B. That their irregular corps turned some clever tricks, shows the ingenuity of the members, for they had never been counter-spies before and largely were self-taught. They had some lectures, French and American, but mostly they "picked it up somehow." It was fascinating work, independent, stimulating. One of them says:

"I learned not to be too busy—just kinda sit around and look dumb and let 'em come to you. Especially in suspect restaurants where I worked as a waiter."

Another puts it this way:

"Some tried to be deep and foxy. I worked like the village fool who went out and found the lost donkey that had eluded all the village wise men. 'Why,' they said, 'how did a fool like you find such a clever donkey?' The fool answered: 'Well, I wondered what I'd have done if I'd been the donkey, and I did,—and he had.' "

The I. P. learned to be just suspicious enough to realize that any one or anything might be worth questioning or investigating. One official definition of counter-espionage is "the practical outcome of the fear of having spies everywhere." Well, they might be everywhere, and everywhere they must be sought.

The I. P. were therefore spread out in little groups, fitting in with the counter-espionage organization of the A. E. F. This divided England and all France from ports to front into areas, corresponding to principal centers of American activity. The spy hunt in each area was in charge of one or more counter-espionage officers, each with a staff of from two or three to a dozen or more I. P.'s working on investigations, traveling here and there, sometimes in uniform on motorcycles, sometimes in civilian clothes, under any of a dozen pretexts and camouflages. Often they worked alone, sometimes with the organization of the Silent Watchers, occasionally with the M. P. or the D. C. I. which

was the A. E. F.'s crime detective force, although some persons have confused it with the true secret service.

Broadly, counter-espionage had two hunting-grounds: at and near the front, and everywhere else. Contrary perhaps to general belief, the first gave less trouble than the second. The I. P.'s in the front zone were under Colonel L. A. Sigaud. Spies do not last long at the actual front, especially in trench warfare. They are more easily spotted, by means largely a development of the World War. The Allies found it practically impossible in 1918 to get a spy through the German front. The A. E. F. found rumors and incidents that "looked queer," especially if one "felt queer" himself as one did at the front, far more plentiful there than clean-cut cases of spying.

The first American sector of the front was in a spies' paradise, north of Toul, facing the St. Mihiel salient. German Lorraine was near enough so that the civil population was somewhat mixed, and many spoke both languages. Crossing No Man's Land was rather safe, since the country was wooded and rough, the front quiet, as successful German desertions frequently showed. No wonder spy stories abounded while the First Division, then the 26th, served their novitiate there. Dark forms flitted across No Man's Land, mysterious lights flashed, the Germans seemed to have uncanny knowledge of what we were doing, and the answer, of course, was "Spies!" So started the adventure of Padre Joyce.

Padre Joyce was a short, broad, rubicund Irish chaplain, fond of humorous stories and the good things of life. For a time attached to G-2-B at Chaumont, he had rejoined the 7th Field Artillery of the First Division, on the Toul front. His new domicile was Mandres, a shell-shocked village just behind the front line, where living was primitive. The Padre complained to his striker of the monotony of the Army chow provided, when his attention was distracted

by rumors, many and disquieting. Mandres rejoiced in a church with a steeple almost intact, readily visible from the great German observation post on Montsec. At night, the rumors said, lights flashed from the steeple. A chance to be a spy-chaser!

That night, then, Padre to the dark tower came, armed with a pistol to subdue the spy. Long he waited in the chill blackness, accompanied only by cooing, fluttering pigeons. Finally, after midnight, the ladder rattled. Padre crouched, pistol ready. A man came through the trap-door. A light flashed.

"Ah, ye dirty spy, I've got ye! Throw up yer hands!" cried Padre.

To his amazement, he beheld the white face of his own striker, who cried:

"My God, Padre, put away yer gun before it goes off. Haven't ye been kickin' about the chow, and me tryin' three nights to get some pigeons for a pot pie?"

There were real German spies at the front sometimes, and to thwart them was part of the I. P.'s job. A group of them were attached to each army and corps area, to keep up relentless hunt for strangers, men who could not account for themselves, no matter in what uniform, and to blind the enemy's secret eyes, by preventing among our own men careless talk that might be overheard, by listening in on telephone conversations, by seeing that the secrecy rules about care of important papers and maps were obeyed. They even spread false rumors that G-2 wanted the Germans to hear.

Of course, most front-line Intelligence work was not what is called secret service. The greater part of it came under the other activities of G-2 already described, observing from ground, airplane or balloon, intercepting radio, flash and sound ranging, trench raiding and patrolling No Man's Land at night. The principal object, practically the only

one, of those various raids of which you read so much in war-time newspapers, was to gather information; a swift swoop upon a vulnerable point in the line opposite, a quick return with prisoners if possible, or if not, with shoulder-straps and other identifying insignia from the dead, papers, maps, whatever could be found in dugouts or trenches.

All units at the front had numerous officers and men especially trained in this Combat Intelligence. Many became expert scouts, prowling No Man's Land at night, sometimes by day. The First Division had a sergeant who boasted that seldom twenty-four hours passed without his visiting the German front line. Once when the First expected an attack, he went across in broad daylight, found the front-line trench filled with well-fed Germans in new full equipment singing softly and passing a schnapps bottle, plainly keeping up courage for the jump-off. But to make sure, the American waylaid one around a traverse, and with a pistol in his back, pushed him from shell-hole to shell-hole across No Man's Land to the First's front line. A few minutes later a hail of shells blew the expectant Germans elsewhere.

Before big attacks like St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne, there was important work for the I. P. They swept clean the area where hundreds of thousands of doughboys were assembling before St. Mihiel. French civilians the least bit suspect, especially women who knew many Americans, were removed where they could do no harm. Theirs was the fate of the famous Mademoiselle from Armentières (there really was one) who finally had to go because she knew so much about the British Army. When the lines of "refugees" came down from the recaptured villages in the salient, the I. P. welcomed them, and with the French checked them over carefully first for German agents disguised, then for French men and women who had been friendly with the Germans.

Preparing for both battles at once on a large front gave our counter-espionage a big job, for we hoped for secrecy and so for surprise. The job was done, and so far as known, the Germans lacked definite and detailed information about either blow. General von Gallwitz says the Meuse-Argonne was at least partial surprise. To do that took about every available officer and I. P. sergeant G-2-B could find, and stripped other American sectors. But it was worth it. They built up behind the army a water-tight compartment, an area into which no suspected person could go safely.

During the attack itself, Army and Corps Intelligence officers were assisted in handling German prisoners by I. P. sergeants who herded them about, searched them and, knowing German, often picked up valuable bits of information.

On the actual front, the only disguise for a German agent was Allied or American uniform. They tried both, as some doughboys know, especially those of the Second and 28th Divisions. The first time the Second ever were in the trenches, near Verdun, a party of Germans in French uniforms crying "*Français! Français!*" came close, then threw hand grenades, but were routed. The Pennsylvania Guardsmen's experience was more disastrous. The Germans retook Fismettes on the Vesle partly because Germans in American uniforms shouted orders to retreat, even naming an American officer who they said had given the orders. For some time after that there was a standing order in the 28th Division that any one commanding a retreat, no matter who he was, should be shot on the spot.

A SPY IN OUR MIDST

That is supposed to have happened to a nervy German agent about whom centers a story unverified officially, but

interesting. When the Germans got out of the Argonne Forest, they had time to carry out a daring ruse. In the ground they were about to give up, they prepared a dug-out, deep, cleverly concealed, connected by underground telephone wire with another dugout in the place where they were going. Then they left behind an experienced agent, with an ample food supply and an American uniform.

He waited until the advancing Americans had passed beyond his hiding-place, then, at the first chance, came out and mingled with them. Speaking English, knowing something of American ways, he gathered information which later he telephoned to his comrades. But after a few days of this, he was caught entering his dugout and shot on the spot. So goes the story.

Now, there is no official record of the execution of a spy by the A. E. F. But that does not mean that none who spied on the A. E. F. was executed. Many things happened at the front that never got into official records. Even today, some tragedies of the secret war remain mysteries. For instance, the photograph of "German spies in French uniforms" executed and lying dead, in the sector of the 28th Division, A. E. F. Who killed them? Major-General Charles H. Muir and Colonel Walter C. Sweeney, respectively Commander and Chief of Staff of the Division, say they never heard of such an execution. The Signal Corps man who took the picture does not answer inquiries. But can the camera lie?

Perhaps the French were the executioners. The other reason why our records show no German spies killed, is that we turned them over to French and Belgians who seldom hesitated. In the last few days of the war, the 91st Division, from the Pacific Coast, reached the important town of Audenarde on the Scheldt. Their advanced patrols going down to the river were fired on heavily and accurately by German machine-guns on the opposite bank,

and had to take shelter. Then a little knot of dark-clad Belgian civilians, four years under German domination, came dragging or pushing one of their number.

"Espion! Espion!" they cried. "We have seen him signal the American position to the German machine-gunners."

They brought him to Captain A. A. Hopkins, Chief of the 91st's Silent Watchers, who questioned him, aided by the officer commanding the Belgian gendarmes accompanying the division for this very purpose. Scene, witnesses and commander (King Albert) all were Belgian, and to the Belgians Captain Hopkins turned over the suspect. His fate remains unknown although his picture is in our War Department collection.

If he spied, it was against Americans, but if he was executed, it was by Allies. So with all the enemy agents the A. E. F. caught.

That arrangement helps explain why the victories of the American secret war were, and remain, so secret. Officially, the Americans executed no German spies and arrested few. The A. E. F. rule was, "Let the French do it. It's their country." The Americans might "turn up" a suspect, provide information sufficient to justify arrest and perhaps conviction, but the French "did the dirty work," as in sundry cases to be described here. That simplified what was, after all, enforcement of a French law forbidding espionage, and enabled the Americans to wash their hands of a distasteful business. If, as some boast to-day, "we never executed a spy," we all but led some to the stake—quite deservedly, according to the rules of the game.

Behind the front, on the Services of Supply, there was less mystery—and probably more spies. The area was far greater—all of France but that four-hundred-mile strip of front from the North Sea to Switzerland so filled with pitfalls for the spy as to be virtually impregnable. Besides,

much of the really big information was not at the front, but in the rear; in Paris, the capital, at munition factories, at ports where troops were always landing, at centers such as Tours, headquarters of our Services of Supply, or even the various General Headquarters, Chaumont, Montreuil, Provins.

Every G. H. Q., Allied and German, was watched, and Chaumont must have been, although there is good authority for saying that no German agent was caught there nor an important leak detected. All the Allies, including the Americans, had spies at German G. H. Q. at Spa, who kept them informed as much as they could of what went on there. Guessing that, the Germans had special personal guards for the Kaiser, Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Though Marshal Foch usually chose small secluded places for his headquarters, he was watched most of the time, knew it and joked about it. He even made camouflaged trips to lead his watchers astray. When General Pershing first reached France, he objected violently to any one being assigned to guard him, but Colonel Moreno insisted that he have a guard. A former New York newspaper man checked the General's goings and comings, and guarded him.

This faithful shadow accompanied the American Commander-in-Chief wherever he went, and once probably prevented an attempt to assassinate him. Whenever General Pershing appeared at public ceremonies, his I. P. guard "covered" him with special care, vigilant for suspicious-looking people, especially for men with hands in pockets or hidden by newspapers, and women with hands in muffs. The General went unarmed, but his shadow carried two pistols, one hidden.

Came an occasion in 1918 when General Pershing, inspecting American depots and troops in a French city "behind the front," returned to his special train through a tunnel beneath the tracks, a subway like that at many

American suburban railway stations. In this dark passage some one had laid a trap. But luckily, the I. P. guard, the accustomed twenty feet ahead of the General, pounced upon a woman of rather evil aspect. He seized both wrists almost hidden in a brown fur muff. From the muff, he snatched a loaded revolver.

General Pershing passed on. The woman was borne off to local G-2 Headquarters. Unfortunately secrecy still hides the rest—who she was, why the revolver, in that place underground where, but for G-2, she might have killed the American commander in an instant.

We kept at our own G. H. Q. a watch chosen from the original I. P. detachment, that had some weird experiences. A principal job was to see what happened to the contents of waste-baskets—which may sound foolish, but was based upon known German methods. Another was to watch scrubwomen, any civilians who might enter the three big barrack buildings converted into offices, most of which held secrets of real, even extraordinary value. This day and night prowling was often exciting, especially when one spotted some one acting suspiciously, trailed him, and found him another I. P.! One of the band who spoke fluent French but broken English sneaked one dark night around a corner and into the arms of a salty Marine from South Dakota, of the provost guard, eager to be “first to fight.”

“Hands up!” he cried, demonstrating with bayoneted Springfield.

“But I’m an I. P.!” the prowler tried to explain in French-English.

“I. P.? Never heard of it!” said the Marine. “You’re a German spy, that’s what you are. C’mon to the guard-house.”

Accelerated by the bayonet, the I. P. went to the guard-house. where he remained two days until even the Marines

yielded to the secret service and let him go—with a warning not to do it again.

The still hunt of counter-espionage elsewhere behind the lines, brought greater results. All told, G-2, S. O. S., commanded by Colonel Cabot Ward, under general direction from G. H. Q., handled 3706 cases of suspected espionage or disloyalty. The same hunt located twenty-six German agents who were dealt with variously, some allowed to continue sending reports that were intercepted and falsified, some fed false information, some who were among the seventy-nine persons interned, the one hundred two expelled from the S. O. S., or the eighteen expelled from France. Twelve members of the A. E. F. were shipped back to the United States whence they had come.

Those figures represent probably well over half the fish ever caught in the American counter-espionage net in Europe. No day passed without at least one suspect becoming entangled. On the S. O. S. alone, its meshes were watched constantly by a force of fifty-eight officers, and three hundred five men, mostly I. P.'s, aided by fifty-four civilian employees, sometimes an inclusive term, and fourteen field clerks.

Before the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne battles so much evidence came in of German agents trying to cover Tours, that that city and its vicinity were made a reserved area and combed with especial care. There, and at Issoudun, Romorantin, all-American aviation centers in France, there was always watch for German agents. Counter-espionage put an especially close guard on the Liberty motor so that the plans should not reach the Germans before planes driven by them reached the front. A case of preventive counter-espionage. There were others: Reports came of a leak in information from the big railroad regulating station at Is-sur-Tille, where trains of supplies and food were dealt out like bridge hands, to the troops along the

front. An American counter-espionage officer went to see what was wrong.

He found enough. A German agent schooled as a "train-watcher," with access to the yards, could gather plenty of information. The Americans were innocently sending out freight cars with destination, number of unit, sometimes contents, plainly chalked in English and French on the sides. A good German agent could almost send from Is-sur-Tille alone a daily American order of battle. More, he might tell beforehand when our troops were going to change position. Before they moved, the destination chalked on their supply trains would change. Thereafter the chalk marks were in code, altered at irregular intervals.

How could an agent have got information out of Is-sur-Tille? The counter-spy found the answer in the French mail-boxes. The A. E. F. were forbidden to use them, but some did to escape censorship by their own officers and in Is-sur-Tille, apparently, French postal employees had grown lax. Heaven knew what letters in code or invisible ink they were letting by. So that leak was plugged.

A potential leak was discovered in no less a place than the Y. M. C. A. hut in Chaumont. Here was thoughtfully provided a register, conspicuously placed, where officers visiting G. H. Q. signed names—and units. On one day forty-five units appeared, almost a roster of the A. E. F., a valuable counter-check for Colonel Nicolai if any one copied and sent it to him. G-2-B took just one look at that register.

In all France there was no greater crossroad of the secret war than Paris. What a place for spying, full of government officials, politicians, ministries of war and marine, munition factories, thousands of officers and soldiers of every rank from every Army and every front, glad to have shaken off the strain and restraint of the front, careless, bibulous, amorous. There were plenty of German agents

there of course. Some were caught, mostly the clumsy ones. Many more undoubtedly worked on, continually sending precious information to Germany by unknown routes. So Paris more than any one place worried G-2-B.

That was one reason why during the fighting the A. E. F. issued as little Paris leave as possible to our inexperienced and ingenuous young soldiers, why also G-2-B managed to know something about what those did who got there. They were warned, officers particularly, to be careful what they said, especially to chance acquaintances, most of all to feminine chance acquaintances. "Lots of those little ladies are working for one secret service or another, German or Allied," said the wise ones. "Aw, hell!" said the foolish, and never knew why they were transferred away from important jobs, or sent home, or perhaps, just not promoted.

WINE AND WOMEN

The Belgian nobleman who liked to entertain American generals and colonels was not the only I. P. who knew and reported who were reliable and discreet, who succumbed to the two weapons of secret service, wine and women. When some American allowed a stranger to scrape acquaintance and offer hospitality, that stranger being on the suspect list, perhaps G-2-B heard of it. The Irish officer who remarked one evening in the lobby of the Olympia that, "The Allies've lost the war and we got in just twinty minutes late," lost a rather responsible post next day. G-2-B worked closely with the M. P. and D. C. I. in silencing drunks and rounding up deserters before they could do harm.

Headquarters for areas in the interior of France were at Blois, Nevers, Clermont-Ferrand, Gièvres, Châteaurox, Toulouse, Lyons, Aix-les-Bains, Dijon and Is-sur-Tille,

and in Great Britain, at London, Southampton, Glasgow and Liverpool. Frontiers, Italian, Spanish, especially Swiss, had to be watched vigilantly through special stations at Modane, Hendaye, Cerbere, Pontarlier, Bellegarde and Evian-les-Bains. From the moment transport or cargo vessel appeared off the ports, Calais, Havre, Brest, St. Nazaire, Nantes, La Rochelle, Bordeaux and Marseilles, until it started back again, the all-seeing eye was upon troops or freight it bore, and upon its crew, always upon its crew. In each port a group of Intelligence officers were aided by about a dozen I. P.'s, and some civilian employees, perhaps just what the name implied, perhaps French men or women, who found time for a little spy-hunting on the side.

In ports especially, they worked secretly, from a secret headquarters in an apartment-house, or some private dwelling, quiet, never crowded, to which I. P.'s went as seldom as possible. Their object was twofold: to discover and frustrate German agents, and to discover among American troops conditions that German agents might utilize. They worked either in uniform, posing as from whatever unit suited the occasion, or in civilian clothes, as the newspaper correspondents or traveling salesmen many of them had been.

In uniform, two were assigned for weeks to do little but tell Emil how many dead Americans had been taken off incoming transports that morning. Emil was a busboy in the leading hotel at Havre, an Alsatian, spotted as a German spy, his means of reporting known, reports opened and read before they were forwarded.

Emil's superiors had ordered him to find out what inroads the flu was making among American troops crossing cramped in transports that critical summer of 1918 when we rushed them over to turn the tide. Some, not many, did die, and the number of coffins brought ashore was of

course, seized by rumor and multiplied several times, before it reached Emil. But like many spies, he not only did not examine rumors critically enough, he passed them on to his superiors like rolling snowballs, with other things added unto them. That made him two American friends, who were "on the inside," they told him, of many things in Havre.

The inside, it transpired, was that American troops were dying like flies on the transports. The coffins that came down the gangplanks in daylight were but a fraction of the number unloaded at night. Each day his two friends had some new bit of news, some variation of the same theme. So in the seclusion of his room at the top of the hotel, Emil brought forth his invisible ink and his ball-pointed pen and wrote something like this: "You need have no fear of the troops now coming from America to Havre. Before they reach port, half the men in the transports are dead of the flu, and the other half are mostly weak and sickly. The epidemic is decimating the American Army."

It is doubtful if Emil ever was locked up. He was far too useful.

But whatever real troubles there were on the transports the I. P. tried to find out. In uniform they mixed with newly arrived troops and, looked up to as old-timers in France, soon were getting "an earful." Had there really been much sickness on the transports, and how had it been handled? Did the men think they were getting a square deal? How did they like their officers? Was the food right? Meantime, in civilian clothes other I. P.'s—one liked to pose as correspondent of *The Christian Herald*—were meeting the officers of the same unit. What sort of soldiers were their men making? How was the commanding general? Did the division like the Old Man? If not, why?

Within twenty-four hours after the *Leviathan* had

docked, an analysis of its human cargo was en route to G. H. Q., its principal object to tell “What kind of fighters will this new bunch make?” Much of the questioning had this trend, however carefully concealed: “Do you want to fight, and do you know how, and if you don’t, can you learn?” In the great majority of cases, the answer was an enthusiastic “Yes,” but in a few it was unconsciously, “No.” A few drafted troops from German sections of the Middle West rather agreed that “they had enough already, without sending us across,” and that “the war’s nearly over, anyway. What’s the use?” That news, flashed to G. H. Q., influenced materially the future prospects of those troops in France. It seems to have reached German G. H. Q. too, where Colonel Nicolai received it, doubtless from agents better than Emil.

The few troops returning to the United States before the Armistice had to be looked over lest they take home for doughboy friends uncensored letters conveying, innocently, valuable military information. This was also the case with returning civilians, many of whom carried letters and parcels—and remonstrated indignantly at being searched. The I. P. search was usually more rigorous than the French.

“SAIRVEECE!”

Rather a rigorous crowd, the I. P., guarding the meshes of their web over France. Their password “Sairveece!” took them anywhere, day or night. In some of the quieter zones, the French were glad to have their work done by zealous young Americans who spoke good French and with their princely pay could be “*bon camarade*” with a poor gendarme. At Dijon, for instance, two I. P.’s, Nickell and Martell, took over traveler control from the French.

Every traveler who entered Dijon, and many other places, was required to register his arrival, his pedigree,

when he came, how long he expected to stay. Always this was checked by telegraph, often by watchers at the railroad stations. Any one who said in registering that he intended to do one thing, then did another, was immediately shadowed. These regulations and many more the Americans enforced enthusiastically, with their cry of "Sair-veece!" routing people out of bed, examining papers, asking questions.

They covered with special care hotels where lobbies were centers of gossip readily overheard by travelers who might be German traveling agents collecting reports, even from employees in the very hotels they visited. It was done often. So in many hotels, the Americans had agents of their own.

One of these is now probably a successful detective. He showed great aptitude for that calling eleven years ago, at the tender age of seventeen. Nimble of foot, he spent his days answering bells and making himself generally useful in the best hotel in a famous French city behind the lines, yet close enough to the front to have a distinctly military population including many Americans who had there hospitals and other installations. It was an important center of our S. O. S.

No person at all doubtful or suspicious stopped at that hotel whose baggage was not searched and his mail brought to the American officer directing counter-espionage in that area. Such mail, that officer steamed open, using care to leave no indication, read, sealed again and sent on its way, and none was the wiser. Nor was he the only American counter-espionage officer who did that. It went on more or less all over France—a necessary precaution in the secret war that brought its rewards.

One day when the vigilant youth of the hotel met this American superior officer, he was all excitement.

"*Mon Lieutenant,*" he said, "for some time I have had

an idea, a suspicion. You know Monsieur A——, that big dark man who is our *maître d'hôtel*? *Alors*, this *maître d'hôtel*, he receives no mail at all at the hotel. Not one letter!"

"But he has the Legion of Honor," the American objected. "I have seen the red ribbon in his buttonhole."

"But, a red ribbon!" exclaimed his young aide. "*Je m'en fiche!* He can buy them in any store. And regard him closely! He is not French. He even speaks with a little accent."

All trifles, the American thought—but of such is the secret war. He asked Paris whether the dark man was on the French suspect list. The answer was "No." But was he on the American suspect list? From Colonel Moreno at Chaumont came quick—"Yes." Some trouble in Lyons. Orders were that arrests were to be made by the French, so to the French the American turned over his information. Soon afterward, two agents of their "Brigade Mobile," typical "flatties," entered the hotel, marched up to the desk and told a dark gentleman wearing in his buttonhole the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor: "Monsieur, we are *agents de police*. We seek the *maître d'hôtel*."

"The *maître d'hôtel*?" the dark gentleman repeated. "I regret, Messieurs the *agents de police*, that he will not return until five o'clock."

The *agents de police* saluted and turned on their heels. At five o'clock they were back again, asking for the *maître d'hôtel*.

"But you talked to him when you were here before. Now he has gone," they were told.

The net of counter-espionage tightened. Only a few trains had left, and the station was always watched. The suspect list afforded a good description. A few days later the dark gentleman was picked up in Lyons, and this time interned for the remainder of the war.

The Argus of the hotel turned up another case that ended differently. Again he reported to the American officer:

"Figure to yourself who has now arrived at the hotel, *Mon Lieutenant!* One of a family of great American millionaires, most assuredly. The name is famous. But she is French. A mystery!"

Sure enough, upon the hotel register appeared in a feminine hand the signature: "Ruth Astor." Inspection showed the lady to be tall, blonde, shapely, generally alluring, as befitted the profession which she evidently graced. Her real name was appropriately, Dumond. She came from a village in the north of France, and in the war years of her twenty-five she had traveled over most of Europe. Enough to mark her for the spy-chaser, but the French suspect list supplied still more. She had been expelled from Marseilles for sending sundry queer-looking illustrated post-cards into Switzerland. Nothing proved against her, much suspected.

Why had she come to this important American center? The Americans read her mail, searched her baggage, shadowed her. Not one but two counter-espionage officers laid siege to her heart. But she was discreet. The little she would drink had no effect upon her, no matter how talkative her American hosts became. They told her Army news, true and false, but found no word of it in her mail. So far as her actions went, Ruth Astor was not only a perfect lady, but a loyal Frenchwoman. Then one day, without a word of warning, she left town, never again to come into the American web.

Something like that was the outcome of most spy-chases—a blank wall. One I. P., a Spanish-American, posing as a Spaniard on a personal mission, went to a town near Verdun and therefore dangerously near the front. He lodged in the same house with a man, apparently a Belgian, whose movements had aroused suspicion. The suspect in turn

became suspicious of the newcomer, and told the landlady:

"That fellow looks to me like a German spy. He's no Spaniard—doesn't act like one."

Whereupon the I. P. picked a quarrel with him, became violently angry, showed a knife and talked about his Spanish blood. His quarry went to Chalons to see "his wife" who turned out, upon investigation, to be not quite that. Meantime the Spaniard searched his papers, and wondered why in some letters about Belgian relief, certain words kept cropping up in queer places where they could make sense only if they were part of a code. Perhaps the owner was warned, for he left Chalons, and disappeared completely. Then came the Armistice.

A DANGEROUS MISSION; A FEARFUL ORDEAL

Another Spanish-American I. P. had a perilous adventure. He was summoned one day to the counter-espionage office in Gièvres, one of the greatest centers on the Services of Supply, where there was constant fear of enemy spying.

"Do you want a dangerous mission?" asked his chief.

"Yes, sir," replied the I. P., his dark sharp face lighting, large eyes eager.

"Do you speak good Spanish? Can you pass as a Spaniard among Spaniards—and not get caught?"

"Yes, sir," the I. P. said, still more eagerly. "I lived seven years in Madrid as a boy."

Later, that was to save his life.

"Good," said his chief. "At a little place called Selles-sur-Cher, near Gièvres, we are building the largest refrigeration plant in the A. E. F., the third largest in the world, to store food en route to the front. There is a lot of civilian labor, Maltese, Belgians, Greeks, Swiss but mostly Spaniards. We have checked up on them and they're guarded,

but there's something wrong. I can't tell you more than that. We'll get you in among them, and you'll have to find out what it is. But we hear they're a tough crowd. Watch yourself!"

Pedro Padilla from Madrid came to the Spanish labor camp at Selles-sur-Cher, dirty and rather ragged, but with an intelligent face and good recommendations, so he got a job at nine francs a day. He walked through the gate into an atmosphere that, to his sensitive faculties, seemed oppressive with danger.

Immediately he felt himself observed, object of suspicious glances, muttered words, by the polyglot dwellers there, especially the Spaniards whose confidence he was to win. Two or three pointed out his soft, rather small hands and asked one another, "What sort of workman is this?" He was starting wrong, he sensed, so that evening in the bunk house he asked in a loud voice what work there was for a painter. "I'm no day laborer," he said. "They told me there was painting to do."

Had it gone over? He could not tell and fell asleep to dream of threatening swarthy faces, crowding close, baleful light gleaming from their eyes. He sprang awake to find a flash-light thrust into his face, behind it faces of two men he had seen talking, aloof from the rest.

"Get up," said one, "but be quiet. Come with us."

They led him to a dark recess, where they sat down, but kept him standing with the light full in his face. Then began an ordeal he has never forgotten.

"Padilla," said the first, whose pale intent face showed imperious will, whose slim body the I. P. found later was strong as steel, "you say you are a Spaniard from Madrid. Maybe you are. But you don't look like a workman. We know these Americans think there is something going on here, and blame us for it—thefts, or something, maybe German spying and sabotage. We know they are going to

send a Secret Service man here. You may be that man."

The eyes of both seemed to bore into the I. P., whose each particular hair arose and stood on end.

"If you are," the speaker's voice became ferocious, "we'll tear you limb from limb. If you aren't, you have nothing to fear. Now, answer our questions."

Then began a grilling that was a third degree, conducted by the white-faced leader, aided by the other, who had been all his life in Madrid.

"Where did you live in Madrid?" the leader asked. Then, "From that place, how would you get to such and such a school, such a church? What streets would you cross? Who was priest in that church? What kind of house did you live in? Who else lived there? Who lived next door? Across the way?"

Padilla quaked inwardly. But he really had lived in the Calle Zorrilla, Madrid, and most of the questions he could answer or bluff through. He felt he was succeeding when he saw from the corner of his eye the almost imperceptible nod with which the Madrid man told the leader he was answering correctly. Despite fear, in strange surroundings, half-dazed by the flash-light, the secret agent was winning the battle of wits. The leader seemed about to admit it, when the man from Madrid raised heavy-lidded eyes and lifted a massive threatening arm.

"Let me try," he said.

The I. P.'s heart sank.

"Who was Garibaldi?" his new inquisitor almost roared.

"Garibaldi?" Padilla exclaimed, cudgeling his brains.

"Why, an Italian patriot, I suppose."

"Nobody from Madrid would say that," the Spaniard said ominously. "Who was Garibaldi? Answer me!"

Like a flash of light came a childhood memory.

"That was the nickname for that old half-wit character who went about with the funny uniform and medals——"

"Enough!" the Spaniard interrupted. He pushed the flash-light almost into the I. P.'s eyes. "One more question. If you lived in the Calle Zorrilla in 1898, what happened there? Every one who lived there would remember."

"Many things happened there," the I. P. protested. "Give me some hint."

The questioner hesitated. "Well," he said, "it concerned a pig."

Concerned a pig, a pig! Another flash, another memory. The I. P. snapped his fingers.

"I know!" he said. "It was the day war was declared between Spain and the United States. A crowd paraded the Calle Zorrilla, cheering and singing, leading a pig, 'Yankee pig,' dressed in a plug hat and an American flag. In front of the house of General Weyler, they hung the pig to a lamp-post!"

The Spaniard leaped to his feet and held out his hand.

"No dirty American could know that!" he cried. "You're from Madrid, all right!"

The secret agent trembled with relief, and cold perspiration started to his forehead. He had passed the test of admittance to the freemasonry of the Spanish workers. It amounted to that, he found. The white-faced man was the leader, could knock out any one except, perhaps, the man from Madrid. This man took a liking to Padilla and offered to do his work with pick and shovel.

"I can lick three men," he said, showing swelling muscles. "Why shouldn't I work for two? We shall rest and you shall be our lookout. When the American guards come along, wake us up."

Just what the I. P. wanted. He could know what went on; at night he was a privileged person so that he could continue his prowlings. Eyes and ears open, he began to notice things.

First, he noticed that the Spaniards, great gamblers,

played a strange game. When a train went by, all stopped work and watched it until out of sight. They made bets on how many trains would pass, in what direction, what sort of trains, supply trains, troop trains, how long trains, how many cars. The results were carefully written down and handed to a Belgian who kept the pool—but never returned the lists. A word to the expert French Commissaire Speciale, M. Bauer, and the Belgian disappeared.

Scattered about piles of lumber, the I. P. noticed what seemed round white pills. He picked up a few, which M. Bauer pronounced incendiary tablets of a type the Germans used. Lumber piles were guarded after that.

In a little *buvette* the laborers frequented, he saw a Greek hand to the barmaid a folded square of paper. The Spaniards roared.

"Where's your nerve?" they taunted the Greek. "Every day you give her love notes. A Spaniard doesn't make love that way."

The Greek hurried from the place. French agents saw those "love notes" slipped by the barmaid to a railroad man traveling back and forth between Tours and Paris, who handed them there to some one else. Another "grapevine" to Germany was cut.

There was the "Spaniard" who came after Padilla's arrival, passed his examination, but proved to know a lot about artillery, to have worked in fact, at Creusot's, the French Krupps. M. Bauer was glad to meet him. Through all perils, the I. P. remained undiscovered, and finally, his work done, went elsewhere.

"What was the hardest ordeal of all?" I asked him.

"The hardest?" he repeated angrily. "I'll tell you. One day an American corporal made four of us push him five miles on a hand-car, bawling us out for 'Greasers' because we didn't go fast enough. A corporal! And I was a sergeant, and in disguise, and couldn't say a word!"

AN I. P. RISKS DEATH

Last in this chronicle of defeats and victories of our secret war, comes the thrilling story of how three desperate men were caught just as they were about to deal the A. E. F. a serious blow—one of the most courageous single achievements of I. P's.

In the summer of 1918 picturesque Beaune, of ancient Burgundy, was nearly an American town. Its cobbled gray-walled streets were thronged with doughboys in olive drab, preparing for the front or working as part of the Services of Supply for those already gone there, some of whom trickled back now to base hospitals being built just outside the town. That made Beaune still busier, livelier, since to speed up the work the Americans had brought here, too, laborers as varied as they were numerous, who amazed the people of Beaune with speech in many tongues from Spain, Portugal and the Mediterranean. Rather a turbulent crowd, but we had to have them.

To smooth troubles among themselves, and with Americans or French, the Red Cross had supplied an interpreter, a versatile genius generally called Italian-American, although he spoke also English, French, Portuguese and Spanish. Pietro was a dark young man, not yet thirty, of winning though not ostentatious manner, by day, diligently, even ubiquitously useful, in a quiet way, yet in the evenings fond of rather gay company. He liked the rich wine of Beaune, and liked to gamble. He would bet on almost anything. Yet he drank and gambled without losing his head. He never quarreled. The Red Cross interpreter was, in short, the ideal secret agent, as the Beaune counter-espionage officer congratulated himself whenever, covertly, they met and conferred.

Speaking five languages, Pietro had many friends, chief among whom was a Spaniard named Diaz. Like Pietro, he

was quick-witted, intelligent; like Pietro, he liked the wine of Beaune, cards and dice; but unlike him, they loosened his tongue, made him voluble, excited. A man of strong passions, the strongest now was a fanatic hatred of the Americans.

It had started in the Spanish-American War. Diaz had been born in Cuba, of a Spanish family of position who had aided the Spanish cause, and had not concealed their dislike for the victors. The damned Americans, he said, had expelled them all from Cuba, and they had settled in northern Spain. Drafted into the Spanish Army, the son had rebelled at discipline, killed his colonel and fled to France. He had come to work for the Americans, burning to settle the old score of twenty years before. A thoroughly bad actor, Pietro reported.

The Spaniard was not bluffing. He wanted to kill, burn, destroy these hated Americans and all their works. With fierce eloquence, he won to him another Spaniard, Ochoa, and a pacifist Frenchman discharged from the Army. Then Pietro began to yield, too. They could be real spies, Diaz told him. The chief of the German secret service in northern Spain lived at the home of his parents. Could Pietro steal a censor's stamp and get a letter through for him?

Pietro could, he said, and a day or two later he and his officer read an impassioned offer of the Spaniard's services to the German cause, and an announcement that he had decided his first deed should be to steal and send to the German chief in Spain plans of the hospital the Americans were building at Beaune. Then German airplanes could come and bomb it.

"Nice humane fellow!" they commented, copied the letter, sealed the original and sent it on its way. A few nights later, Diaz gave Pietro another letter, this time asking the German chief to send him secret ink and a code, since "my present means of communication is rather

risky." Pietro was joining in his plan more enthusiastically. Copies of the hospital plans were left where Diaz could steal them, and then, aflame with success, the three made Pietro one of them.

"AN OATH IN BLOOD!"

"We must take an oath!" cried Diaz, "never to desert one another. Death to the Americans! An oath in blood!"

Gathered around a candle-lighted table, splashed with the deep red Beaune wine, they pricked their wrists, and signed the oath. Pietro did not turn a hair.

"Now," said Diaz, "we have stolen the plans and Pietro will send them to Spain. But from there we hear nothing. Let us wait no longer. Let us strike another blow. Not far from here there is a big reserve depot of munitions, thousands of shells, powder. Why not blow it up?"

Before the night ended, they agreed that the Frenchman should reconnoiter the ammunition dump.

"They mean business," Pietro told his officer. "We'd better grab 'em."

The next day brought to Beaune an official high in the French counter-espionage service. At first this old stager thought the Americans were exaggerating, but he heard Pietro's report and read Diaz's letters and was convinced. So quietly and carefully Diaz, Ochoa and the confederate were gobbled up.

"Now," said Pietro, "how about my going to Spain? I know where this German chief is, and I can say I've come from Diaz. Either I can get the goods on him so that we can run him out of Spain, or I can work in with him and his gang and find out a lot about the German secret service."

"Do you know how likely you are to get a knife between your ribs?" his officer asked.

"Sure," said Pietro. "I'll take a chance."

The offer went from Colonel Ward to Colonel Moreno, finally to General Nolan. No one wanted to send a brave man to that sort of death. Then the war ended. That saved the lives of the bloodthirsty Diaz and the rest, but they got long prison terms after a trial when for the first time they found Pietro had betrayed them and swore bitterly in the courtroom to kill him when they got out. He is still alive, but no matter where. Pietro was not his name.

For his gallant and valuable service, he was recommended for the Distinguished Service Medal but did not get it. Still, he got another reward that he valued more highly. Not all his time had been taken in interpreting, plotting and counterplotting. He had been courting the daughter of the owner of the café where he ate his meals, a French girl liked and respected by every one and, like him, quiet. She was astonished when the Red Cross interpreter appeared at the wedding in the uniform of a Sergeant of Intelligence Police. Pietro knew how to fight the secret war.



PART THREE
THE MASTER

HOW AMERICAN SECRET AGENTS TRAPPED A GREAT
GERMAN SPY

PART THREE

THE MASTER

HOW AMERICAN SECRET AGENTS TRAPPED A GREAT GERMAN SPY

"It is a terrible affair," said the Chief of the French secret service in Switzerland. He spoke almost in a whisper. His working face showed strong emotion.

"What a blow they have dealt us, those Germans!" he exclaimed. "Fooled us about their great offensive that almost crushed first the British Army, then ours. Tricked our secret service like schoolboys. Caught there in Germany twenty-one of our good men, whom we depended on, and *pouf*—snuffed them out. A firing squad at dawn. Then, in those men's names, they sent us forged false reports. We never knew, until too late."

Eyes flashing, he struck the table a blow that made the glasses ring.

"One man did that!" he cried. "One man, though The Master of many more, men and women. Ah, what a Master, of things dark and sinister! He is a veritable Mephistopheles!"

Cautiously the Frenchman looked about the obscure café, then leaned forward and lowered his voice again.

"And now," he whispered, "that man, that devil, that Master Spy—he is here!"

The American officer in civilian clothes started, and looked about too. He was not yet inured to all the game's abrupt transitions from dull monotony to sudden transfixing flashes of melodrama that proved stark truth. He smiled apologetically.

"You mean somewhere here in Switzerland, of course," he said.

"Right here in Berne," the French chief replied. "Perhaps we pass him on the street and do not know him. Perhaps," waving his hand toward a nondescript group just out of earshot, "perhaps he sits at that table and watches us. Who knows? He has two, three, four, one can not know how many identities."

Then with a shrug:

"Eh, *bien*, this Mephistopheles is human, for he leaves trails, and he has not caught all the hounds of our Deuxième Bureau. The trail ends in Berne. He is here, contriving who knows what new evil to the Allied cause. It is for us, all of us, to snuff him out in his turn. That is why I asked you to meet me here—to beseech the help of the American service."

The American thrilled at the idea.

"You flatter us," he said, "asking us to help catch the famous Master. We've heard of him, even if we are new at this 'secret stuff.' The Germans can't have all the crew of attachés and agents and spies they have in Switzerland without there being some leaks." He grinned. "And do you know," he said, "the good old American dollar is a regular divining rod when it comes to finding those leaks."

The Frenchman was beginning to smile, too.

"Yes," he said playfully, "I hope so. Last week our man in the office of Captain von Bismarck (a schemer, that one, like his famous ancestor) said he was roaring with laughter over some false information they had sold the stupid Yankees."

The American's smile turned to a flush.

"Oh, he was, was he?" he said dryly. "Well, maybe he'll be surprised—he and the rest of them."

ONE OF OUR MOST THRILLING EXPLOITS

Now, that prediction came true. The Americans did catch The Master Spy. How, is one of the most thrilling true tales of our secret service in the World War, a tale that has never been told until now, eleven years afterward. A very little appeared then in Swiss newspapers when for a short time the case of The Master was a *cause célèbre*. But that little barely skimmed the surface of the depths of mystery and intrigue, of consummate plotting and consummate evil, that lay beneath. Not then, nor to this day, has the American part—the crucial part—been revealed.

This is not fiction. The Master lived and moved in his mysterious ways for the cause of the German Empire. Perhaps he still lives, so in this narrative he must be unnamed, although his name (an appropriate one) is known, and more too—that remains also unwritten. He was one of the most formidable figures of that half-world where men and women of strange identity, or none, with motives the highest or the basest, flitted and dodged unstoried and unsung, in the sinister war of the spy, and his enemy, the counter-spy.

In that war favorite battle-grounds were the neutral countries bordering on Germany: Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, and foremost of these was Switzerland. Surrounded by Germany, Austria, Italy and France, great Powers in death struggle, little Switzerland had as much chance of escaping unsmirched as has a child in a white dress making mud pies.

Switzerland was on the line of march of the secret war, a natural base for all sorts of shady operations directed by Germany and Austria on the one hand, by Italy and France on the other. Nor were they the only players in the masked game. To this crossroads of Europe all the nations of the world sent members of their Intelligence

Services. Here were suave and smiling diplomats in their element, Army officers trying to hide professional stiffness in civilian clothes, ready to buy the information peddled by "traveling salesmen" whose chief stock in trade it was, after trips into one or another of the surrounding countries, or by railroad employees or customs guards, or hotel servants. Spies and spying everywhere. Normal, peaceful citizens scarcely knew where to turn.

The Alps had become a whispering gallery, the clear free air was tainted with deceit. These thousands of invaders had tainted it perhaps, but some Swiss succumbed. Speaking German, French and Italian, they could turn an honest penny as spies for one Power or another—or several, sometimes on different sides. There were other pennies to be turned carrying messages, or smuggling over the borders.

Nominally, the Swiss secret police watched every one impartially, especially the military attachés of all the Powers, Allied or Teutonic, to prevent violations of Swiss neutrality. A connection of a numerous and well-known New York family of Swiss ancestry, was assigned to watch the Americans, and probably for a time he chuckled in his sleeve. Some German-Swiss officials helped the Germans fight Allied Intelligence Services that infringed Swiss neutrality less than did the Germans, who once considered invading Switzerland as they had invaded Belgium. High Swiss Army officers were on the Allied suspect list, and there was the affair of the four colonels—which comes later. Strangely, Swiss aid to the Germans helped end the career of a spy-ace—The Master.

Early in 1918, long before the Frenchman and the American met in the Berne café, all the Intelligence Services had but one thought, the great German spring offensive. The Germans sought to conceal their plans, to mislead the Allies, who strove by every means to find out when, where, and

how the blow would fall. Fierce and unscrupulous waged the secret war. Switzerland's half-world hummed with the Allied spy drive to get into Germany and secure the precious information.

By land, black closed cars sought hidden byroads near the frontier. By water, motor-boats slipped across Lake Constance to get strong swimmers within reach of the German shore, before patrol boats brought a pistol fight and sudden death in the dark. In the air, supposedly neutral, hum of motors was heard at night, and brave men dropped by parachutes tried the hard task of deceiving grim German spy-hunters, who, too, lived with wits astrain, to repel the stealthy invasion. All the Allies worked together, the splendid British secret service, the Italians, adept at stealth, the enthusiastic if amateur Americans, and most numerous of all, the French. From a score of points in Switzerland, they tried to get their trained men through the Swiss and German net.

At a French vice-consulate in a certain smaller Swiss city, perhaps the regular business that the office did with its right hand concealed and aided what it did with its left. The French were not the only ones thus ambidextrous. Anyway, there were rumors in the half-world.

There came one day to this modest and retiring vice-consulate, a caller who put his foot in the door, then showed a badge that the staff recognized all too well.

A SINISTER VISITOR

"Swiss secret police," they whispered.

To resist meant at least arrest and deportation from Switzerland; to yield might mean a thorough search, producing evidence that would cause far more serious international complications. With quick nervous strides the unwelcome visitor gained the center of the room, a wiry figure

of middle height, dominating all. His face, that of a man of about thirty-eight, bespoke determination, magnetism, even dominance: a forehead broad, imposing, over black eyes flashing keenly behind glasses; nose straight as an emperor's; mouth masked by a dark brown mustache.

"Let no one leave," he said in excellent French. "I am, as you see, an officer of the Swiss Government. I have come to look for suspected violation of Swiss neutrality."

Then dramatically he thrust forward a pointing hand.

"Let me see the contents of that safe!" he said.

"But, Monsieur," an official remonstrated, "this is a French vice-consulate. I assure you, there is nothing wrong here—and we have never been asked to open our safe."

"Nevertheless," said the visitor, "I demand that you do so."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. The really dangerous things, he hoped, were not in the safe. He stood by while the man with the badge eagerly transferred papers and memorandum books to a small bag he carried.

"I shall examine these," he said, "at my leisure."

The Frenchman stepped forward.

"Examine them here if you must," he cried, "but you have no right to take them away."

Like a flash the visitor's hand went to his coat pocket.

"Ah, have I not?" There was a ring of command in his voice. "We shall see. Let no one move."

Nimble he stepped to and through the door, slammed it and shot the bolt. Came the sudden drumming of a powerful motor.

The secret war in Switzerland began to go badly for the Allies. In another Swiss city, a prosperous Swiss merchant, perhaps a trifle pro-Ally, received a call from a Swiss secret police agent who insisted on seeing reports of his traveling men in Germany. The Swiss agent showed a badge. A

masterful man—yes: middle height, wiry, not quite forty, mustache, glasses, piercing black eyes.

"It is the same man," said the French secret service.

Next day came a code telegram from Zurich. The identical Swiss agent had called there upon a trusted Allied agent, shown the badge, and asked questions that could be asked only by some one who had seen papers that might have been in the vice-consulate safe. He seemed to be on a trail or two.

"It becomes serious," said the French. "What are the Swiss up to?—Or is it, after all, the Swiss? But that badge——"

There are French Swiss as well as German, and one of these reported next day:

"A high police official of Zurich says this man is a bona fide Swiss agent."

The Zurich official was a German Swiss, and had been long on the Allied suspect list. They could prove nothing, but they could watch. Then came a report from Geneva:

"The British aviator X——, here on leave, has been seen much with a man about whom we have been curious for some time. He passes as of the Swiss secret police, and speaks English well. He seems not quite forty, middle height, slim but strong, brown mustache, glasses, black eyes very keen and glittering."

Then like a thunderclap, word from the Deuxième Bureau in Paris:

"The British Independent Air Force who conduct from airdromes in the American area in Lorraine night bombing raids upon the German Rhine cities, believe that the secret of their system of signaling by lights at night has been betrayed to the Germans. Several times lately German airplanes have flown at night over British airdromes, flashing

British code signals to light up. When that was done, the Germans bombed and machine-gunned the airdromes, destroying airplanes and killing and wounding aviators and mechanics. There is reason to believe they got this information in Switzerland."

Search as they would, the British could find nowhere in the Royal Air Force an aviator named X——.

But there was worse to come. All this time, the French secret service in Switzerland had been congratulating itself on its success in getting men into Germany, and their reports out again. The great German spring offensive of 1918, these reports said, would be a stupendous blow against the French in the Champagne, possibly linked with a pincer attack on the new and small American force near Toul. So while other channels of information contradicted, steps were taken to be ready. On March twenty-first the great blow fell,—not at all on the French in Champagne or the Americans in Lorraine, but on the British on the Somme, a hundred miles and more away. The French could hardly believe this was the main attack, and their reenforcements were slow, all but too slow, to aid the hard-pressed British. Then suddenly the French spy reports from Germany became queerly mixed.

TRICKED

Expert checking showed them a combination of truth and falsehood so ingenious that it was almost impossible to tell which was which. Much of the true information the Allies already had—and the Deuxième Bureau found that the Germans must have known it. Horror-struck, they tested out their supposedly safe and sure information service working from within Germany via Switzerland. They ordered it to secure plans of the plant of the Badische

Anilin Fabrik at Ludwigshafen, the great German gas factory—of which they had already plans they knew were accurate. By the underground railway, bearing the proper marks of the French secret service, came back a set of plans labeled “Badische Anilin Fabrik”—but they were not the true plans. The Germans had been tricking the French secret service.

How? For how long? Here was a task worthy the keen Latin mind, to be done in desperate haste, for other German drives were coming, even now were in preparation. Where? When? Not only had a trusted source of information dried up, it had been polluted by the enemy. And the trained agents who had crossed the German border so confidently but who seemed to have sent back false reports—where were they?

Like eager hounds the Deuxième Bureau beat the cover of Switzerland and the German border, and soon found a scent here, a trail there, small bits that, put together, revealed the dim outlines of tragedy. Every one of the twenty-one skilled agents who had gone into Germany to find out about the great drive had been doomed before he crossed the frontier. The Germans had let them walk into the parlor, locked the door, watched from behind a curtain while they went about getting information, noted every move. With greatest pains they had found out how the French spies sent back their reports, by secret messengers, code telegrams, newspaper advertisements, whatever means. Then the Germans had pounced. One French spy after another had stood gray-faced before a gray-clad firing squad. One by one the Germans had snuffed them out,—and sent back in their names falsified reports. It was indeed for the French a terrible affair. And how many British lives had it cost?

French secret service sought the creator of this masterpiece of trickery, this work of art in strangling, misty gray

with its gobbet of crimson. Gradually there appeared the figure of The Master. But only gradually. For long he was a name, a phantom, and not even those who had seen him, like the staff of the vice-consulate, knew just who or what he was. They cursed him as The Master—and then looked over their shoulders.

The French secret service Chief continued:

“Every vice-consulate man we set looking for him, all over Switzerland. And *voilà!* right here in Berne one comes to me greatly moved.

“‘I have found him!’ he cries. ‘In the office of the police!’

“I assure you, I could hardly control myself.

“‘But certainly,’ says my man. ‘From the hall I saw him talking, laughing with a high police officer. A typist told me he was a good friend of the officer and comes often. He left, he took a taxicab, he walked around a block, then to an apartment-house and into a door on the first floor. The *concierge* was a veritable Prussian *Unteroffizier*. No use to ask him. But the *concierge* came out, walked up the street. I seized some newspapers from an ancient *vendeuse*, I ran in, rang his door-bell. There came to the door a man of the height of him whom I followed, but broader, darker, with heavier features, different expression, in short, another man—and in the uniform of a Captain in the German Army. I looked into the apartment, a small one; and I swear there was nobody else. The man I had seen go in—was not there.’

“‘I had just wits enough to offer a newspaper. The German officer looked hard at me, took the paper, fumbled in his pocket, went back into the apartment and took from an overcoat some money—and again, I swear, the overcoat was that of the man I had followed, the man of the vice-consulate. But this Captain was another man, or seemed so.’

"You know, my friend," the French Chief continued, "we have a little what you call Rogues' Gallery, with pictures of those who are suspect? Almost immediately our man chose a picture. 'Here he is!' he said. It was a Captain von Einem, who voyaged often by government permission between Germany and Switzerland, to care for German soldiers interned here. For long we had suspected that under cover of this humane work he was part of their underground railway, a messenger for and probably a recruiter of spies. I ordered him watched day and night, and soon our agent reported:

" 'This morning Captain von Einem took the train for Zurich. I followed, and at the station a limousine met him. He closed the curtains. The car drove slowly for a half-hour, then to an apartment-house in a quiet street. The door opened, and out stepped—another man. The Captain had vanished. This new man wore rather sportive civilian clothes, was short, stooping. I caught a glimpse of his face—not that of Captain von Einem. Into the house went my man. Around the corner I bought a basket of vegetables, turned up my coat collar and went back. The *conciierge* was surely German, but a woman was sweeping and to her I said:

" ' 'These are ordered by Herr Glauber, who just alighted from the automobile."

" ' "Get away!" she cried to me. "We know no Herr Glauber here. That was Herr Michaelsen, who has lived here this long time. You have the wrong house."

" 'And they told me at our Zurich branch:

" ' "Yes, Michaelsen is on our suspect list. He is attached to the German vice-consulate, in the bureau for exchanging German coal for Swiss milk, cheese and other products. He speaks German, French, English and German-Swiss. That would make him a dangerous spy if he were discreet enough. But he lives a dissolute life, drink-

ing and women. Every dive-keeper in Zurich must know him. But this Captain von Einem, we never heard of his being in Zurich." " "

A MASTER SPY.

The French Chief leaned back and lighted a cigarette.

"What an affair, my friend," he said, with an expressive gesture. "Was the raider of the vice-consulate, with his Swiss badge, friend of the police of Berne and Zurich, also Captain von Einem of Berne, and again Herr Michaelsen of Zurich? Which was his real identity? And all this elaborate deceit by a Swiss agent merely seeking neutrality violations? He could be only one thing, a consummately clever German agent, a Master Spy.

"Since the Germans had snuffed out our twenty-one agents our other eyes and ears had been the more vigilant. Already we had heard about The Master—as they called him here in Switzerland. To Michaelsen we owed the idea to search the underworld dives. I have called him master of things dark and sinister, a Mephistopheles. Listen:

"He had some unholy power over many of the professional spies and informers of the Swiss underworld; those who will do anything for a price; report what indiscreet Allied officers a little 'zigzag' might reveal, crack a safe, steal, beat up, drug or kill an Allied agent, for enough money. Some he held by bribes, some by threat of exposure, some wretches did his bidding for the drugs he always had.

"His power went beyond the underworld. The two Swiss police officers are only the beginning. We cross his slimy trail everywhere. We find him or Von Einem or Michaelsen in touch with highest and lowest. In the same day he talks with Walther Rathenau, head of the commercial staff at the German Legation which we have long suspected did legitimate business through the front door and secret ser-

vice through the back, then with a bank teller accused of theft who then gets a first-class Swiss lawyer and provides high bail."

"We have heard something of it," the American said. "The man follows in Stieber's footsteps."

"In Stieber's crooked footsteps!" the Frenchman exclaimed. "That degenerate founder of the Prussian secret service used every base means to force men to work for him. Here in Switzerland this Master builds an edifice like Stieber's Green House in Berlin, where through the lowest desires, through lust, and avarice, then through threat and blackmail, he bends all to his purpose."

"Wherever he goes, this Master finds victims. There is more than one crooked bank teller in his power. Perhaps he first tempted this one to speculate, then caused his arrest by The Master's friend, the police official. In many a Swiss bank that handles Allied money he has agents who tell him how it is spent. He has bribed Swiss railroad conductors, hotel chambermaids, telegraph employees. How do the Germans know so well what happens at the border? Customs inspectors! Always he and his agents seek out the morally weak—to corrupt them, make them weaker. Be a spy for me, he says, or I will betray you to the Swiss police. Then to his police friends he gives underworld information in trade for what they know about our Allied secret services here. Perhaps even some of our men are '*agents doubles*,' in his pay. He has plenty of money."

"A Mephistopheles!" the Frenchman exclaimed, with despairing rage. "He harms us more than half their German generals. He steals the British signals, and destroys more airplanes than Richthofen. Every day many French and British and Italian and American soldiers die because of him. It is the affair of all of us."

BEFORE THE WAR BEGAN

That affair, which the French Chief had called terrible, might have been unsolved but for events that had happened in Germany before the World War began or was even dreamed of by normal, happy people. Then a family of such people, *wohlgeboren*, of position and means, lived in a picturesque city of the romantic Rhineland. They had peace and comfort, busy days, and happy evenings after the sun had set on vineclad slopes: father and mother; the daughter, Margrete, blue-eyed and fair, always laughing; two boys, one to be sure rather slender but bright and cheerful, the other straight-backed, ruddy, proud of his uniform of officer in a crack German regiment. How happy they were, they and their American friend and guest, when the young officer was ordered to join the Kaiser's personal staff.

"I feel as I felt in 'seventy when I won my Iron Cross," said his old soldier father, as they bade farewell to the new aide-de-camp of their Emperor.

"It is a great honor," he confided to the American. "Our Kaiser is strict with his personal staff, but what an opportunity!"

A few days later the American had to leave reluctantly, to say good-by to Margrete with her songs and laughter, standing arm in arm with the other brother who must find a career less arduous than the Army. They had corresponded, then suddenly, the letters from Germany had stopped coming. Then the war, and though the American had wondered often, he had heard no more. When the United States entered the war, the American, like many who knew Germany, had been assigned to secret service work in Switzerland. And now he had been asked to help hunt The Master.

On this task he concentrated eagerly, studying papers in The Master's dossiers in French or American files, cudgel-

ing his brains day and night, seeking odd haunts, watching every face. And so, because he courted Lady Luck, she smiled on him. One day, out of the procession of faces in streets, cafés, theaters, he caught a familiar one. It was the face of the slight, home-keeping younger brother of the peaceful Rhineland days. But how changed!

The face was emaciated; the eyes were staring from haggard, putty-colored cheeks. The body, slighter than ever, was bent a little as if under a weight. He seemed a man possessed by overmastering forces. The American was shocked. A rush of old memories made him follow the German, who was in dark civil garb, down a side-street, to slap him on the back and cry his name in German.

Startled, the man turned, then grasped the American's hand with both of his.

"We are still good friends," he said. "Your Wilson has said it is only the governments that fight. We are not enemies."

They talked for a few minutes, the German seeming always tense, controlling himself with difficulty. No wonder that his appearance had shocked the American. He told that he had been discharged from the Army as consumptive. Then he reverted to President Wilson, the American part in the war. Was it true that the Americans were really fighting to dethrone the Hohenzollerns, help Germany free herself? Again and again, he asked about that with fanatical earnestness almost gruesome. Coughing terribly, he seemed a figure of doom.

"This man," thought the American, "has something on his mind, and it's nearly killing him." And aloud: "What are you doing in Switzerland?"

The German's face contorted painfully.

"I am doing—government work," he said at last, "work that I hate."

"Government work—that I hate." The words leaped in-

to fire before the American's eyes. What had he learned in the secret war? "Distrust everybody. Secret service knows three powerful motives: patriotism, hatred, greed. Use them." But how? Which was the key to his friend's secret? Calmly and deliberately, the American decided to use all the craft, tact, resource he had to probe the German's mind.

"It is not a nice thing," he said, ten years later in his quiet American home, "to wheedle and goad an old friend into telling his inmost thoughts. But war is war. No one who does not know now, must ever know who that man was."

Then, on promise that the German should be called, as the American secret service really called him, "Zero," the American retold his horrible story. He had heard it first, there in Berne, after hours of talk, in which Zero had refused with what seemed fearful reluctance to mention "the good days before the war." Suddenly he gave in completely.

A HORRIBLE STORY

"I can hold it back no longer," he said, words tumbling out. "It is more than my disease that has changed me so. It is grief, and hatred. Though I am a German, *wohlgeboren*, yet I hate the German Empire as it is to-day. I hate the Hohenzollerns. I hate the Army officers. Listen!

"You have talked about those happy days when you visited us in the Rhineland. You remember our dear father and mother, and Margrete, and how our brother went to join the Kaiser's staff, and how glad we all were and went down to the station to see him off? That was the last happy day of my life, I think. Soon after my brother left us an attempt was made to assassinate the Kaiser, one of several. Nerves shaken, the Kaiser withdrew to a secluded hunting lodge, taking a few trusted officers, including my brother.

"The Kaiser slept in an inside bedroom, protected by an

anteroom, where all night two officers took turns sleeping and standing guard. As dawn broke, my brother lighted a cigarette, relaxed and unbuttoned his tunic. At that instant the Kaiser stepped into the room.

"Embarrassed, because the Kaiser was such a stickler, my brother jumped to his feet, clicked his heels, and in an evil moment thrust his hand toward his tunic to button it. But sudden fear of another attempt to kill him seized the Kaiser. Like a flash, he drew a revolver and shot my brother dead.

"An instant later, he realized what he had done and almost collapsed. He tried to make every amend. It was called a hunting accident, and a brother officer brought home the body. We were heart-broken, but so thankful to that officer. A handsome fellow he was, a typical Prussian officer. Ah, that devil—I wish I had my hands on his throat."

Zero's emotion, stronger, almost overpowered him.

"You have spoken of Margrete, my sister, how she sang and laughed. Your heart would break to see her now. He took her, then threw her off. *Ach, meine Schwesterchen!*"

A paroxysm of coughing came, mingled with sobs.

"After caring for her, I started to find him, and just then came the war. The Empire dealt us blow after blow. Mother died of grief and shock. Father has not been the same, but they made me leave him and go into the Army. You know I was never strong, and it all broke my health. They sent me here to Switzerland, but to do their dirty work, to be a spy, slave of a man who typifies everything I most detest. Now I have told you."

One emotion after another the American had felt, grief, anger, sympathy, but always he had remembered the game that duty, love of country, made him play. Now the back of his neck began to tingle. He half arose from his seat.

"Who is this man?" he asked.

Zero looked up wearily.

"They call him The Master," he replied.

"The Master?" the American's voice thrilled. "Why, my old friend, God himself has given you this chance for revenge. Every Allied secret service in Switzerland wants the information you can reveal. It will hit the German Empire that you have reason to hate, harder than a lost battle."

That began a struggle, fought out by the German against himself. Should he forget the habits of a lifetime and betray this detested servant of a detested ruler and government? Repeatedly the American assured him that would help bring to Germany the democracy for which the Americans were fighting. He used every argument he could think of, the invasion of Belgium, the *Lusitania*, other acts of the Imperial German Government.

"All the world fights against that government," he cried. "Why shouldn't you? It has fought you, killed your brother and your mother, ruined your sister, wrecked your health. If you don't take this chance, it will be on your soul until you die."

Finally, he won.

"God help me, I'll do it," Zero whispered, and he began to tell what he knew about The Master. He could tell more than almost any one in Switzerland, but not all at once. Fear would seize him, or some vestige of loyalty to the Fatherland of before the war. The American trembled lest The Master's figure, just assuming tangible shape, should melt away before flesh and blood could be caught surely. Conferring with the chiefs, French and American, searching records, he shaped a cross-examination of Zero as comprehensive as it was hazardous. Now that he knew Zero's connection with the German secret service, he knew they could not be seen together. So each meeting must be in a different place, always one well hidden. The more securely

concealed, the more Zero would tell. Danger was constant, and the American carried to these trysts revolver and blackjack. Always in the back of his mind was the thought, "Suppose he is leading me on, after all."

But such of Zero's information as could be checked, proved true. Then at a night meeting in a forest on the outskirts of Berne, the American pressed the German to "come clean," and Zero promised.

"To-morrow morning," he said, "take the early train for Zurich. The last compartment of the last first-class carriage. Come alone."

The American came alone, but even then as with one hand he opened the door of the last first-class compartment, with the other hand he held in his pocket a Colt automatic. There might still be a trap. At first he saw nobody in the darkened compartment, then a hoarse voice whispered, "Take this." Zero, paler than ever in the half-light, crouched in a corner. He pushed a violin case into the American's hands.

"It's all there," he gasped, "inside the violin. Put on these"—he handed the American a long flowing tie, and a big-brimmed black hat—"and get off at the next station."

Zero scrambled out, and the train started.

WHO IS THE MASTER?

A few hours later the American and his chief brought strange notes from the violin, notes written upon the thin paper used for spy reports. Time after time they had wondered: "But who really is The Master?" Here at last was the answer. His full stature stood revealed.

He was a man of mark, of influence and power in Germany before the war. Born in Bavaria, in 1880, he had been educated as an electrical engineer. Social success had been added to professional, for not only had he been

born to excellent position, he was widely cultured, knew seven languages. He was especially charming to women, made many conquests and had a rather romantic air, enhanced by skill at amateur theatricals that had taught him make-up and disguise. War in 1914 found him a councilor of a large city. As officer on the Western Front he won the Iron Cross. Wounded, they told him:

"You can do bigger things in secret service."

His dramatic sense influenced the decision, then helped him create and sustain his three personalities as he spread his nets in Switzerland. Attached to the commercial staff of the German Legation at Berne, he strove to outwit the restrictions of the Swiss Government, under Allied pressure, upon trade with blockaded Germany. Introduced to powerful pro-German Swiss business men and bankers, having ample funds, he engineered daring deals. He evaded the Swiss regulation that no cotton goods could be exported to Germany by shipping there thousands of cotton night-shirts of Falstaffian proportions, eight feet long, balloon-sleeved, with a few stitches of embroidery. "Embroidered goods" could go. Rubber he sent labeled "glue." Ruses failing, his bribed Swiss customs officials passed contraband. To conceal his smuggling, he set up a brokerage office, imported to Switzerland two million francs' worth of merchandise a month—which crossed into Germany. As dummy head of this office he installed the sickly Zero, who seemed an easy tool, and had been a broker.

Unavoidably he had let Zero see how he not only supplied the Fatherland illegally—despite a blockade he and most Germans considered cruelly illegal—but made himself super-spy, super-counter-spy, spinning a web that enmeshed hundreds, thousands of others.

As spy, he or others for him conducted a little school in Berne, where education was sometimes compulsory. Some pupils were Alsatians or Lorrainers from among the in-

terned Germans whom Captain von Einem visited; some underworld characters, accomplished crooks recruited by Herr Michaelson; some Swiss, bribed, blackmailed, threatened by The Master. Some were loyal patriotic Germans who did the work willingly. All were taught how to get into France, parts to play when they got there, what information to seek, how to report it. So well were they trained and paid that all too many returned safely.

As counter-spy, The Master loved to undermine the Allied Intelligence. The twenty-one Frenchmen caught and snuffed out just before the German spring offensive may have been his greatest single stroke, that won him the valued German decoration of the *Ordre pour le Merite*. But two hundred, not twenty-one, was the total of his victims. Two hundred Allied agents had stumbled into The Master's web, which caught them like barbed wire hidden in high grass. What he could not find out through his own secret service, or from his friends in the Swiss police, he got from a traitor.

As the French Chief had feared, there was in the French secret service an "*agent double*," who had worked first in Switzerland, then in France. He had sold out to The Master, and he more than any other had been responsible for the twenty-one being tracked down and shot. It was not long before, thanks to the Americans, this man faced a firing squad in the blue uniforms of the French Republic he had betrayed. His name was Leon Sutor.

To mask his work, The Master had taken every pain, aided by his Swiss police friends. They told him whom they suspected as Allied agents, and when he gave them confirmatory evidence they kept him out of it. He appeared openly only twice, at the Brestline and Margeot trials, then only in one of his identities, without revealing The Master Spy.

But the hand of The Master slipped twice. He did not

fathom Zero, and in the character of Michaelsen he permitted himself debauchery that could not but react. There were not alone the apartments in Berne and in Zurich, there was a secluded villa at Arbon, across Lake Constance from Germany. A convenient spot for The Master's affairs with women, and from which to communicate with Germany. It was guarded carefully. A swift motor-boat was always ready.

That was the tale the notes from Zero's violin told to the two American secret service officers in Berne that day in 1918. Not an incredible tale to them, who knew the labyrinth of intrigue in Switzerland, and could check by other information The Master's part in it.

"We've got him," said the American Chief. "This clinches the thing. It's what the French have longed for. We'll give it to them——"

"If our American service gets the credit openly," he explained, as the younger man looked disappointed, "we lose our greatest advantage in this game. Now they all think we don't know anything. Let the French appear in it—and no rough stuff. There's enough here to put him behind bars in Switzerland for years."

The Chief rubbed his hands cheerfully.

"Guess we've done a little Master Spying ourselves," he chuckled.

JEKYLL AND HYDE

So triumphantly the French Chief showed to some one higher than any police officer his proofs of The Master's violation of Swiss neutrality. The Swiss officials were amazed. This man was an important person, a friend of many prominent Swiss. Still Swiss police went to the Berne apartment, where French agents had been on guard against a tip-off. The knock at the door was unanswered. They

burst it open and stood for a moment aghast. They saw a man of hideous visage. His face seemed lopsided, one side swollen, one part a bronzed, healthy color, the other a deadly white. He lacked an eye-brow. His hair stood up crazily askew—a wig! They had caught The Master becoming Von Einem!

Books and papers in the apartment and in Zurich bore out Zero's charges, indicated still greater flights of The Master's genius. After the first Russian revolution of early 1917, the German secret service had taken Lenin from exile in Switzerland through Germany to Russia, on his promise when he had seized power, to dissolve the Russian Army which still faced the Germans, and make peace with them. Some men prominent in Allied countries had begged that Lenin and other Bolsheviks with him be assassinated. But they had gone safely, in their "sealed train," with what result the world knows. There seemed to the Americans some evidence that the hand at the throttle of that train had been The Master's. Proof of that would be highly valuable as information, and propaganda in the highly sensitive Europe of 1918. It might even influence events in Russia. Was there such proof? This question the Americans asked Zero by devious ways.

"In the enclosure of the Lake Constance villa," he replied, "is an outbuilding covering a cesspool. In a suitcase hanging on a peg under the ledge, he kept very important papers. Look there, at once."

That night a burly German on guard at the villa heard an automobile. He hurried out the back gate, and found two men tinkering a broken-down car. They looked like workmen, wore overalls, spoke German. They were young, good fellows, asked his advice, smoked, passed a bottle as they tinkered. As he realized he had stayed long, and rose to go, he met two more men, bearded faces shielded by broad-brimmed hats, coming from the direction of his gate.

"What do you want here?" he snapped suspiciously.

But the two newcomers were good fellows, too. They had a bottle of their own, and one trolled in fluent German-Swiss a well-known drinking song. They got into the car, and it drove away. The German stumbled back to his gate.

"*Donnerwetter!*" he exclaimed. "The light is out!"

In the automobile the two repair men asked eagerly: "Well, what happened? Did you find it?"

"Wait'll I get rid of these whiskers so I can talk," said the singer of drinking songs. "When Fritz came out of the gate, we shinned the wall, but right over the entrance to the outbuilding was a bright electric light. That was ticklish. The air pistol was noiseless, all right, but I hadn't practised enough with it. Finally I hit the light and Alec had the gas-masks and rope ladder and grappling hook, and in we went. We didn't quite need the gas-masks—almost, though—whew!—before we found the peg. Just then—I was stooping over, giving Alec a hand—a big watchdog attacked my unprotected rear. I almost let Alec slip into the cesspool, but I managed to plug the dog with the air pistol and he went off yelling. A light flashed in the house. So we came away. The suitcase wasn't on the peg—or anywhere else."

That suitcase never was found, for, secretly as he had moved, a few others of The Master's satellites besides Zero knew something of his methods. They were frantically covering his trail. Powerful friends, Germans and Swiss, went to work with equal alacrity—Germans to save a Master Spy, Swiss lest the story of his relations with their police come out. The scandal would have rivaled the famous case of the four colonels. So The Master had one of the best Swiss lawyers, who discovered that confinement, his old wound, and the humiliation of false accusations had weakened The Master physically and mentally. He was transferred from prison to a private asylum near Zurich, where

his condition was pronounced not serious enough for strict confinement. He had some visitors.

One evening as he and an attendant amused themselves in the billiard room, gongs rang. There was a cry of "Fire! Fire!" and scurrying feet. The attendant ran out—but first he opened the window. To that window the patient leaped, seized the rope dangling there, lowered himself to the courtyard and ran to a corner of the surrounding wall. He tossed over a handful of pebbles, and the top rungs of a ladder appeared. He was up and over like a flash, to jump into the tonneau of a waiting automobile that started instantly—an automobile of the German Legation. To Lake Constance it sped, to Arbon, where the motor-boat was waiting.

Next morning the Chief of the American secret service found on his desk an intercepted telegram from Friedrichshafen in Germany, to the German Legation in Berne. In code, it said: "Arrived here safely last night."

With The Master out of Switzerland, his service broke up. Most of its wheels ceased turning in Berne and Zurich. Few others had known any of its ramifications, not even Zero had known all. But he had known more than others. Infuriated at such a blow, the Germans sought an informer, at least a scapegoat, and fixed upon him. They had the Swiss arrest him for a minor passport violation.

Feeling cold fingers close around his own throat, in an agony of fear and physical weakness, he sent word to his sister, Margrete, to avenge whom he had got into this situation. Hoping that through her they could get proofs of her brother's guilt, the Germans let her come. At a heart-breaking meeting in the Berne prison Zero begged her, "Go to the American. He is our only hope."

She went, and would have bravely told again the story of what had happened to her, but this old friend of happier days gently stopped her.

"You needn't tell me that," he said. "Your brother has helped our cause, and I will help him."

He was breaking one of the iron-clad rules of secret service:

"Never acknowledge a spy or an informer who has served you and been caught. Even though you have paid him secretly, deny it, disown him."

Zero had neither asked nor received a cent. But to the young American other rules seemed to apply, too,—the rules of humanity, of friendship, of chivalry, even of common sense, for suppose Zero, despairing, revealed the American part in the affair? He sent away a Margrete weeping tears of joy.

THE MYSTERY OF ZERO

Good Swiss lawyers took fees in dollars as well as marks, and in a few days Zero was out of prison, but not safe. His belongings had been ransacked. Wherever he went he was followed. At any moment a knife might be thrust between his ribs. In frightful anxiety, more haggard than ever, he sent word by his sister again:

"For God's sake, get me out of Switzerland."

For some days and nights, Zero and his sister kept in hiding, guarded by an armed member of the American secret service. Then by night their friend took the devoted pair to the Italian border, and left them, in full belief that they were safe at last from the Empire that they hated and had helped to ruin. From that day to this, no word has come from them. Did the German secret service reach out and strike them even in Italy? Did his dread disease claim Zero? Their American friends who tried to save them hope not—but they do not know.

The defeat of The Master is the war exploit of which they are proudest. It won for both decorations. The princi-

pal actor, Zero's friend, whom the French Chief begged for aid, who sang the drinking song on the moonlit road by Lake Constance, has another token of which he is proud, a large photograph, autographed "John J. Pershing," and another, "Marshal Pétain."

The Master, when last heard of, had resumed his pre-war identity and was director of the electrical and engineering works of one of the largest cities in the thriving German Republic.

There were other American secret service affairs in Switzerland: the adventure of the big-eyed woman spy, "Bella Donna," and that of the German spy who got his nose broken—which shall all be told.



PART FOUR
THE NET
AND HOW QUEER FISH WRIGGLED

PART FOUR

THE NET

AND HOW QUEER FISH WRIGGLED

A STREAM of dark memory is the Scarpe, flowing through No Man's Land of the great battle-fields of northern France—a Styx that many souls have crossed. Doubly sinister, it was suspected once of being a hidden channel of the secret war, bearing to the German lines reports from their spies among the British.

At night these dread watchers would launch upon the noiseless current a log, a box, anything that would carry a hidden message. Through the British lines it would glide unchallenged, across No Man's Land, into the German lines, to be taken from the water by those who waited. Discovering that trick, British spy-hunters became fishers of men and stretched across the Scarpe nets that took a strange and sometimes gruesome haul.

That early war incident was prophetic of 1917 and 1918, when spy-chasers, Allied and American, scanned broader waters, and lured the lean-jawed pike slipping darkly toward a net farther flung—a net of counter-espionage with meshes reaching over Europe. The net was cunningly devised, close-knit, to catch German spies, or prevent their moving about or communicating with one another or with their masters.

Communication is one of the most important aspects of secret service. A spy who can not communicate his news in time is about as useful as no spy at all. For that moment, the French might as well have had no spy at a

German headquarters to warn them of the big German attack of May 27, 1918,—in a message received June sixth. It is often easier to get a spy in than to get his report out.

In the World War, if Allies and Americans could have solved that problem satisfactorily, their secret services would have been twice as deadly. They tried innumerable ways to enable their agents in German territory to get information over in time to be of use. One by one, inexorably, German counter-espionage discovered and frustrated most. None proved entirely satisfactory. The Germans had the same trouble.

Near the end of the war, Allied scientists, including Americans, were put to work to devise some system of visual signaling, perhaps infra-red rays, both certain and safe. The Armistice came before they had succeeded. Since then, probably all the great secret services have been experimenting with concealed radio.

In the secret war, the intensest struggle is between the spy and spy-messenger trying to pass on their information rapidly enough to harm the enemy, and the counter-espionage service of that enemy, trying to catch the spy or to render him impotent to report.

Every one's hand is against the spy, the enemy in their midst, dread because unknown. Who would not fear a stab in the back more than a blow in the face? The spy is one of the most dangerous weapons in modern war's arsenal, so the more dangerous life must be made for him. Like the criminal, he is hunted by all, from hysterical eavesdroppers on plottings "in a German accent," to thousands of counter-spies kept from other service by him alone. All, soldiers and civilians, are urged to silence by large signs. Every ex-doughboy remembers the French exhortation: "*Taisez-vous! Méfiez vous! Les oreilles ennemis vous écoutent!*" or its American translation, "Keep your mouth shut!"

The counter-espionage idea was "*Contrôle* everything," meaning in English "supervise," "check up on," everything. So France, from sea to front, lived under *contrôles*, port *contrôle*, frontier *contrôle*, road *contrôle*, mail *contrôle*, telegraph *contrôle*, wireless *contrôle*,—the meshes of the net of spy *contrôle*. No wonder, for the queer fish, its prey, were dangerous and gamy. All too often they wriggled through the meshes. They knew a myriad tricks.

WHAT A GREEN ALPINE HAT HID

In a café in a Swiss city near the French frontier, an inconspicuous-looking man sat eating. His green Alpine hat hung on a peg. To his table came a second, shabbily clad, who hung on the same peg the same sort of hat, ordered luncheon, then leaned forward apologetically.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "where is number 15 on this street?"

"Certainly," the first replied. "Number 15 is very near you."

He took from the peg a green Alpine hat and walked out. Soon the second man also left the café and was lost in the crowd. Apparently he had forgotten about number 15 on that street. In a darkened room near by, the first man greeted another who had awaited him and removed his green Alpine hat.

"We met all right," he said. "He had the password, and his hat the right crease."

With a knife they split carefully the quill of the hat's jaunty feather, disclosing a tight-rolled spill of thinnest paper upon which a message had been cleverly photographed.

That method was comparatively safe once the messenger had crossed from France into neutral Switzerland, but suppose he could not cross? How get his information to the

many Swiss forwarding stations that would speed it across still another border, into Germany?

The spy-chasers at the French frontier stations at Pontarlier and Bellegarde had noses worthy Cyrano de Bergerac. Curiosity their chiefest virtue, they smelled out many things, examining, questioning those who traveled back and forth, no matter how authentic their passports, how innocent their luggage. One sensitive olfactory organ trembled as its owner thrust it into a baggage car.

"*Nom d'une pipe!*" he exclaimed. "What a smell, an odor, a stench!"

But carefully acquired habit warned him—"Better see what it is." He followed his protesting nose to where lay the carcass of a hare, sent, according to the tag, by a good Frenchwoman in Besançon to another in Geneva.

"But why, do you figure," the counter-spy asked himself, "should any one send any one a hare so evidently long deceased? *Alors*, one will investigate this malodorous hare. *C'est pour la France!*"

Bravely, he passed his hand over the unruffled fur, once, twice—what was that—a little lump? With his knife he cut the skin—and brought forth another tight-rolled spill of thin paper.

"Clever," exclaimed the spy-chaser. "But they took too much time doing it—especially this hot weather. And now about that dear French lady of Besançon . . ."

A TOOTHPICK WRITES

One trick took far longer to discover. A German spy in Belfort, near the American zone, used it to get his most important messages to a forwarding agency in Switzerland. On the French side of the frontier he would board one of the through trains that included a dining-car. At the first Swiss station, a confederate entered the car and ma-

neuvered so as to succeed to a designated seat, just left by the first after picking his teeth leisurely. Presently, the confederate would spill wine on the table-cloth, in embarrassment cover it with his napkin, then continue eating. The first spy had got off at the frontier and returned to Belfort.

He had written his message on the table-cloth with invisible ink contained in his toothpick. The second had developed the message under pretense of spilling wine, read it, then covered it long enough for it to fade again.

How catch such spies and spy messengers? How plug the stealthy holes they bored, against the trickle of vital information? In answer, counter-espionage made spying more dangerous in this war than ever before. Its net had many more strands than I. P.'s and Silent Watchers', more than the net police and detectives spread for criminals.

Usually, there was a Rogues' Gallery, photographs of known enemy spies and agents—which explains why spies do not have their pictures taken at Christmas, or any other time. Knowingly, that is. Some photographs that were plainly enlargements had stories thrilling or amusing. The originals had been taken, perhaps, as the spy entered a known secret service office in Germany, by Allied agents carrying concealed tiny cameras. In Belgium and occupied France, these snapshots were made by children apparently innocently playing, actually photographing all who entered such places as Fräulein Doktor's spy school in Antwerp. These photographs the Allies interchanged, and our G-2-B contributed with pleasure the lineaments of Otto Preiss, the former American soldier believed in German secret service in Spain.

Sometimes German spies' pictures appeared on circulars like police general alarms, distributed to Allied spy-chasers. They and their idiosyncracies were described in a periodical unmentioned as an A. E. F. publication, although among

them it was unique—the *Counter-Espionage Bulletin*. This very confidential paper resembled the old *Police Gazette* in that every one who got it, read it—but did not mention the fact. Like present readers, generals and other brass-hats were interested in true “spy stories,” which the editor, Major Richardson, knew how to tell. He refused to take the secret war too seriously, and described methods and appearance of German spies suspected of operating against the Americans, in manner that brought roars of laughter from the privileged few who received the *Bulletin*. General Pershing always initialed his copy with his unmistakable “J. J. P.”

WHO WERE THE SUSPECTS?

Suspect lists were important meshes of the net, like criminal records of “previous convictions” tripping the old-timer. Many were on the vast naval list already described, with its one hundred thousand names furnished by every Allied secret service and by counter-espionage forces in the United States that Mr. A. Bruce Bielaski of the Department of Justice estimated at seven hundred thousand. An American secret service officer once attended a Washington dinner, of half the guests at which were on that list—and some were government officials. Perhaps it was too all-inclusive, numbering some who had merely corresponded with well-known Germans. But Intelligence preferred too much information rather than too little, and when Secretary of War Baker asked General Churchill if the secret files contained much about him, General Churchill replied that they did. But Mr. Baker was no suspect.

The G. H. Q., A. E. F. suspect list contained a comparatively modest fifteen thousand names, and perhaps even a few of those got there like that of a certain newspaper executive who when he tried to enter France, went through a terrific examination because his name was on the suspect

lists of three countries. A former newspaper man turned I. P. had put it there to get even with the man who had walked into the city room one day and remarked: "You're fired!"

The cross-questioning he went through at the port did not end things for a suspect, although it seemed to. He might think he had passed with colors flying, but upon the passport returned to him with bows would be hidden tiny marks that meant to every future Allied examiner that the holder was still a suspect. Perhaps the marks even indicated lines for further questioning. That was only one of many tricks of a port *contrôle* always vigilant, examining incoming travelers, especially from the United States before we entered the war, always watching members of crews ashore, favorite letter-carriers. G-2 of the American Services of Supply investigated 10,388 applications for passports, and refused visas to 323. It had data on 140,900 persons, including all the 8,400 Americans living in France.

Near ports the Americans used—Brest, Bordeaux, St. Nazaire—the net was spread thickly. The fact was not advertised, but our Naval Intelligence found German naval spies making all too free of the French west coast. Landed by night from submarines on lonely shores, they tried to bribe French fishermen to signal news of what American transports were doing, or failing that, they themselves did the signaling. For a time in early 1918 "mysterious lights flashing" were not imaginary, and once at least a night prowler who was causing them, barely slipped through the spy-hunters' fingers.

So for good American dollars, groups of French fishermen were hired, who thereafter sometimes sold fish to the German submarine crews and otherwise kept such good tabs on them that Naval Intelligence figures showed a falling off in submarine activities around American ports in France.

Harder than port *contrôle* was frontier *contrôle*. No matter how strong the barrier of barbed wire, sentries, police dogs, it was difficult to prevent spies sneaking into France through woods and bypaths from Spain or Switzerland; fully as difficult was it to stop them sending through railroad and regular frontier stations, information by ruses like the dead hare or the indelible toothpick. Using many disguises, many inventions, German spies were not lacking in cold courage to run the Allied gauntlet.

DISGUISES AND FALSE PAPERS

A well-known one, Koenigs, once crossed the frontier disguised as a jockey, with a saddle under his arm and a Longchamps contract in his pocket. Many pretended to represent Swiss watch firms, with credentials and business cards, even sample watches—which an expert pronounced made in Germany.

All had passports. An Allied woman spy found out how they got them, using the familiar weapon, drink, to make Leonardy, an Austrian operating from Switzerland, boast that the Austrian Legation at Berne would supply any passports he wanted, for any country. Every Teutonic agent in Switzerland had at least three passports, one German or Austrian, one Swiss, one of the Allied country where he intended going. Sometimes he had neutral passports for different persons, to facilitate crossing two different boundaries.

"False passports" were often real ones, altered. Many were taken from Allied civilians interned in Germany. Submarines took them from crews of neutral ships. One German's entire job in Switzerland was to buy passports, but the Germans made their own, too, in a cellar in Geneva. A group of Russian Jews in Christiania would sell a passport for any country for as low as ten dollars. When the famous

Ford Peace Party reached Christiania, these business men offered to equip them all with passports for anywhere in Europe. Often neutral consuls were bribed to help with visas. Off in the Far East, at Tientsin, under a floor in a Taku street fish-stall the Germans kept a store of Italian and Dutch passports obtained at the Pekin legations by men hired to ask for them for pretended journeys.

Having provided false papers, falsely stamped, German secret service sought means for the spy messenger to conceal messages. An early trick was to jot down a few key words on a time-table or a newspaper rolled and carried casually. Sometimes messages were slipped into padded seat-arms, to be extracted across the frontier. A trunk with a decoy double bottom filled harmlessly would distract attention from the real hiding-place elsewhere. Counter-espionage had to taboo books crossing frontiers; they afforded so many means to convey messages.

There were myriad other ways to hide them: in hollow and false teeth, in shoe heels, in the plaster casing of a broken arm, in cotton wound dressings, false curls, garters, and smelling salts. One woman agent for the Americans carried messages in her corset, though that is an old trick. Another woman used as hiding-place a baby's intimate draperies. Others were wigs, coat collars, neckties, toothbrush handles, between safety razor blades, in candy, in lead pencils, even in common string. Some messengers carried reports in a pipeful of tobacco. If caught, they lighted the pipe.

One way to transmit a message was to memorize it, cross the frontier and repeat it to some one waiting there. But that took time, and whose memory and self-control were so steady as to be unshaken by the grilling cross-examinations at frontier stations?

We got a number of them. The French caught three hundred at the frontier station at Bellegarde alone, some

it is said, by demanding that they pronounce "*Vingt-neuvième*," which no German can. An American counter-spy once with Hoover in Belgium is said to have caught one German spy by suddenly shouting "*Achtung!*"—the familiar "Attention!" From the frontier station at Pontarlier, American spy-chasers flashed word to Colonel Moreno at Chaumont or to our secret service in Switzerland of suspects who, though they thought they had passed search and questioning, were to be shadowed.

Some German agents who spied on the Americans crossed through Evian, with groups of *repatriés*, French and Belgian civilians from occupied regions allowed by agreement to return to unoccupied France. If the Germans could bribe none to spy for them, they tried to slip in disguised agents with carefully prepared stories. Another former Hoover worker recognized several he had known in Belgium.

Repatriés were handled with care for more reasons than one. Some might be suspect, far more were loyal French or Belgians neither blind nor deaf who had lived some time among the enemy—and now had no reason to remain dumb. Allied Intelligence officers questioned them carefully about everything seen and heard, using maps and diagrams wherewith each frontier station was equipped. And from the loyal, they got the names of disloyal to add to the ever-growing blacklist against the time of atonement to begin November 11, 1918.

Most of the *repatriés* were sent away from the front far into the interior. Even there, counter-espionage watched not alone these people recently returned from amid the enemy, but every one. French and American counter-espionage divided France into zones, regions and districts, with rules governing movement and conduct varying with the importance of the locality. Every one must carry some sort of card of identity, whose color or style would be changed suddenly and inexplicably. Every one must have

permission to travel, and many were checked to see that they followed the declared route. All suspects were watched more or less, and occasionally rounded up, as once in Nantes through an American counter-espionage officer. The arresting French put them all in one room—and questioned them next morning, when all their stories agreed! Napoleon's great spy, Schulmeister, would have had stool-pigeons, and in 1918, dictographs, in that room.

DARK WINGS AT NIGHT

It was harder for spies to communicate at the front than at the rear. Most of the "flashing lights" there were will-o'-the-wisps. But some daring men did hop across No Man's Land by airplane or balloon and back again. Usually they were French or Belgians who returned to old homes in the occupied region, found a few trusted friends, collected information, perhaps got a promise of more, then were picked up again at a rendezvous. Sometimes they stayed for days reporting by carrier-pigeons taken with them, wherefor the Germans made owning a carrier-pigeon a serious offense. A British agent once switched one for a hen, just in time.

Many risks these air spies ran: airplane landing or parachute jump at night, betrayal by supposed friends, failure to meet the returning airplane. To escape execution as spies, some wore uniforms beneath peasants' clothes. Hope springs eternal. The Germans caught twenty such Allied agents. None was working for the Americans.

Spy messages went through the air in almost no other way. Despite the tales of wondrous secret pocket wireless sets used in the World War, there was none. The only secret wireless set operated undetected anywhere near the Western Front, was hidden in the house of a Belgian priest behind the German lines and worked by him and a French woman who received only recently the Legion of Honor in

recognition. She is now Madame Georges Herlieg, of Roubaix. The priest was Abbé Pinte. That was an accomplishment, for Germans (and Allies) had a network of intercepting stations to detect anything so dangerous to their safety.

There are stories that American Naval Intelligence detected German receiving stations working behind the front near La Beaule and Croisic on the western coast of France, helping submarines sink American transports. There is no official confirmation, and the truth seems to be that the one "hidden wireless station" the Americans detected was probably harmless.

Many rumors of such things were traced to water knocking in radiators or something equally sinister. Nevertheless, when on May 31, 1918, a German submarine sank the *President Lincoln*, then our sixth largest transport, off the French coast between St. Nazaire and Bordeaux, the still hunt began again. Hidden away in a secluded village near the Spanish frontier the Americans did indeed find a wireless set hitherto unknown, operated by a young girl who said it was the solace of her aged grandfather. Here was material for a spy story or a romance, but the Americans neither arrested the old man as a Master Spy, nor married the girl. They took away the radio, though. It was no time to take chances, summer, 1918.

Truth seems to be that German spies did indeed tell submarines something about our transport movements, but by light flashes or in secret interviews ashore or at sea with some one from the submarine, not by "secret radio."

NEW STORIES OF THE ZIMMERMANN NOTE

Radio plays a part in one story of that famous document that helped force us into the war, the Zimmermann note. Who can forget President Wilson's amazing announcement

on March 1, 1917, over a month before we entered the war, that the German Foreign Minister had proposed to Mexico and Japan to join Germany in war against us? How did President Wilson know even the text of the note? The question has been answered since by Walter Hines Page, then American Ambassador in London but, some say, only partly answered.

Mr. Page has told how the Germans sent the message on January sixteenth, by different routes: by wireless from Nauen to Sayville, by Swedish diplomatic pouch to Mexico City via Buenos Aires and to Washington by the American State Department on whose neutrality the Germans thus monstrously imposed. The British radio intercepted it, and a former Oxford Greek professor turned code expert, is said to have decoded it. Also, the British in Mexico City got it by simply bribing some one in the telegraph office. To mislead the Germans, the British started rumors that the American secret service had got the note, even prompted London newspapers to criticize the British for letting the Americans beat them.

Some say the Americans really did beat them—or at least, tie them. American secret service got the Zimmermann note, too. State Department agents covering Washington telegraph office got a message “that the Germans seemed excited about.” It was in a code changed only slightly from one that Ambassador von Bernstorff had deposited with the State Department at the outbreak of war, as evidence of good faith. Some German had forgotten that. The decoded message explained the German excitement. It was the Zimmermann note.

And last, we hear that the ubiquitous note was intercepted still another time. The Germans got their friends, the supposedly neutral Swedes, to send it to Minister von Eckhardt in Mexico City by way of Cuba and Buenos Aires, in the Swedish diplomatic pouch, protected from search by

international understanding. But in Cuba, the story goes, an American got wind of it, followed the German-Swedish example and violated the pouch's sacred immunity.

After all, the news of the German proposal to Mexico and Japan was not an utter surprise to President Wilson. He had known since 1915 of a German plan to aid a Mexican invasion of Texas—a story that shall be told.

Almost always, success in intrigue, or its detection, hangs upon communications. Be censorship however evil, it is as inevitable in modern war as gas and air raids.

Allied control of the sea meant control of cables beneath, most of which converged on London. The British not only prevented or intercepted German communications, but appropriated trade secrets and business information, American and neutral. They would hold up a cabled order of one non-British firm to another while a British firm was tipped off to bid. It was long before the innocent Americans suspected that.

American cable censorship was under the Navy, which checked every message by its suspect list of over one hundred thousand. Some messages it passed immediately, some it passed but read later, some it held to read carefully, some it changed a little before passing, especially if they mentioned numbers, and some never passed at all, depending on how suspect was sender or recipient. During the summer of 1918 Naval censorship sometimes passed cables to suspect addresses in Switzerland not despite but because of the fact that they conveyed information about our vast war preparations. That was to show the Germans the futility of fighting longer.

A favorite trick of cable or telegraphic censors was to hold up for a few days messages from one country to another, no matter how harmless. One Allied authority said: "Any telegram whatsoever, even the simplest, even the least suspicious, can contain secret information." How is

a censor to know that "Forward 15 boxes of sardines" means "150th Regiment of Infantry is here," or that "Sell 3,000 bales in February consignment" means "3,000 men arrived in February"? Yet censorship helped detect a Dutch hotel-keeper in Marseilles who telegraphed Baron Roland, German Master Spy in Spain, about Mediterranean troop movements through two different intermediaries, using two variants of the same code, in one of which he conveyed names of ships by reversing the letters and adding the ending "loo." A French censor might be pardoned for thinking such words Dutch names.

Telegrams to Switzerland traveled a regular route and passed through a sieve before they left France. The route was to the Pontarlier border station via Dijon, where Americans as well as French scanned the telegrams. One American I. P. sergeant snapped his fingers at royalty and held up messages between a wealthy American woman and Queen Sophie of Greece, the Kaiser's sister, who was on every Allied suspect list. The messages were in English and seemed innocent, but the sergeant took no chances. He discovered in the same office a French censor who always delayed telegrams ordering French troop movements—which is another story.

Besides traveling messengers, cable and telegraph, especially where time was less important, the Germans used the mails despite the Allied postal censorship. It could scarcely examine every single letter. Thirty French censors and eight chemists could not examine all that came through Pontarlier. The Germans developed secret inks.

Secret writing fluids run from lemon juice, milk and water, saliva and urine to those especially developed for secret service. Usually the writing is between the lines, on note-paper rather coarse and porous with a double coating, wet in water and dried with a linen cloth. In writing, the paper must not be scratched, so a blunt, ball-

pointed pen of gold or aluminum is used. There was also a white chemical pencil to write upon purplish paper that absorbed the marks. Spies did not use water-marked paper that might be traced. Usually the Germans developed the writing with iodine fumes. The British had a red fluid that could be washed off afterward, leaving paper and message apparently untouched.

The messages varied from reports of troop movements to urgent pleas like the following:

"Here the police have their eye on me. Tell my wife never again to write me letters or post-cards with a German stamp. All correspondence should bear a Swiss stamp."

"Impossible to send other communications. It is dangerous. I must leave the city without fail."

"Astonished, uneasy to have no response to my messages. I appeal to your friendship to free me from this fearful uncertainty and to send me money at once so that I can leave."

Those are actual messages the Allies read, although it might take from one to three months to solve a secret ink.

German master spies gave their satellites secret ink to carry disguised as perfumery or medicine, with doctor's or dentist's label. Colorless, fragrant, harmless, the spy could drink it if necessary. In time it was discovered; so were the dissolvable cough drops that replaced it. The Allies confiscated toilet articles and liquids, even draining fountain pens, of travelers crossing frontiers. Then came new secret inks.

With them messages could be written on handkerchiefs, shirts, collars, to be worn dry and invisible, through frontier stations, to secret rendezvous to be developed, usually

with a hot iron. Temporarily this ruse worked so well that it led to another—sending extra supplies of secret ink, usually in women's stockings, less conspicuous than now. Soaked in colorless fluid and dried, the woman spy wore them on the train. On reaching safety, she soaked them in warm water and behold—invisible ink! They even wrote unseen messages upon messengers' skins. A thousand tricks of German spies were discovered.

American Army mail was censored to prevent leaks of military information, with this explanation: "Without intimate knowledge of the ingenuity with which seemingly trivial details, when assembled, furnish information of highest importance, no one can presume to say what is or what is not military information. Picture post-cards, poorly censored letters, found by Intelligence Officers, have furnished clues to puzzling problems, and have even actually determined the results of battles."

SPY-HUNTING IN DOUGHBOYS' LETTERS

The possibilities for trouble were infinite in the mail of the two million polyglot youngsters, mostly inexperienced in war, who made up the A. E. F. But it remained the most loyal army in American history. Its Base Censor detected only one real case of disloyalty, and that was exaggerated largely because the Press Censor censored the Base Censor and forbade publishing particulars, even in *The Stars and Stripes*, which called it a "spy case."

The real facts have never been published. They are: Captain Lucien J. Desha, in charge of the testing laboratory of the Base Censor's Office, found messages written between the lines of two letters, with fruit juice, and with a steel pen. It was a crude job, for oxidation had made evidence of writing apparent before the letters reached the laboratory. Both letters were written, on paper furnished

free in Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. canteens, by Joseph Bentivoglio, a private soldier. His secret messages to relatives in Italy were about like this:

"Things are bad here. The food is poor. Do not believe what the newspapers tell you. We are all getting killed!"

The soldier was court-martialed. His own ignorance was proof that he was no spy. Many others, smart-Alecks or careless, made unmalicious efforts to slip something by. As Major B. A. Adams reported:

"We have discovered many attempts at the conveying of forbidden information to satisfy the curiosity of friends and relations at home. This information was usually the location of the writer, the troops near him, and where he was to go, ordinarily in some easily detected code. In a few instances, it was conveyed by invisible inks."

Mail censorship turned up other things, as this true story shows.

German-born soldiers in the A. E. F. caused G-2 puzzlement. Should they be sent to the front? If they were captured, the Germans might enforce the law "once a German, always a German" and shoot them for treason. There had been threats of that. G-2 advised the War Department to send to France no more than necessary, and gave those already there a choice, front or S. O. S. Quite a few took the front, and did splendidly. But only naturally, censors watched letters directed to German names.

One such raised some question about a sergeant of American cavalry stationed only sixteen miles from Chaumont. Investigation revealed that he had come from the Coast Artillery where he had shown high mechanical proficiency. A look at his record showed a model soldier, a look at him showed a typical Prussian, perfectly disciplined, with an officer's face, not a sergeant's—and only sixteen miles from G. H. Q! He resisted for two days Colonel Sigaud's stiffest questioning, and then told this story:

"I am the Baron von Schrack, of a family well known in the Fatherland. Long before the war began, I became a lieutenant in a crack German regiment. I drank and gambled, and finally embezzled mess funds. They let me off—on my promise to join the secret service. I was trained at Charlottenburg, as a military and naval spy, to go to England. I learned that a World War was inevitable. I tried to get out of the secret service, and they threatened to kill me. So when ordered to England, I went—and took the first ship for the United States. In Detroit I enlisted in the Army; and there I have been ever since, a loyal American soldier."

G-2 sent him home, where his story stood the test, and Baron von Schrack kept his assumed name and American uniform, not as a sergeant of cavalry but as a captain—of Military Intelligence.

Mail censorship here helped catch the only spy condemned to death in this country, Pablo Waberski. Several letters were detected from and to real German agents in this country or in Mexico whence most of the spy activities were directed after we entered the war. One enigmatic message remains unsolved, from a Spaniard in New York to a German in South America: "Where is the *Cyclops*?" Why he should have asked news of the lost Navy collier remains as mysterious as the ship's disappearance.

Though counter-espionage nets, notably the Silent Watchers, kept spies pretty well out of the A. E. F., mail censors detected some quite loyal in acts that would have helped spies or evaded regulations. They turned up 1042 cases for disciplinary action, including a major who presented a charming welfare worker with a box of blank envelopes stamped in advance "Passed as Censored." She could write anything she liked. One officer at the front wrote a girl at home that an earlier letter "fell into the hands of the Base Censor and that poor slacker had to do

something to justify his existence and sent it back to me." The second letter reached the same censoring officer, recuperating from wounds, decorated for gallantry, and greatly to his delight, it also violated censorship rules. The writer got what was coming to him.

If Napoleon thought an army fought on its stomach, Foch thought it fought on its morale. The best way to find out about both in any particular lot of doughboys was to read their letters home. In them they told of troubles, if they had any—sometimes, if they hadn't. This helped find remedies for the post-Armistice slump, as suggested in these extracts from letters of doughboys on leave at Aix-les-Bains, Biarritz and other famous French resorts.

"I shure have seen some reel sites. . . . I seen lot of places that people paid a grate deal to see but of all the sites I seen, the one that got my gote was a man that has been dead 5000 years. That is, *they say* he has."

"This place used to be the big hangout for Ferdinand and Wilhelm, Alphonse and all those small town guys, so naturally when the natives see a regular guy like me, they go wild. The girls here are the finest I have met in France."

"Tell Dad to buy a lot of Liberty Bonds, cause Uncle Sam needs the money to give his boys a good time."

But such enthusiastic letters went mostly from leave areas. When General Pershing told Marshal Foch soon after the Armistice that he knew the doughboys wanted to go home, they had told him so, through the Base Censor.

Besides forbidden military information, that office sought in their letters information bearing on their morale, their feeling toward public questions, any irregularities or abuses from which they suffered, and suspicious persons. The most dangerous mail was that to neutral or Allied

countries. Letters home were less dangerous—they took too long, as all ex-doughboys will admit. A tough problem were letters in foreign languages, whereof the A. E. F. used fifty-one, including Indian dialects, Tagalog, Esperanto and Celtic.

The Base Censor received 30,846,630 letters, and examined 6,335,645. His office in Paris was always understaffed, even with 33 officers, 183 men and 27 civilian employees. The chemical laboratory was not established until July, 1918, and examined for secret ink 53,658 letters. This office did not censor all A. E. F. mail by a great deal, for the bulk of that was done by officers in the men's own units. Men who disliked this could use blue envelopes insuring censorship by the Base Censor. Most of the remainder of the mail he handled was classified as foreign language mail, mail for Allied and neutral countries, mail to and from points in the A. E. F., and mail to and from units that for special reasons were being temporarily double-censored. The ordinary doughboy letter home in English was censored in his own outfit and went right through to transports without tarrying with the Base Censor. The Base Censor says that those that did come, were delayed at most only forty-eight hours!

Packages were censored, as well as letters. They might contain those ingenious German incendiary pencils, once suspected of starting a fire at G. H. Q., or even spy messages. The Germans sent them to Switzerland written in milk on tissue-paper wrappings of fruit from Italy and southern France. Against the light, the message could be read. A Hungarian baron in Geneva burned so many empty fruit boxes in his back yard that the police began removing the paper wrappers before delivery, whereupon the baron's spies wrote on the sides of the boxes. The baron spoiled his desk top with chemicals developing the messages.

This fruit business paid so well that the baron had quite a clientele, including a famous automobile manufacturer, Jellinek, who before the war directed German espionage at Nice from his own private yacht. Some were revolutionists who later returned to Russia in the "sealed train."

THEY SAID IT WITH FLOWERS

Spy reports went into Germany from the Riviera in boxes of flowers. Count Ockerling, an Austrian agent in Switzerland, had his women spies, concert-hall singers or even ladies of society, roll sheets with secret writing around the stems of the flowers they wore in their corsages.

Some spy-chasers thought one of the easiest ways the Germans had to send information into Germany was through their prisoners of war in Allied countries. The A. E. F. let them send two letters a week to Germany, about purely personal matters. These were carefully censored, but attempts were suspected to convey information by codes, perhaps only the arrangement of writing on the page. German agents might get captured purposely to send such messages to false home addresses in Germany. Parcels sent to prisoners from Germany were searched, and messages were found in false bottoms of boxes, in tobacco, soap or cans of preserves, and between the glued sheets of a photograph of some loved one. After the Armistice the Base Censor got good information of conditions in Germany from letters to prisoners.

The censor fought the fake-address game aided by a blacklist of places usually in Switzerland or Holland, known as "covers" for the German secret service. American chemists detected one such list in secret ink on a paper carried by a spy messenger. Switzerland was covered with a network of unofficial postboxes, including many well-known hotels. In Holland there were real firms with Dutch

names, or dummy ones, solely to forward German communications. A captured list of such addresses inside Germany proved to be a list of dummies for the secret service, to which German censors expedited letters. Another dodge was to establish in neutral countries agencies ostensibly for smuggling letters to and from occupied Belgium and France. Then the news would be spread to distracted Allied friends and relatives, with the result that soon a valuable correspondence would be going through the hands of German agents.

Newspaper advertisements became so common a means of sending or gathering information that many counter-espionage services investigated every one before it was published. An agent within the enemy country would insert in a newspaper, preferably near some neutral border, an apparently harmless advertisement containing a coded message. A few days later, his team captain in the neutral country would read that advertisement. The old style "agony column" notice in the *London Times* afforded scope, and what seemed lovers' quarrels had a double significance. Here was one real one:

"Z. Your heart watches. Be very good. No more. My God what a weariness. I can not come to-morrow."

It meant: "The Government will float a new loan. There will no longer be a ministry of concentration."

And this one in an Italian newspaper:

"Wanted: A fine furnished room, detached, modern comforts, centrally located, price moderate. Answer Corti."

Meaning: "General Italian offensive in view. Italian troops not being transferred to France."

If the advertisement asked a "very fine" room at a "reasonable" price, the meaning was reversed.

Censors forbade newspapers publishing lottery numbers, chess games and stamp data, but were stumped when they realized what could be done in signaling with stamps on an envelope. Cross-word puzzles had not come in.

The British stopped the advertisements of a German agent in London, Hugh McKean, of cheap horoscopes for soldiers at the front, that required a return address. The French stopped the *marraine* advertisements in *La Vie Parisienne* that every doughboy remembers. These patriotic ladies proclaimed in print their willingness to correspond as "Godmothers" with lonesome soldiers. Some of the ladies corresponded also with another lady—Fräulein Doktor, of Antwerp.

Simple as another German trick, to write in pencil a few figures, perhaps a simple addition, on an inside page of a newspaper, and mail it. What censor could examine every mailed newspaper—and if he did, suspect a code?

Strange things, codes. A great help to queer fish in eluding the net, yet dangerous, for once the counter-spy spots a code message, he will not rest until it is deciphered, and the sender found. If he is found with the code in his possession—as has happened to American agents—he is lost.

Is there an unbreakable code? British experience says yes, perhaps, although the Greek professor could break any code if given time and messages enough. An American says that in the World War none was devised that was not solved, and that even partial solution gives some information. Colonel Nicolai says the German secret service knew of no unsolvable code.

Yet the German diplomatic code was so tough that on a critical occasion an American code expert confronted with it threw up his hands—whereupon an American se-

cret service officer volunteered to violate some rules and break into a place where the code-book must be. . . .

TRICKY THINGS, CODES

Decoding a typical government message with thousands of words and phrases, arranged numerically and alphabetically, is a terrible task. Sometimes codes change in the middle of a message. But once one code-book is lost, the code must be discarded. If one message is solved, the whole thing will be, however slowly and painfully. Occasionally, it takes so long that by the time a particular message can be read, its value has passed. No use knowing that a German air raid had been ordered on London after the bombs had burst.

Sometimes it is a waiting game, waiting for more messages. A system that can not be solved through a single message may break down when used often by people who simply must get messages through to one another.

In solving codes it helps to know which letters, words and symbols occur most frequently in messages. One authority says letters fall in this order:

E T O A I R N S H L D C M U Y P F G W B V

TH, HE and ER are common combinations, U seldom occurs doubled, etc.

Colonel George Fabyan, an American code man, gives the order thus:

E T A O N I S H R D L C U F M P W G Y B V K X Q J Z

He thinks that fifteen per cent. of the letters in a message will be E, only two per cent K, X, Q, J and Z together.

Here is a code that was used in the war:

"Write the message in clear, letter by letter, left to right on the page, with a prearranged number of letters on each line. Each letter must be placed directly under the corre-

sponding letter of the preceding line. You now have a number of columns of letters equal to the number of letters per line. Copy from the top down, taking the columns in a pre-arranged order. Divide the letters thus arranged in groups of ten. To decipher, count the number of letters and the number in the column, write the columns in the original order, and read the message in clear from left to right."

Code experts say that some things that seem mystic to the layman are not so—for instance, the dictionary code for composing messages by listing the page and column of a dictionary where the words are found. Hindus, in German pay, plotting in this country to cause revolution in India, communicated in this code, and Major William F. Friedman, now Chief of the Army Signal Corps code and cipher section read the message all right—without a dictionary. One trouble with a book code is that the agent must keep the book with him.

Tricky things, codes. A British censor pondered a cable to a suspect address in Holland: "Father is dead." He changed it to "Father is deceased," and let it go. Soon came a reply: "Is father dead or deceased?"

PART FIVE

WE SPY

THE GREAT GAME AS THE AMERICANS PLAYED IT

PART FIVE

WE SPY

THE GREAT GAME AS THE AMERICANS PLAYED IT

"AMERICA never has spies."

It was fashionable to say that in the A. E. F., the idea being perhaps that the height of secrecy is the absence of secrecy. It was not good form to mention our espionage service, even among staff officers at G. H. Q. No wonder rank and file mostly never heard of it.

That was true eleven years ago, and is to-day. Less is known of actual spying upon the enemy by the Americans, than by any great Power in the World War. Concerning British, French and Germans there have been revelations; concerning Americans in Europe, silence. It is safe now to give a peep at the drama that fascinates tremendously the average American, the one drama played always with the curtain down so that the audience, however eager, may be told nothing is going on at all.

Things were going on, of course, in those rushing, glorious, sinister days of 1917, '18 and '19, behind the curtain of mystery that hid the espionage service. America had spies then, as it had Nathan Hale in '76, Baker and Pinkerton in '61, beside whom one at least of our stealthy army of '18 might stand worthily. A small army, smaller than the thousands of Allied shock troops in the secret war. Our own spies, agents and informers in Europe did not total, probably, more than a very few hundred.

High and low, rich and poor, good and, if truth be told, occasionally bad, patriots and some hirelings, they took

lives and fortunes in their hands and went forth by tortuous ways to dangerous places, upon strange missions. Often, they succeeded. Sometimes, they failed. Some were caught, and several were killed. But they were not turned aside; indeed had hardly begun to fight. Had not the end come when it did, the Americans would have begun a spy offensive powerful as their offensive in the war in the open that they helped so greatly to win.

PRAISE FROM THE ENEMY

Even so, Colonel Nicolai, head of the German Military Intelligence, says:

"It was noticeable that American support of the belligerents stimulated secret service work. It seemed as though the Allies only then gained a clear picture of Germany, and found out where especially to set to work with their secret service and above all, with their propaganda."

Allied propaganda owed much to the Americans in material, method and money. Not only did American money help to revivify Allied espionage, but at the Armistice, American espionage had merited this opinion of Sir Basil Thomson, in *My Experiences at Scotland Yard*, published by Doubleday, Doran:

"The Americans had established an excellent system of intelligence throughout Europe, and as we had been closely associated before, we agreed to pool our information. At that time there was not much happening in the underworld of Europe and America that we did not know. How admirably the Americans had profited by their experience, probably few know so well as I. . . . We worked as one organization, and when they had had time to extend theirs until it reached all over Europe, I thought sometimes that it was the better of the two."

High praise from a representative of those bluff, hearty, ingenuous Britons whose far-flung and sometimes precarious Empire has been ever a playing field for what Kipling called "the great game." Having taught it to us, they played it with us, probably as above board as it ever can be played. An American who knows says:

"The British put all their cards on the table, and no questions of politics, either national or military, were allowed to interfere with the work. If we could have continued this connection between our Intelligence Service and that of the British after the war, along purely military information lines, both countries would have benefited enormously."

This close cooperation was one reason why we sent no more agents actually into Germany than we did—British and French had them there already. When we entered the war, they had men under cover in most important places behind the German lines, from Berlin to the front. The French covered General Headquarters at Spa (so did we, later); a British agent was on the Staff of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria; both Powers had agents at Krupps'. Later we had also, and our men checked troop-trains passing through Cologne, Metz and many other great junctions. It is commonly believed that an important official at Wilhelmshaven was a British agent, while a Frenchman swam out nightly from Zeebrugge to deliver to a waiting Allied submarine, reports of the day's activity at that German submarine base. Thousands of the Belgian nation, invaded but unconquered, spied for their own secret service or for British or French.

The seeds of this system of espionage had been sowed long before 1914. In the peace years, both British and French had planted agents in Germany, just as Germany had planted agents in France, estimated at around ten thousand, and Britain, far fewer. The Germans caught and executed many Allied agents, but a very respectable

number they never caught worked throughout the war and in some cases, still are working. When an agent was caught or so closely watched that he became useless, the Allies sent in another to take his place. When we entered the game, in summer, 1917, they had Germany covered by an organization complete and well thought out, composed of a carefully selected and trained personnel. Not a few of them could pass the highest test of secret service, to know one another, to work in cooperation and to trust one another implicitly although their lives depended on it.

Such an organization is as delicate as the works of a watch, and as susceptible to foreign bodies. So in agreement with French and British, we established no new fixed agents permanently in Germany, except in cooperation with them. There was less risk in sending agents into Germany on short trips, and neutral countries became bases of American secret operations as they were notoriously for other Powers. There was still less risk in sending them to Austria-Hungary, where chance was smaller of jamming an Allied organization, or of being caught by the enemy counter-espionage. Adapting ourselves to conditions in the secret war and upon the foundations laid by General Van Deman in the United States and General Nolan in France, there arose under General Nolan and General Churchill the organization that Sir Basil Thomson praised.

THE INNOCENT YANKEES

We were green, of course, and we had things slipped over on us sometimes. But greenness was often an advantage, for no one suspected us. Quite a few Europeans and Americans really believed that "America never has spies." Our second advantage was that we had the money. Informers flocked to the American secret service. We could flash along the heavily insulated wires of the spy world the news

that we would pay ten thousand dollars for positive and accurate information of any movement of any first-class German fighting division, and get such information. If in secret service silence be golden, yet money talks.

Allied services thought sometimes that American money screamed, when they found we were high bidder in the information market of the professional spies who in Switzerland, for instance, even had a club where they met and swapped information. By and large, British, French and Americans fought the secret war together with a completeness and candor sometimes lacking in the war in the open. But there were exceptions.

The Americans had to keep tabs on Allies as well as on Germans, if they wanted to avoid one disadvantage or another in the inter-Allied negotiations over men, money, supplies, command, strategy and politics that constantly shifted with the fortunes of war. One of the first tasks General Pershing gave G-2 was to find out whether a certain Allied Power was or was not as badly in need of a certain American commodity as that Allied Power asserted. G-2 told General Pershing the need had been exaggerated, proving it by some very authentic information obtained, no matter how.

Not long after the first Americans reached France, there were inklings of the coming Allied campaign to prevent or delay formation of an independent American Army under its own flag and commander, and to use American troops as loose man-power to replace British and French casualties. The progress of that campaign was followed, sometimes anticipated, at G. H. Q. General Pershing knew in time, of the intrigue started in the fall of 1918 by a certain celebrated Englishwoman, to have him removed from command. Possibly that is how President Wilson heard of it. At any rate, it got nowhere with him. He stuck to his general.

HIST! PLAY BALL!

This clash of purpose sometimes caused mutual suspicion. One American officer attached to an Allied headquarters found evidence that his belongings had been searched perhaps by a German agent, but he doubted it. He knew that dictographs were used thereabout, and wondered whether one was set to trap him, too. So presently, American officers obliged to discuss in designated places certain aspects of American activities and policy, did so in baseball talk. They used an ingenious code of three-baggers, Umps and Giants, that must have convinced European eavesdroppers—if any—that Americans were indeed savages.

The relations of Allies have always been ticklish, but a little ingenuity will work wonders. For instance, the visit to the A. E. F. of Colonel Marquis Saito of the Imperial Japanese Army. This distinguished officer, member of an exalted family, landed in France with an autographed letter to General Pershing from his old friend of Russo-Japanese War days, General Kuroki, asking that the visitor be allowed to pay the respects of our Allies of the Japanese Army—and to see a little of the A. E. F. A Californian might have called it an excellent example of gentlemanly, high-class espionage. General Pershing had lived in California, but after talking it over with his staff, he ordered: "Show him everything."

So Colonel Marquis Saito saw everything. Escorted by Colonel Campanole, one of whose many languages is Japanese, he toured the Services of Supply. He saw great depots, ware-houses, railroads, hospitals, building to supply and support an American Army of two million men who should win the war. He knew that two million more were in training in the United States. But he was a soldier, and he must see the front. The chief of the A. E. F.'s espionage

service, turned chaperon, scratched his head. There was much to be seen at the front,—and suppose this prominent representative of a friendly nation should get killed?

"We shall be glad to have you visit the front," he said, "down in the Vosges."

"The Vosges?" the Japanese repeated. "But that is a quiet sector. I mean the real front, where there is fighting. I want to see your troops in action."

"Well," Colonel Campanole thought, "why not? He'll see what sort of soldiers Americans make."

So they went to "the hell-hole of the Vesle" where the 77th Division, drafted men from New York City, first time on an active front, did their duty each day cheerfully, no matter at what cost, learning to be soldiers. Colonel Marquis Saito was a soldier too, and for two weeks he and Colonel Campanole stayed in the front line, living with the men, sharing bullet and shell and gas. At the end the Japanese said:

"It was splendid. I have enjoyed it greatly. But I think you Americans make a tactical error in keeping that advanced post across the Vesle at Bazoches. It has little value to you, is very exposed, and if the Germans attack those American troops, they can not be reenforced."

Good advice, vindicated a few days later by the Germans who wiped out the American garrison, kept in Bazoches on the insistence of the French General Degoutte.

In another way, the visit of Colonel Marquis Saito was a great success. He next visited the Marines in a quiet sector, who seized the opportunity to make movies which were shown in the United States as propaganda for American-Japanese friendship!

How necessary was such careful management is indicated by a piece of paper that once passed through the hands of the American secret service, headed, "Please burn this slip." It reads:

"With reference to the 'social notes' on the last page, these are the ones G——[of the French service] is so touchy about. Please see that they don't reach the French in any way. They go straight to Clemenceau through G——."

The "social notes" were interesting intelligence of certain highly placed personages, Allied as well as German.

Naturally, Clemenceau kept in close touch with the French secret service and was even reputed its actual head, as he was actual head of the French press censorship and propaganda to which before his elevation to power, he objected so violently that he renamed his paper *L'Homme Enchaîné*.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND SECRET SERVICE

President Wilson, on the other hand, generally took little stock in military secret service. He is even said not to have read the carefully condensed daily espionage report of which G-2-B, A. E. F. prepared but four copies: for cabling in code to the President, for General Pershing, for General Bliss, and for filing.

The President preferred the Naval and perhaps the Diplomatic Intelligence, and entrusted some confidential work to an officer of Naval Intelligence. Still, the President ordered destroyed a suspect list, of over one hundred thousand names, printed for the Navy by the government printer, so many of those named being his friends or acquaintances. Whereupon T. Morrison Carnegie paid the expense, twenty thousand dollars, of employing fifty girls duly sworn as secret operatives, to type fourteen sets of cards the Navy needed to give it what it considered the best suspect list any one had.

That may have been because President Wilson thought

the Army "militaristic," or because he was more concerned over Republican plots than German, or because he distrusted information obtained by secret means. Others had that distrust, despite Sir Basil Thomson's statement that little happened in the underworld whereof British and Americans were ignorant.

How much "spy dope" was true? Estimates range everywhere from fifty per cent. down to twenty. Generally, a report is as valuable as the agent who sends it. The better the agent, the fewer and shorter his reports, and the more truthful. The patriot spy may not have been trained in gathering and weighing information; the hireling seeks most money at least risk, tells his employers what he thinks they want to hear, and exaggerates, even invents. Splendid examples were some spy reports of damage done by Allied air raids on German Rhineland towns. Few indeed were the agents whom G-2 believed implicitly. Every report was checked by other sources of information.

If the war had lasted a trifle longer, espionage might have played a greater part in the A. E. F. Intelligence. General Nolan, believer in Combat Intelligence rather than secret service, was to have had his heart's desire; promotion to major-general and command of a division at the front. For a few blissful days, he had played hooky from G. H. Q. and commanded one of the 28th Division's infantry brigades in the daring dawn attack up the eastern bluffs of the Argonne Forest. He had won the Distinguished Service Cross with this citation:

"While the enemy was preparing a counter-attack, which they preceded with a terrific barrage, General Nolan made his way into the town of Apremont, and personally directed the movements of his tanks under a most harassing fire of enemy machine-guns, rifles and artillery. His indomitable courage and coolness so inspired his forces that

about 400 of our troops repulsed an enemy attack of two German regiments."

HOW DID WE SPY?

How did our espionage service work? How did the Americans spy in Europe? Eleven years after, those questions can be answered only vaguely. It was a peep behind the curtain that was promised, not an eyeful. We may have to do it again some time—however much we hope not. Really, there were several American espionage systems in Europe, interlocking, cooperating, yet differentiated somewhat in objects sought and methods used. Like the Germans, we had, strictly speaking, no single, unified service. The term "American secret service" is used in this narrative because it is safely vague and misleading—like some other statements.

There can not be spying without deception, so an espionage service organization chart would look like a blueprint of the Labyrinth; twistings and turnings, hidden doors, blind alleys to puzzle not counter-spies alone, but its own agents, lest if caught they tell too much. The third degree of secret service may be more diabolically cunning, than that of the police.

So in any espionage organization, the left hand knoweth not what the right hand doeth. The ground to be covered is divided into zones corresponding generally to main objectives. For each objective, a different method, perhaps several. And no one person knows the whole pattern.

There was, of course, no Allied espionage map of Europe or of Germany, although the Germans were so sure there was that they once bribed an Englishman to steal it for them. He and his chief spent an agreeable evening making up one, which was solemnly delivered. A genuine map might have shown Germany proper divided into four dis-

tricts or zones: the zone just behind the front, including railroad centers through which great troop movements flowed; the industrial zone where guns and munitions were manufactured and inventions tested, the naval zone, including the Kiel Canal and the submarine bases, and the zone of the interior, including Berlin. There might be other zones, the Russo-Rumanian, the Balkan, the Turkish, but those would be the main ones. The game was to gather secretly information in each zone, and get it out as quickly as possible.

To do that took all kinds of spies and all kinds of tricks. There were the fixed-post spies, planted long before the war where they would do most good, some residents for half a lifetime, perhaps respected merchants, storekeepers, employees in government or railway offices. Each might be the center of a small group of satellites who combed the city, reporting only to the fixed spy, not knowing one another. The Allies were well supplied with these. Familiar as the policeman with his precinct or the reporter with his "district," the fixed spy was within limits a valuable and important cog in the machine. His hardest task was often to get his information out of Germany, into the hands of his superiors, in time to be useful. Usually he avoided risking detection by telegraph and mail censorship. His "grapevine" was the traveling agent.

That nimble individual led a life of constant tension, always on the trail, always in danger of being trailed. He was the vital link counter-espionage was always trying to cut, by means as numerous and ingenious as the ruses he used to get through his precious freight, the secret reports written microscopically on thinnest tissue-paper. That phase of the secret war deserves a chapter by itself.

Just as police or newspapers send detectives or reporters to scenes of temporary interest, so secret services sent special agents here and there, as changing situations dic-

tated. As jumping-off places, they maintained stations on frontiers, such as Pontarlier or Bellegarde, or in neutral countries.

Switzerland, Holland and Denmark especially were such jumping-off places for all nations, Teutonic and Allied, including the American. If our agents could not get into Germany through the front door, the Western Front, they might go around to the side, where there was time to prepare in reasonable security for the leap across the frontier.

There they could return, report, rest up and leap again. There too they could recruit agents of all sorts, business men, travelers, going regularly to Germany. Neutrals might be pro-German or pro-Ally, and good Danes of the pro-Ally South Jutland League met trains coming from Germany into Denmark and pumped the passengers. So German agents met the same trains and tried to buy the same passengers' silence with gifts of watches—that turned out made of iron.

Whether or not in all, in some neutral countries there was an American secret service, and often a good one. One such had at the Armistice thirty-five reliable sources of information, including nine paid sub-chiefs heading each a team or group of agents, none of whom knew of the existence of the other teams, none of whom even knew for whom they were working. They knew it was an Allied service, that was all.

Perhaps forty "spy teams" played their dangerous game for the Americans in Europe, in Russia and Rumania, and other places; perhaps half carrying the secret war directly to Germany. Each team numbered from three to six, one of them the sub-chief or captain, the only one the others saw. He spent most of his time in whatever country was the team's base, and of the team he alone received orders from the American service in that country. Often those

orders came indirectly from an Allied colleague whom he knew already. About that the remainder of the team knew even less. None trusted any one he need not trust.

The team's part of the job was to do the actual spying, to go where their captain told them to go, in search of what information he told them to get. But not all at once. Like boys playing leap-frog, first one went, then another, then perhaps, a third, or even fourth. If the leap was to be to the Krupp works at Essen and back, first one man would go, disguised perhaps as a German workman, with false papers. Through connections that he had already, he would get a job. Two weeks later a second would go, perhaps as traveling salesman for a firm in the neutral country, meet the first, take his report and return to his base. If he could not find or get in touch with the first man, he might remain himself, or another member of the team would start on the same mission, and in due course the same traveler would return and see him. Each team had always one or two men in reserve, for emergencies or, in the official phrase, "to replace casualties."

One estimate was that the Americans should have always on reserve fifty-four men to replace the casualties in a force of secret agents of this nature totaling five hundred, of whom three hundred seventy-four would operate against Germany. But in the leap-frog game, not above one hundred would be in Germany at any one time, which means a high average of casualties in actual spying. That program was never put into practise.

Much of what some consider the most romantic of all callings was by modern war's stern necessity, systematized, regimented. Even routes of traveling agents were laid out. One secret service mapped thirteen such spy-paths through Germany, and said the number accounted for their safety. The men who traveled them did not wear black slouch hats, or false whiskers, or talk in whispers. Yet their mis-

sions were more momentous, their risks more numerous, their ingenuity greater, than those fabulous characters who were spies in other wars. The game of 1918 was far more vast, more complex, than ever before.

WHAT ARE SPIES LIKE?

What manner of men are spies? Officially, of course, there are no "spies." The term is "agent," meaning any one from the highly expert master spy capable of making friends with cabinet ministers and generals, to the sabotage worker with his bomb. But as spies they are known to literature, drama and movie; as spies, the reader thinks of them. As spies, they decide the turn of battles, cause crowns and thrones to perish, kingdoms to rise and wane. What are they like?

Most of them are like other people; if anything, more so! Otherwise, they would be caught. In the World War there were so many—the number has been estimated at forty-five thousand serving all belligerents, and may have been larger—that the majority had to appear at least to be just ordinary human beings. Few were the dark, sinister faces, or elaborate disguises of fiction. The last thing a spy should appear to be is unusual or conspicuous. That was the trouble with Mata Hari. Once seen, she was never forgotten. An agent like that could be traced and caught in no time. An American who knew some spies says:

"Most of them were very dull individuals, and their work in general equally dull. Most of them too, were anything but romantic in character when you met them at close quarters."

The romantic type, emotional, dramatizing situations, is apt to give itself away or wear out rapidly, a few of great self-control excepted. Spying requires clear, even stolid thinking, and steady nerves. A former American secret

agent lists these necessary qualifications of a good spy:

1. Natural intelligence, ability and self-control.
2. Some adequate impulse, patriotism, hatred, love of adventure, ambition, greed.
3. Knowledge of the territory in which he is to operate, its people and language.

To these Colonel Nicolai would add a fourth: resistance to temptation.

"In secret service," he writes, "there are serious dangers for anyone who comes into contact with it. They lie in the uncontrollable nature of the work, and of the information received, and also in the temptations which money offers. Stern discipline is necessary."

Even before the war, German agents who failed went to prison.

It takes an honest man to be a good spy. Spies must be able to use without being injured by them, the two-edged weapons of secret service, wine and women, and another, bribery. They must resist temptation to fake reports. One American agent's shield against drink was a four-ounce bottle of olive oil carried in his hip pocket. Drunk in time, it insulated him against liquor, kept him sober and clear-headed. "I was always sick next morning," he says, "but I usually had my information."

There were many other spy tricks, including these taught to her pupils by the interesting Fräulein Doktor at the German spy school at Antwerp:

"When gathering information; do not appear curious or anxious to obtain it.

"Train the face to be absolutely impassive, obtain the revelation of important intelligence by inventing information during the course of the conversation, and expounding it with an air of mystery.

"Do not speak of confidential subjects in trains, on street-car platforms, or in cafés.

"Carefully avoid leaving letters, notes, hotel bills, addressed newspapers where they may be found, or throwing them into the waste-paper basket, even after tearing them up.

"Form the habit of recording observations by conventional words which are apparently harmless (account of expenditure, laundry bills, additions made on the outside of envelopes, etc.)

"Conceal the knowledge of a given language as far as possible in order to hear the conversation of others.

"Appointments with persons from whom information is expected should be made in some place as far away as possible from their place of residence, and from the agent's field of operation. It is even advisable to have them travel several hours by train, especially at night, for when men are tired they are more expansive and less cautious than otherwise.

"Be satisfied with ascertaining half a dozen facts rather than a hundred opinions. The latter, if expressed by fools, are worth nothing, and if expressed by persons of intelligence, may not be sincere, while the former, although they may not seem important at the time, may lead to appreciable results when once they have been ascertained and compared with others."

Some of the same things were taught in Allied espionage schools that some Americans attended in the early days of our espionage. Later we had our own school at Chaumont, where some of our secret service officers came from time to time for courses of from two weeks to two months wherein an officer with a German name taught them what was new in the German Army and prepared them for such questioning as they were likely to have to undergo in Germany.

Coaching might do much to get them through that or-

deal, but better still was to have no ordeal to get through. So the very best spies were people the Germans knew and trusted. And of these, the best were sometimes Germans.

Many of the American spies were not Americans at all. Whether of high or low degree, gentlemen or players, they were of many races. After the Germans and quite a number of German-Americans came the Russians, and the Swiss, Danes, Dutch and other neutrals, mostly professionals, hireling spies. Many of our agents were old-timers trained in some Allied secret service. Some were enthusiastic self-taught amateurs, patriot spies. The tale of what German-Americans and Czecho-Slovaks in our service did to bring revolution in Germany and Austria-Hungary is an amazing one and some of it can be told, but told, like other "spy stories," without names.

THEIR NAMES ARE STILL SECRET

Even eleven years afterward G-2 will not break the solemn agreement not to reveal the identity of any one engaged in espionage. Most such are anxious to keep that secret. One former agent for the Americans, meeting a war-time superior on a Paris boulevard, fled precipitately to a sheltering taxicab. It would never do for one of his exalted station to be known as a former spy. If the names of some who were on the American pay-roll were revealed, there would be explosions in high places, what though in some countries such service is not looked down upon.

An American who directed many spies says:

"There is no reason why men who worked for us in those days should now be subjected to any risk at all of exposure. It would certainly go hard with some of them."

Another suggests additional reasons for anonymity:

"It might be harmful to some to become known because of antagonisms aroused in foreign countries by their ac-

tivities, and it might give some enemy information upon which to base some form of vengeance."

Also, it might exclude them from certain foreign countries, as one former agent now living abroad points out anxiously.

And finally, they might be called upon again to play the great game.

On the other hand, a few thrifty souls have gained one or another advantage since the war by threatening to talk about their spying. One was, so to speak, dissuaded from writing a book about it. Eleven years after, that seems indeed the height of secrecy, for how much harm any one of them could do if he told all he knew, is a question.

Still, precautions have been taken.

One of the safe stories in this year 1929, is that of Emmanuel Voska. Captain Voska's place is with the great spies of American history. To this writer he seems the American Master Spy of the World War. An American citizen, though Czecho-Slovak born, he fought the secret war for both countries. In Czecho-Slovakia he is little less a hero than Benes, Mazaryk and other fathers of the modern Bohemian state with all of whom he worked. They would be first to admit the value of his subtle undermining of the edifice of the formal Dual Monarchy. The truth is that the last fatal mine was exploded in no small measure by the "Italian Section" of the American Intelligence, headed by Captain Voska.

That was the culmination of years of work for Czecho-Slovak independence, work always arduous, usually secret, not infrequently dangerous. In it Captain Voska spent time, energy and money from 1914 when the World War found him in his adopted America, until October, 1918, when he returned triumphant to his native and now free Czecho-Slovakia. Like other Czech leaders, he saw the war as the great opportunity for freedom to be attained

by disrupting Austria-Hungary, into whose civil and military structure Czechs and Slovaks had been merged. Patriotism burned bright, and this short, broad man of magnetic personality, actor, speaker, writer as well as man of affairs brought all his talents to the fight begun by a few with faith and vision.

For long the fight was secret. The United States were neutral. But many Czechs could speak German, look German, act German. They could and did penetrate German circles in New York, and report to the British secret service what they learned. That was a great deal, the British found, and so they supplied funds. There began a trickle that later became a stream of Czechs across the border into Canada, to enlist for service on the Western Front. Working partly through the Bohemian League and other Czech and Slovak societies in this country, Captain Voska found always more ways to wage his secret war. He unearthed German plans against munition factories, sabotage schemes. His was some of the information that sent home Von Papen and Boy-Ed. Not only the British, but A. Bruce Bielaski, Chief of the Bureau of Investigation of our Department of Justice, regarded Captain Voska as a valuable man. Much of what was true in various newspaper revelations of German plotting in this country came indirectly from his group. They helped bring the United States into the war.

When Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, was sent home, there went with him a trusted member of his suite, a woman, typically German, who had begged on her knees and in tears not to be left in America. She was a Czech, Milada Jamchek, one of Captain Voska's group.

Once we were in the war, the group grew tremendously. In one week in New York alone, it "turned up" one hundred seventy-five German suspects. It was in touch with other groups of Czecho-Slovaks in Europe. The movement was

growing there. Many thousands of Czecho-Slovak troops had deserted the Austrians, sometimes in regiments, bands playing, marching across No Man's Land to join the Russians and give them one of their greatest victories of the war. Later those same Czechs were to make their heroic crossing of Siberia.

The patriotism and energy of the group in America finally won reward. If they could do all this across the ocean, they urged, what could they not do in Europe? American Intelligence agreed, and formed the "Italian Section." They were a small group picked by Captain Voska, including relatives. He was commissioned an officer in the United States Army though he seldom wore the unaccustomed uniform. His task was to go to the Italian front, and tunnel under it, into the foundations of the Dual Monarchy.

To do that the group helped carry out schemes that must have seemed diabolical to the enemy. Captain Voska's secret service stretched across Central Europe, from the Baltic to the Balkans. There was not a city or a district in all that territory where there was not a Slav "spot" of some sort, in touch with the short, broad man behind the Italian front. They sent him news of the enemy—Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Bulgarians, Turks—in exchange for messages of good cheer, propaganda, news of Allied victories, American war preparations, President Wilson's speeches, promises of freedom. Always faster these Slav "spots" spread, behind the enemy lines, passing on the word.

THE REMARKABLE CAPTAIN VOSKA

Captain Voska's base was near Padua. There he was always starting on or returning from trips to all sorts of dangerous places. Once he went to Switzerland and brought back a new watch, in the works of which was engraved the

place and time for the next meeting with a group of Jugo Slavs. A Czech had "sold" it to him in a certain jewelry store. Then by airplane he and some of the group went over the line into Bosnia. Coming down silently at night, they met behind the Austrian lines a group of workers for Jugo Slav independence. There were weather-beaten old veterans who since Serbia was overrun in 1915 had lived Robin Hood lives, as fugitives, in trackless mountain and forest, waging relentless guerrilla warfare on the Austrian invaders, always hoping for deliverance. Every peasant in the countryside was part of their underground railway, and at intervals they brought the harvest of news to the rendezvous with Captain Voska. In return his airplane might carry not only propaganda pamphlets to be circulated along the same railway, but messages and news of loved ones in the Serbian Army, food, chocolate. "Keep up your courage," they were told. "Just a little longer. The Americans are coming."

The dread Austrian front and border had no terrors for Captain Voska and his men. They went back and forth almost at will, by airplane, dressed as Austrian soldiers, a dozen ways. They spoke several languages. They brought back information, set fire to Austrian munitions, did all the harm they could. The Captain's agents penetrated South Germany and sent valuable information to the A. E. F. and Germans and Austrians sent out general alarms for them. Whereupon on his next visit to Berlin, Captain Voska mailed an autographed photograph to the chief of the German counter-espionage!

In the last few months of the war, news came to Padua by the Czech underground that the faithful woman agent who had covered Count von Bernstorff had been caught. The Germans were going to shoot her.

"If you do," Captain Voska sent word to the Germans, "we will kill Count von Bernstorff. We can do it."

The woman was not executed.

Spying was only part of the work of the Italian Section of American Military Intelligence. Behind the Italian lines they were building up one army, even two, and breaking down another. They helped create the Czecho-Slovak legions, numbering forty-two thousand men, mostly former Austrian soldiers, who fought a merciless war as part of the Italian Army. Proudly they wore the Czech red and white ribbons on their Italian uniforms, proudly each carried a dagger with which to kill himself rather than surrender. In the same way they created Jugo-Slav units with the Italians.

Simultaneously, they broke down the Austro-Hungarian Army. Wherever on the front it had units containing subject nationalities, Czechs, Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Rumanians, they worked every device of propaganda and persuasion. They sent over printed propaganda by airplane and balloon, urging surrender, promising good treatment by blood brothers already with the Italians. Most effective of all, they used "linguist patrols."

A linguist patrol was a group of trained propagandists speaking the languages of the subject races. At night they crept across No Man's Land, talked to the men opposite in their own language, got them to desert, found out about conditions in the Austrian Army—food, morale, discipline.

Captain Voska predicted beforehand the last great Italian victory of Vittorio Veneto.

"There are many 'spots' in and behind the Austrian Army," he said. "One good blow, and there is nothing left."

When that happened and the front collapsed, Captain Voska and his men went through to Prague, capital of Czecho-Slovakia just freed. There, welcomed by cheering crowds, they found their reward.

They found also, in the old headquarters of the Aus-

trian counter-espionage, papers describing them and their work as highly dangerous, and urging that at all cost they be "suppressed."

One highly successful American agent was, like others, not an American but a German. In thrilling and stressful times he did in Germany secret service for the United States of incalculable value. So far as thanks went, this republic remained officially ungrateful, but unofficially, in more ways than one, gratitude was attested by one of our leading representatives in Europe.

This agent was a German government employee, in a post of trust and importance in one of the government departments. There news of various sorts came his way, news of the kind that the Germans strove to hide and the Allies to obtain. Often he knew ahead of time of changes in policy or plan. That news he conveyed to the American secret service by a means as clever as it was simple. From motives satisfactory to himself he played this double game for years, beginning before we entered the war.

OUR BEST GERMAN SPY

President Wilson heard through him before he heard from the German Foreign Office that Germany had decided to commence the unrestricted submarine warfare that brought us into the war. That explains why those early days of 1917 saw discreet preparations for our entry into the war, which would probably become inevitable. Once we were in, this man played his game harder, at even greater peril. Throughout our nineteen months' participation in the war, he sent us information of value perhaps second to none we received. It included advance particulars of the great German offensive of March 21, 1918, and other German plans for the crucial campaign that followed. Toward the end he told of the split between German polit-

ical and military leaders over the question of immediate peace, then of the rise to power of the Independent Socialist Party that preceded the German Revolution. He was never caught or even suspected. Publication of his name would amaze Germany.

So would the full story of what Americans within Germany were able to do for their country. Colonel Nicolai knows some of it, but not all. Some Americans who, for one reason or another, had remained in Germany until April, 1917, when we entered the war, waged there or from neutral countries, little secret wars of their own. To illustrate, here is one of those spy stories passed around when former G-2 men meet.

Long after the war, in fact, not long ago, a certain rich man entertained at dinner in New York a German visitor. Naturally, the guests included many familiar with and not unfriendly to Germany and the Germans. Thus encouraged, the guest of honor reminisced interestingly and amusingly of war days in Germany, even did a little boasting that was accepted as good-naturedly as it was intended. He boasted, for one thing, of the German secret service and its achievements. One interested listener was a rather distinguished-looking American, whose mannerisms, as well as his fluent German, bespoke long residence in Germany. As they left the table, he remarked to the guest, with a quizzical smile:

"I found what you said fascinating—especially about the German counter-espionage service. But really, my friend, they never did stop the explosions in munition factories. You see, I know."

"I was afraid he'd do it," a former G-2 officer present whispered to a friend. "He was in Germany all through the war. They trusted him, thought he was more German than the Germans. Before we came in, he sent the British information on high explosives and gas. When we came

in, he joined up with us and predicted the German munition shortage in 1918, among other things. He sent a lot of stuff by the underground route. He knew about those explosions, all right. Knew all about 'em. Just couldn't help taking a fall out of the guest of the evening."

The guest, the story-teller says, remained thoughtful for some time.

That is just a story, perhaps true, perhaps untrue. But there is nothing untrue about the fact that some American spying in Germany and various other ends of the earth, was done by Russian secret agents. One of the sardonic quirks of the secret war was that a substantial part of the old Imperial Russian Military Intelligence Service worked for the American secret service to make the world safe for Democracy—and glad of the chance. This was not the Czarist secret political police, the Okhrana, notorious forerunner of the equally notorious Soviet Cheka.

OUR RUSSIAN SPIES

When G-2-B heard of these men, or some of them, in fall of 1917, they were truly out of luck. Trained all their lives as spies, scarcely knowing how to do anything else, they had nobody for whom to spy. The Russian revolutionary government did not want them. Their firm had failed, and they were seeking a new connection. That connection was the Americans.

They were quite useful to us. We employed them on piece work only, but they got upward of one hundred thousand American dollars for doing it. Their groups had been established for some time in Asia and in many parts of Europe, especially neutral countries bordering Germany whence they penetrated almost at will into the forbidden Empire. They had contacts and connections at strategic points there, established often long before the war, the

very thing our new service lacked. Also, they had been trained in all the tricks and ruses of espionage. Some of our spies at German G. H. Q. were Russians. We gave them a job at the Krupp works at Essen that produced an untold story of Big Bertha.

The average reader first heard of Big Bertha on the March morning in 1918 when she threw seventy-two miles into Paris an eight-inch shell whose explosion jarred the civilized world. It had never been done before. But earlier than that, Allied secret services had expected the jar. They had heard of Big Bertha.

One winter day months before, Colonel Campanole had surprised the G-2 mess at Chaumont by exclaiming in the heat of argument: "But the Germans have a gun that can reach Paris!", then relapsing hastily into his usual golden silence about his work. The rest had given the "Sh! Sh!" department the laugh. Ordnance experts had figured out that it was impossible. Colonel Campanole said no more. But he had had confidential reports that soon the Germans would bombard Paris "with invisible air-ships." All the Allied secret services set out to learn the truth.

They tried to find out at the Zeppelin works at Friedrichshafen, and drew a blank. The Americans passed on the assignment to the latest addition to their secret forces, the Russians. They had an underground route to the Krupp works at Essen, where not one but several Russians, disguised as workmen of one sort or another, were soon covertly seeking with all their wits news of some new and terrible German machine that might possibly be called an invisible air-ship. They found out.

"It's a gun," they said. "The Germans are making a gun of range long enough to reach behind the Allied lines as far as big railroad junctions like St. Pol and Hazebrouck. It could even reach Paris. The work is done in a special section of the works, with a special force, closely

guarded. We can not find out details of construction, but it is a gun within a gun, and it fires a shell within a shell."

"'A gun within a gun, a shell within a shell!'" The Deuxième Bureau smiled gently. "Is your agent then a Frenchman—Jules Verne—or perhaps a Boche-Baron von Münchhausen?"

As they remembered that they had been equally incredulous about the forty-two-centimeter howitzers of 1914, Bertha's voice was first heard in the land. Having heard it every fifteen minutes through the morning, who can forget sitting before the Café de la Paix that noon and reading the first official communiqué that announced that the Germans had bombarded Paris "from a great height"? The invisible air-ships! Then came the second and correct communiqué, announcing that it was a long-range gun.

BERTHA: A GUN WITHIN A GUN

And it was "a gun within a gun" though not "a shell within a shell." Roughly, the Berthas were made by sticking into a fourteen-inch gun an eight-inch tube so long that this with other special features, carried the shell into atmosphere so rarified that resistance was greatly reduced, and it traveled higher and farther than ever shell had traveled before. The shell was different from other shells, but was not duplex. The Russians had slipped on the detail, but got the big thing right.

Around the Berthas swirled a struggle of the secret war. Once they knew what was throwing shells into Paris from incredible distance, the Deuxième Bureau set about investigating and stopping it. Having plotted the location, they sent secret agents by airplane to land and actually to see the guns, then return and report. They organized a special "anti-Bertha" unit to fight the great guns, of which there were more than one.

There was a special squadron of airplanes to observe and bomb them, despite, of course, a special German defensive squadron. There was a special flash and sound-ranging section to locate them and keep them located. The Germans countered by building fake wooden Berthas that went off with fake flashes of gunpowder and fake explosions that distracted attention.

The Berthas, of course, fired "off the map" by mathematical calculation, and the gunners never knew as they fired, what part, if any, of Paris they were hitting. The German secret service had arranged an elaborate system to get reports through of where that day's Bertha shells had hit, and what damage they had done. A woman, Ida Kall, is said to have been part of the system. Colonel Nicolai says it worked and they knew every day, without fail. So far as material damage went, the reports must have been disappointing, though certainly in spring of 1918, Bertha, air raids and German approach to Paris combined caused a near panic and many hundred thousands left the French capital. In early June the French Government and Allied missions, including American, then in Paris were making preparations to follow.

The Russians did other work of value, but they were not an unmixed blessing. They dealt with G-2-B through middlemen who would not tell them exactly what Allied Power it was that sent orders for jobs and paid for them, of course, not in signed checks. They were always trying to find out for whom they were really working, and a few succeeded, an unfortunate circumstance that has since inconvenienced certain Americans in more ways than one.

The most comic American spy was neither Russian nor German, but American, born and bred. He was no less than Jack Johnson, the negro prize-fighter.

Fugitive from the United States, expelled from France, the former world champion sought refuge in Spain where he

taught boxing, engaged in wrestling bouts, played in the movies and strutted about in a loud checked suit with a cane, a gray derby on the back of his shaven poll, and a dashing police dog in attendance. Jack certainly was King of Madrid's sporting circles.

But uneasy lay the head that wore that crown. Jack told his friends that he wanted to do something for his country, now at war with Germany. "How about the A. E. F.?" they asked. But Jack would have none of it. He wanted to be "a secret service man." So he went to the American secret service in Spain.

"I guess you know I'm hot dog in this town," he said. "I know all the knowin'est people in Madrid. I can find out about how they supply the German submarines or dope the mules the Spaniards sell to France, or whatever you want to find out. I want to be a secret service man. That's what I'm cut out for."

Jack was sufficiently encouraged, and departed promising much news of German plots in Spain. He told a good many of his friends that his ambition was attained, and he was "a reg'lar American secret service man." Which helped. But he turned in no information. He explained it this way:

"Y'see, these German spies all so 'fraid I'll hit 'em that when they see me comin', they just run right away. 'Course I can't get information from 'em if they run away."

HOOKS AND CROOKS

Ludicrous sometimes were the variegated crooked spies who tried to victimize the Americans. German agents tried to give us false information and occasionally succeeded, double agents worked for both sides, and professional spies, thrifty business men, were ready to turn a dishonest penny. Sure that the Americans were easy marks that would well repay hitting, more came to us than to Allied services.

There was the man with the "stolen" drawings of the

terrible German Juggernaut tank to spread dismay in Allied ranks in the 1918 offensive. This fire-eating monster was as high as a second-story window and moved on wheels twenty feet tall, aided by movable spikes working like alpenstocks. Its body was jointed, covered with armor impervious not only to machine-gun fire but ordinary shell fire. It looked like a giant armadillo, and did everything but breathe fire and snort. The drawings were well done and we bought them—cheap—to let G-2-B see what the Germans wanted us to believe.

About the same time our secret service in Switzerland met the most cold-blooded spy with whom it ever dealt. She was a woman. She said she was a chemist, and had a laboratory, which seems to have been true. She said she had found out that part of the same German spring drive was to be a "plague offensive." They were going to scatter from airplanes, germs of bubonic plague and cholera upon Allied cities, as was recently alleged (and denied) in England that they actually did.

The woman had not only information that this was to be done, but how the Germans were producing the cultures, and their method of scattering them among old men, women and children of Allied countries. She would sell this secret to the Americans, who in her laboratory could prepare to do the same thing—ahead of the Germans. The "plague offensive" could be American, not German.

Perhaps there was some deeper treachery, and she was a German agent. She displayed no feeling about it; seemed to be a business woman. But she did no business with us.

Allied services in neutral countries watched constantly for fake informers sent to them by the Germans, and for double dealing by former frontier smugglers whose experience admirably equipped them for all sorts of odd missions. This slip was once part of some German office records:

"Attached 'strafbefehl' is to be handed to Johann Selber. It has to be used as evidence when he is introduced to the Allied service as an escaped German. He will have to give information about the long-range gun and about Hindenburg's headquarters, as you may know."

And these two Allied memoranda show conditions on the Dutch and Belgian frontiers:

"Briefly, the innkeeper at Z, makes it his business to carry letters for one of the Allied services. He has relations with Landmann, to whom he passes the letters, which are examined by the Germans. They are then transferred to Tietjens, from where a bona fide Belgian carries them across the electric wire at the frontier."

"A. K., of Watervliet, who often goes to Belgium, was under the influence of drink recently. He boasted that he was paid very well by an Allied service, as well as by the German Kommandantur at Watervliet. This man is a bricklayer. He hasn't worked since the war began, and says he doesn't intend to after it ends, either."

Then consider this American estimate of the reports of four professional agents:

"A takes the economic information he sends us from the German and Swiss press. He sent us recently a German propaganda map and stuff that can be bought on newsstands in Switzerland. He sends no military information of value.

"B gets the information he sends us from German, Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian and Turkish newspapers months after they appear. We get it here from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* when it is only three days old.

"C is utterly useless. He sends us nothing we do not get from the hundred German newspapers a day we receive via Switzerland.

"D does comb the Swiss villages on the border of Germany and has sent some information about a fire at Friedrichshafen."

You had to watch yourself. We were stung occasionally, once to the tune of forty thousand dollars on some information that looked very "hot." But we consoled ourselves with the reflection that an experienced Frenchman had bought for a good price a complete list of the Austrian units taking part in the great Caporetto attack just started, then found the same list had appeared three days earlier in the Italian newspapers.

If occasional informers, gold-brick sellers and even professional spies picked up sums ranging down from that princely forty thousand dollars to a mere five, by selling false information, what did real agents get for real espionage? How much money is there in the spy business?

The answer seems to be: all kinds. The price paid varied with the social standing of the spy, the value of his information and the risks he ran. A traitor high in the diplomatic service, the Army or the Navy of an enemy Power, who had the added prestige, the multiplied contacts afforded by a title, might get top-notch prices for top-notch information. But the highest price that comes to mind now is said to have been paid for the blowing up by infernal machine of a first-class Italian battle-ship. That price was at least one hundred thousand dollars.

THE WAGES OF SPYING

There was a sort of pay scale among regular agents of European secret services. One Allied service paid run-of-

the-mill traveling spies two hundred dollars a month plus allowances for expenses, ordinary and extraordinary, which included bribery. They got also a ten-dollar a day bonus for time spent actually in Germany. Men with careful training, with technical knowledge, devoting full time to espionage, often in considerable danger behind the German lines, averaged ten thousand dollars a year—a better salary in Europe in 1918 than in the United States to-day. Minor agents in the same service got as little as fifty dollars a job.

The Germans paid better than some of the Allies. Full-fledged, expert German spies, the kind we read about with cold chills during the war, got as much as twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The Germans even paid that to one officer of a neutral army who delivered valuable information. Special spies like him might get more for "extraordinary expenses" like a Countess N. L. who operated in Italy for three months and spent fifteen thousand dollars. The Germans usually paid probationary agents about one hundred dollars a month, and if they traveled, ten dollars a day more, plus a bonus for the mission, depending on its importance and danger. Often when they hired promising men, the Germans deposited one thousand dollars to their credit in a bank and paid them a salary besides. This they did with a few American newspaper men whom they sent to England before we entered the war.

The Austrian secret service had a clever variation of that idea. They promised the newly hired spy twenty-five hundred dollars if he made good on his first assignments, and deposited the money in an Austrian bank where he could get it on return from his mission, executed on a strictly "expense" basis. Of course, even though his reports were satisfactory, if he did not return, the twenty-five hundred dollars reverted whence it came.

Prices paid varied, like the work. Different spy masters

paid differently. In one neutral country the Germans were said to have on their pay-roll numerous counts and barons who got three hundred francs a month and lived in furnished rooms at three francs a week. "*Besser hier als in Graben!*" they remarked. In Denmark one German "propaganda office" employed twenty-three men at two hundred kroner a month—plus forty-five hundred a month for "social expenses"! One wonders what they were.

Some German spy masters in neutral countries calmly advertised in newspapers how much they would pay spies. Of course, that word was not used in the advertisements which offered "interesting" employment to ladies and gentlemen who knew foreign languages and were "disposed to travel." The German center at Lörrach liked to ask in the *Neue Zeitung* of Zurich, for "ladies and gentlemen for practice in French conversation."

To Americans it was surprising for how small a sum men would risk their lives in the secret war. Belgians could be got for two hundred dollars to cross the German lines as passengers in airplanes whence they were dropped by parachute to spy a while, then were picked up and brought back. Sure death if they were caught, of course. Consider this expert estimate of the cost of a pretty complete secret service along important military railroads behind the German front, and in Germany itself. It was submitted to the American secret service:

"GENERAL ORGANIZATION:

(a) Valenciennes-Maubeuge

Two men (day and night) \$250 per report plus \$125 for smuggling from Maubeuge to The Hague; Railway report.

(b) Ghent-Courtrai

Two men day and night. \$200 per report plus \$65 for smuggling.

(c) Dinant-Givet

Two men (day and night) \$200 per report plus \$65 for smuggling.

(d) Mézières-Charleville

It is impossible to establish this station in less than two months and in addition it will be very dear as there must be three couriers who will have to smuggle twice—between France and Belgium, and between Belgium and Holland before arriving at The Hague; the cost of this station would come to about \$500.

GERMAN SERVICE:

Smuggling

(a) A woman smuggler who passes through Kaldenkirchen costs per report \$12.00.

(b) A traveller in Germany; cost of a journey from Aix to Cassel and from Cassel to Berlin and Posen, per report \$65.00.

Fixed station:

(a) 2 men who make different observations—general or railway, \$400 per month, 4 communications, per month \$750.

(b) A male observer who is not at the same place \$40 per month; \$400. These three men do not know one another; with the exception of the first two.

Total, \$1200 plus \$250 per month counting four communications per month—

Grand total, \$1450 per month."

Eleven people were concerned, yet the total was only \$1450 per month!

Did secret service work for the Americans pay best? It is hard to say. How much did we pay during the war for secret service work in Europe? Even now, government departments dodge the question. Estimates of salary, fees, bonuses and expenses paid to actual secret

agents working for the Americans abroad run from one to several millions. In total the Allies and Germans spent more, in proportion, probably less. Our standing ten-thousand-dollar offer for positive news of a German shock division's movement indicated a high wage scale. Before the war the whole German Military Intelligence appropriation was little over one hundred thousand dollars a year. Last year the British spent about one million dollars.

We paid well. One local secret service branch of many paid in one month for information alone, some fifteen thousand dollars, whereof the largest single item was three thousand dollars, a good month's work by some one. Others earned twenty-five hundred dollars and two thousand dollars. Just before the Armistice one American chief was about to buy a fine map of the German fortress of Heligoland for less than five hundred dollars.

If we paid well, we paid deviously. There were no pay checks signed "American Secret Service." The paymaster saw few indeed of those on his pay-roll. Their money passed through several hands before it reached them, usually in cash. Such transactions were highly delicate. After the war a certain American Treasury official was dismayed to find there were no signed receipts from our spies, to serve as vouchers. He complained to an Intelligence officer.

"I would have paid any sum for a bundle of pay receipts signed with the names of German spies," the officer replied. "Do you suppose we asked our men to sign their own death-warrants?"

Another auditor objected that there were no itemized spies' expense accounts in the files.

"Suppose they had kept itemized accounts—and got caught with them?" the Intelligence officer asked.

The auditor just had to take his word for it that one

sum of several hundred thousand was "all right." The ways of secret service are not and can not be the ways of every-day business. In its own interest if not in theirs, a government must protect in every way the men who serve it in the secret war.

How serious was their danger? What their chance of death? What sacrifices did they make to balance their reward, great or small?

THE LEGION THAT NEVER WAS LISTED

Strangely enough, the peace-time spy often sacrifices more than the war-time spy. He almost loses permanent identity. If he is an officer of Army or Navy, he is recorded as discharged or absent on leave. If he is caught, his government knows him not, washes its hands of him. A famous Secretary of War once said to an American setting forth on an espionage mission: "You have volunteered for this work, and we appreciate it. But let there be no misunderstanding. Succeed, and we will accept your reports and some day you may get a pension. Fail, and we must disown you." No matter how great his sacrifice the peace-time spy is almost a man without a country, his only home the port of missing men. No wonder many American officers will not volunteer for that service. Yet we attach no stigma to those who do. Why should we? The service is highly valuable and necessary, and with us as clean as possible.

Some say that the gateway of European espionage should be inscribed "Honor abandon, ye who enter here." That is an exaggeration; yet in certain countries, especially Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia, a secret agent was expected to stop at little in defending his country against plots, real or fancied, getting information it would need in war, or furthering the desires of Kaiser,

Emperor or Czar. In such service he might conceivably be called upon not only to bribe, but to steal, forge, blackmail, seduce, perhaps even to kill—all for his country.

Actual war brought even secret service somewhat into the light. The secret agent was recognized openly for what he had been secretly, a necessary part of war, indeed a deadly weapon that might deal the enemy lustier blows than the most doughty captain in the field. Which does the more for his country, the spy would ask—he who blows up a battle-ship or steals a plan of attack, or he who leads a platoon against a machine-gun? The platoon-leader risks death with his men about him and glory his reward. The spy risks death in a strange land, alone, lashed to a stake at chill dawn, his reward oblivion. Knowing that, how did a spy feel?

Here is what three men say, two who went into Germany, one who went repeatedly into Austria-Hungary:

The first: "Let me tell you, it was mighty uncomfortable all the time."

The second: "It was bad, but not so bad as if the German counter-espionage had been less thorough. They worked on routine and I knew the routine and was ready for it. But I was glad when I got back."

The third: "The Austro-Hungarian counter-espionage was lax, and we knew how to fool them. The first trip was rather bad, but not the others."

As the second said, the German spy-hunt was routinized—but it was thorough. Let none gather that it was not from what has been written about Allied exploits. Those were not easily performed, and there were failures. German Army and police working together made spying in Germany a stern cruel task. Every one in the Empire helped.

In Germany alone, exclusive of the spy hotbeds of German-occupied Belgium and France, German courts

sentenced for espionage some five hundred persons,—and of those nearly one-half were Germans working for the Allies, as contrasted with one-tenth French! There were seventeen hundred eighty-five arrests for false use of the German uniform. But these were not executed, nor were many Belgians and Frenchmen convicted of espionage in the parts of those countries occupied by the Germans. We heard of the minority who faced firing squads, not the great majority who went to prison.

In fact, although it is true that every spy in enemy country takes his life in his hands, actually by no means every spy caught is executed. His life may depend upon other things than evidence of his guilt: influence, threat of reprisal, information furnished his captors. It is doubtful if the deaths in secret service in the World War went far above five per cent. This about equals deaths from all causes, including sickness, in the A. E. F., but is far lower even than the twenty per cent. of Allied and Central Powers' Armies that were killed or died of wounds, to say nothing of those who died of disease.

A FIRING SQUAD AT DAWN

American secret service casualties in Europe were about in proportion. It will surprise many Americans to hear that a number of our agents were caught, and executed by the Germans as spies. Nothing has been told of this; indeed, mystery still shrouds it. If those who gave their lives in the secret war were American citizens in Army or Navy, they have been recorded simply as "killed in action," a soldier's death. Perhaps not even their families know they died before a firing squad. If they were professional spies of whatever nationality, caught at the task for which they were hired, there may be no record. Without attempting to say exactly how many were killed for spying for the

Americans, perhaps it was five or ten, including one woman shot in Austria.

More were caught at Coblenz than anywhere else. That lovely Rhineland city that after the Armistice became American, where the Stars and Stripes waved from the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, was in war a death-trap for our spies. We had to have men there, to report movement of German reenforcements to the greatest battles Americans ever fought, St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne, and of wounded back into Germany. Our agents sent back daily word of traffic along the Rhine and Moselle Valley railroads, how many trains of how many cars and what sort, passed what points at what times each day. Such a report for September fourteenth, during St. Mihiel, read:

“Westbound: One train of twenty cars. A second of 23 cars, containing Infantry, both old and young men. Five freight trains, one of 28 cars containing airplanes, one of 23, one of 34, one of 31, all containing ammunition. One of 30 carrying artillery.

Eastbound: Two Red Cross trains full of wounded.”

The last were, doubtless, wounded from St. Mihiel. German military trains were generally standardized in number and kind of cars used for particular purposes. There were almost invariably thirty-six cars to a troop train. There were so many trains to a division. Knowing train movements, G-2 knew troop movements. G-2-B had established train watchers in big centers like Cologne, Coblenz, Essen, Metz, Conflans, Magdeburg, long before the German 1918 spring offensive, the time and location of which their reports helped the Americans to predict a month beforehand while the French were still uncertain. General Nolan considers train watching the most valuable if the least spectacular single task of our secret service.

Our train watchers were of various sorts, some sent from the United States to pose as Alsatians, more furnished by Allied services. They were specially taught with diagrams and drawings to distinguish all the types of German trains, troop and supply. What made their work especially dangerous was that they had to spend most of the time near railroad stations, perhaps in them—and the Germans knew it. A small place for a spy hunt. The ideal train watcher was a reliably dishonest German railroad station employee. His reports might be got out quickly by bribing an engineer passing regularly through his station.

The train watchers often reported on other things, good targets for Allied airplane bombing or sabotage, such as bridges or munition factories.

One train watcher for the Americans turned an especially daring trick. Late in the Meuse-Argonne he got in touch with the staff of a German Corps stopping off in a Rhine town and, pretending to be a patriotic German, begged to know the truth about rumors of the war's early end in German defeat. That so enraged the German Colonel who was corps chief of staff, that he told how more troops were being brought up from Russia and Rumania, and how the Americans could be stood off on a line protecting Luxembourg, Thionville and Metz, duly shown on a map he produced. It was most interesting.

That agent was still watching trains when the Armistice came, but not so several who had tried at Coblenz. The German counter-espionage chief there was a terror to spies, and got up at night to see that his iron-clad rules were enforced. Every one the least suspect, especially newcomers to Coblenz, had to report to police stations several times a day. Even old hands like our Russian auxiliaries dreaded Coblenz, and demanded bonuses for working there. "I bet you my life," one said dolefully, as he departed. He was caught on the railroad embankment, talking to German

soldiers alighted from a stalled troop train. He got short shrift.

The secret war, like any another, bred callous indifference to death, as this report shows:

"Willem H., the German spy, died at the clinic at Sluiskill of wounds received August 27th from a rifle, and was buried at Sas de Gand. All his acolytes insisted upon accompanying him to his last resting place, and put two wreaths on his grave. He was aided by a Belgian refugee woman who met a German detective at the frontier and also used to talk to a *feldwebel*."

Here is a warning from an Allied Service:

"The local branch of the German counter-espionage service are occupying themselves with an Allied service directed by a certain 'Pierre,' supposed to be in the invaded part of Belgium. If Pierre really exists, it will pay him to take the necessary measures to safeguard himself, as he is in a dangerous position."

This is an interesting illustration of the fact that no Ally knew much about who was working for other Allies. Pierre continued for some time thereafter to supply the Americans with interesting reports.

ASSASSINATION—AND "THE SEALED TRAIN"

In secret service there was always threat of violence. It might be in a sudden fierce gun fight such as an American I. P. had in Nancy with three American deserters who were also suspected German sympathizers. It might be carefully planned, cold-blooded assassination which was far more common in fiction than in fact, although in Russia and the Balkans, not unknown. Assassination was not, of course,

a weapon of American secret service although certain private Americans are said once to have advised a British secret service leader to employ it. If he had, there would probably be to-day neither Soviet Republic nor "Red Menace."

Perhaps the biggest secret service job any one did in the World War was the "sealed train" already referred to, in which the Germans transported from Switzerland, across Germany, to Russia all the exiled Bolsheviks they could lay hands on, including Nikolai Lenin. It was that trainload, largely, that hurled the pro-Ally Kerensky from power, sent home the Russian Army, let the Germans through, and finally made with them the peace of Brest-Litovsk. That trainload loosed upon Russia the Bolshevik Terror that sought, and still seeks, to spread over the world.

That train, with a charge deadlier than any bomb conceived by the mind of man, was not prevented from leaving neutral Switzerland. Nor, before that, did Allies and Americans hang on to such men as Trotsky and Tchitcherin when they had them fast. Their governments did not believe in "rough stuff."

Experience may have changed some views, but certainly there was "rough stuff" in secret service, and in some of it Americans took a part not always that of innocent victim. There is one story that, unfortunately, can not be confirmed, of a raid on a German Legation in a certain neutral country, an attempt to break in and rifle the safe. But the Germans were on guard, and shot and killed several of the raiding party. They were not Anglo-Saxons. One version is that they were employed by the British. Another version is denied by a former American officer, well known in Washington, who says that his special mission in that neutral country had nothing to do with the German Legation and, anyway, he is going to write a secret service book of his own some day so why give away any of his material?

Raiding embassies, legations and consulates was a favorite game of both sides. Those supposedly impeccable agencies of dignified governments usually did spy business on the side, especially in Switzerland where most of the chief German spies were said to be attached duly to the legation, directed by one of its highest officials who is now equally high in the German Government. The Austrians played the same game.

One Saturday evening in spring, when heavy air muffled everything, including sounds, there was a gay party in the house next door to the Austrian Consulate in Zurich. There were dancing and singing, a great racket broadcast about the neighborhood through doors and windows wide open. It was an Allied party, French, British, Italians, civil and military. When from the dark silent Consulate next door the straining ears of some merrymakers heard rude sounds, a muffled explosion, hastily they redoubled the din. It lasted well into the morning.

There was a louder noise when the Austrian Consulate opened on Monday. Some one had forced a way in, blown the safe and got away with valuable papers. What was the nature of the papers? asked the Swiss police. Why, very confidential, the Austrians replied—but very valuable. If ever they got across the frontier into France or Italy, we tremble to think what might happen. We insist that you question every one known to be connected with Allied Intelligence work in Switzerland.

A large order but the Swiss police tried. Every one said: "Why, I was at the party next door, and never left it." Or else: "I was at a party the Americans gave that night. Ask them. They'll back me up." And of course, they did.

It dawned upon the enemy that the Americans were not quite so innocent as they had supposed. They looked a little more closely into what the Americans were doing, and became interested in certain midnight automobile rides that

one American was taking to the Italian frontier, perhaps to deliver information received from agents. They found another getting up at four in the morning to take railroad trips on which he seemed to meet some rather nondescript individuals, one of whom once made the mistake of saluting as they met.

A SHOT IN THE DARK

One night the automobilist drove his dark car for the Italian frontier, whizzing over familiar roads. He approached a particularly dangerous turn, on one side a bushy slope, on the other a dim misty drop to a rocky valley bottom. He knew the turn, usually lost little speed, but this time as he reached it, he felt a tire go, threw on his brakes, stopped and started to get out. Just ahead, like a great snake across his path, he saw a felled tree. Then from behind a bush came a streak of fire, a report, and a bullet crashed through the windshield where his head had been. He flung himself beneath the car, playing dead, clutching his own pistol, waiting to see how many his assailants were. But after minutes had brought no other sound, he arose cautiously, and backed to safety on the flat tire that had doubtless saved his life.

Perhaps that is why Herman got a broken nose. Not so long afterward, an American attaché stopped late at the Legation working under a hanging electric light near a window, decoding dispatches. When he left, it was dark. He did not see the short broad man clothed in black, until he jumped from behind a tree, swinging a blackjack. The young American's long legs carried him sidewise out of its path, and it struck a glancing blow. His only weapon, an umbrella with a handle shaped like a sword hilt, he swung in defensive-offense, and saw his assailant's hat swept off, disclosing a face unmistakably Teutonic.

The features contorted in fierce effort, and the American felt the numbing blow of the blackjack. Head ringing, he sank to one knee, and the German was upon him, groping for his bunch of keys to Legation doors and safes. Struggling to fight off unconsciousness and save them, the American heard a cry, sharp footfalls, thudding blows, a German curse, then more footfalls. His assailant was gone, his keys were safe, and stooping over him was an American Legation employee who luckily had stayed later still.

"I used to box middleweight in the States," he explained modestly.

Next day in response to orders sent through the Allied spy world in that Swiss city, this report came:

"Herman, known as an 'accredited German spy' and often used for rough stuff, has met with an accident. His nose is swollen, black and blue, and bandaged. In fact, it seems to be broken."

Thereafter such Americans as lived in Berne hotels or lodging houses, especially the famous Bellevue Palace, found their rooms rifled, not once but several times, occasionally by persons who took things that suited them, instead of making copies. Of course, that was a help. It is to be feared that Bella Donna was not the only German spy in Switzerland to whom the Americans fed false information. But despite such opportunities, they became impatient.

"Let's get old Von X——, who's picking on us," they urged their Chief. "He sits up there with his diplomatic immunity and sends these roughnecks to shoot at us and beat us up and go through our things. Let's get him."

The Chief was a trifle impatient himself.

"All right," he said. "We'll get him. It isn't a parlor game. We'll kidnap him and put him where he can't do any more rough stuff for the rest of the war."

In an expansive moment, he confided the plan to the French Chief in Switzerland—who promptly hit the ceiling.

"Oh, but, my friend, you must not do that!" he exclaimed. "Some one is sure to find out—and tell the Swiss. We shall all be expelled, or perhaps locked up, and then our governments will have to build up all new services here. It is ruin!"

"Just give us time," said the American. "I'll bet we can think up some way to get away with it."

But before they had, the war ended. Herr von X——, now in Berlin, may be interested to know how near he came to being taken for a ride.

That does not mean secret agents of the Americans did no rough stuff. Very possibly they did. But there was little official knowledge of it. What team captains did they kept largely to themselves—and how they did it. The team got orders to obtain a certain piece of information, but seldom detailed instructions what they must or must *not* do to get it. Their job was to get results, by hook or crook; sometimes very much so. How much so did not appear on the record.

In no neutral country was the secret war rougher than in Switzerland. Here were more spies per square mile than anywhere in Europe, and so, as in any other business, more competition. An Allied authority said in 1917: "There is hardly a single place on the Swiss frontier, from Basel to the extreme southeastern shore of the Lake of Constance, which has not been occupied and organized by the Germans for espionage purposes." He might have added that every Swiss city or sizable town was a battle-field of spy or counter-spy, as every arriving traveler found.

One of these, an American, before we entered the war had scarcely sat down in his hotel lobby at Berne, when an agreeable stranger with an unmistakably American accent

offered him a cigar. A companionable chat brought out the visitor's name, age, home, business, reason for being in Switzerland and favorite breakfast food. Whereupon the stranger, still agreeable, left.

"Gosh," said the American, stretching his legs. "Some talker. And how he can ask questions.—Hello—who's this guy?"

"This guy," approaching with a worried but friendly smile, seemed, from his accent, an Englishman.

"You must pardon me, sir," he said, "but blood really is sometimes thicker than water—and when I saw that fellow—— The man who was talking to you, did he ask you a lot of questions? Your name, business, that sort of thing?"

"Why, yes, he did," the American replied. "Anything wrong with him?"

"Well, he happens to be a well-known German spy," said his new-found friend. "One has to be very careful here. They're all about. I do hope you didn't tell him anything valuable."

No, the American assured him, only so and so and so and so.

"Ah, well," said the Englishman, "I hope there's no harm done. I hope to see you again, sir, as we both live in this hotel."

As he was leaving, there appeared the one American in Berne whom the traveling salesman knew.

"Holy mackerel!" he whispered. "Did you tell that fellow anything?"

"Why, why,—say, what is this anyway?" his friend stammered.

"Oh, nothing," replied the Berne resident. "He's just a notorious spy, that's all."

"Spy?" exclaimed the first. "English spy, I suppose?"

"English—hell!" came the reply. "He's a German!"

Not all the spying in Switzerland was German, of course.

The Allies were active, especially bordering French and Italians. Colonel Nicolai says that from 1914 until the Americans entered the war, the Germans had detected in Switzerland fourteen secret service groups comprising one hundred forty-five agents—all French.

The Swiss had sacrificed much to keep neutral in the World War, yet to their country came a score of nations who wanted to fight a secret war. They couldn't stop it, only try to keep it within bounds and avoid offending either side. That was hard, for there were three kinds of Swiss, German, French and Italian, all suspecting one another. The Allies especially suspected the numerous German Swiss of pro-Germanism generally and of spying for the Germans in particular. General Wille, Chief of Staff of the Swiss Army, was on Allied suspect lists, which is scarcely surprising when one remembers an incident in the Bellevue Palace.

The great German spring drive of 1918 had started, smashing through the British, threatening to separate them and the French. General Wille and his adjutant entered the elevator, finding there Hugh Wilson, then secretary, now American Minister to Switzerland, who slightly resembled an Austrian attaché. Seeing him in half light, General Wille saluted, bowed, beamed and rubbed his hands.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "isn't it splendid? Thousands of prisoners, hundreds of guns! A glorious victory!"

The adjutant whispered in his ear, and General Wille hurriedly stopped the elevator and got out.

THE AFFAIR OF THE FOUR COLONELS

Which reminded the Americans of the famous episode of the four colonels that a little earlier had set Switzerland by the ears. All were so high on the Swiss General Staff that they received from German and Allied staffs, daily,

reports of happenings on the front, detailed, confidential, to gain the good will of the Swiss Staff.

The Russian Military Attaché, when he delivered the Russian report, used to file for telegraphing to Petrograd confidential messages, in code. One evening he decided to withdraw a message already filed and send another. Returning to the telegraph office, he found his original message had disappeared. The officials acted queerly, sent out a messenger, who brought back his telegram. The Russian consulted some of his colleagues.

Soon afterward, the code expert of the Swiss General Staff—a French Swiss—went to the Minister of War and confessed that under orders from the four colonels, he had been stopping and decoding messages that not only the Russian but other Allied attachés sent home. Shocked, the Minister of War questioned the four colonels and found that they had been passing on the decoded telegrams and the confidential Allied reports to the German secret service. The colonels were tried and convicted, but the incident rankled in Allied memory.

Even eleven years after, there may be compensation in knowing that later the very German master spies who chuckled as they read those telegrams and reports, talked freely with certain trusted persons who reported everything they had said to the American secret service.

The Americans in Switzerland had to their credit other and more important coups. It was due to them, perhaps, that the terrible Italian defeat at Caporetto in October, 1917, did not crush Italy and release a million Austrians to help crush French and British before the Americans came. Had still other American information been heeded, there might even have been no Caporetto.

The moral of this true American secret service story is: "Think before you speak, especially in Switzerland." Some German agents there didn't. After the German and Aus-

trian General Staffs had agreed that picked German troops should join the Austrian Army for a blow at Italy, the German secret service in Switzerland spread there rumors to confuse the Allies about what was coming next. They did it too well. By careful checking the Americans found that the one place in Europe where there was no rumor of coming attack was the Italian front.

Then the American Chief saw a certain American resident of Lucerne, whose many and good connections both American and Swiss had got him long before on to the German suspect list. He had a story to tell. When he had heard it, the American Chief snapped his telephone off the hook to order his car for a quick trip into France to meet an old friend of the French secret service in Belfort. Between them, they scoured the spy world of Alsace and Switzerland, for the truth. In Switzerland they sent men they believed known as Allied agents to make friends with known German agents.

"Find out," they said, "what they *want* us to think."

A few days later the Americans in Switzerland sent their report:

"The Austrians are preparing with German help a great offensive on the Italian front. They are using propaganda among the Italian troops to prepare for it. They expect great things from it."

But the heads of the Allied Intelligence Services did not believe it. They had no definite word of German troop movements toward Italy. Then from the Americans in Switzerland came a second report, urgent:

"The Germans and Austrians plan to prevent all French or British aid reaching the Italians. They have ordered their secret services at the moment the great drive starts,

to blow up the Mt. Cenis tunnel through which troop-trains bearing Allied reinforcements would come to Italy from France. The German secret service are preparing to do as ordered."

Just how, just where they got that information remains to-day a secret. It made Allied Intelligence Services wonder. Italians and French tightened guards on the world-famous tunnel, scoured the country roundabout, and got confirmation that something was hatching. Then far up in Flanders a British Tommy on patrol in No Man's Land picked up a German post-card.

"Some Jerry must 'ave dropped it," he deduced, and being a good soldier he turned it in.

It was a picture post-card, of a pretty town in the Austrian Alps, sent by a friend to some German up there in Flanders with this message:

"We are enjoying a much needed rest here in Austria. Heinrich."

He had added a military postal number which British Intelligence recognized as that of the German Alpine Corps. What would these Germans be doing in Austria if not preparing for the very attack the Americans in Switzerland had predicted? But before the truth had dawned wholly, the storm broke. Through Italian troops rotten with pacifism inspired by propaganda, struck the German spearheads of the Austrian Army which came following after. The Italians lost hundreds of thousands of prisoners, thousands of guns, in one of the worst debacles any Army suffered in the World War.

AN AMERICAN WARNING

Barely in time they halted on the Piave where Italians claim now, they stopped the victorious Austro-Germans

alone and unaided. It seemed then that French and British reenforcements arriving just in time had much to do with it, morally and militarily. Nearly two hundred thousand of them had rolled unmolested through the Mt. Cenis tunnel.

As a certain American was reminded ten years later, when he received the Star of a Commander of the Crown of Italy.

The American secret service has never had due credit for getting through to Marshal Foch one of several warnings of the date and place of the last great German offensive of July 15, 1918, about which the Allies knew so much that it was doomed to failure before it started. Thanks to the Americans, the news crossed Switzerland in record time.

A great place, Switzerland, where queer fish fished in queer waters, and no one trusted any one. How it puzzled even a veteran German diplomat and intrigant is shown in the diary of Count Harry Kessler, published recently in the *Berliner Tageblatt*:

"Berne, Oct. 14.

"After breakfast to the Albanian, B. She told me, according to information which she had obtained from the American, British and French Legations, the conditions which the Entente would impose before engaging in peace negotiations. She insists that we send her to France, so that she can start a revolutionary movement there, with the aid of her Socialist friends. On the wall behind her hangs a picture of Skanderbeg on horseback. While I was there an attaché of the French Legation telephoned. What does she want? What is she up to? Where does she think her country's advantage lies?

"She has a childish face and big black, blank eyes. She handed me the plan of a German fortress which she claimed to have stolen this morning from the American Legation. 'You can take anything there you want to,' she explained. It occurred to me that it was carefully rolled up and that the roll was bulky. How had she concealed it going out?

"She travels between Paris and Berne as she pleases. Clemenceau receives her, it is certain, as a friend. Whom is she betraying? Whom is she serving? She has a little son whom she takes along with her to France. 'It is a nice thing for children, now and then,' she says. Very nice, but for what Medean ends? Chaff of the World War, blown about hither and thither in the turmoil! Amusing and romantic, if one did not have to reckon with it practically and take the unreckonable into the reckoning."

Quite so. When any one told you anything, you asked yourself: "How much of this is true?" Often the answer was: "Very little." Then you asked yourself: "Do the Germans want us to believe it is true?" and often the answer was: "Yes." Naturally Count Kessler wondered whether the Americans had let the piquant Albanian steal the plan, and if so, why? Or had she made up that story? And if so, why? Poor Count. Some one tried to poison him later.

Intrigue did not die at the Armistice, nor did the German secret service. A few days afterward Von X—— gathered all his agents about him and delivered a little speech whose burden was: Don't be down-hearted. Arms, he said, had failed to put Deutschland über Alles, but other means might. For the next few years the other means, political and economic, would be tried. Then perhaps, another war. We had a most interesting report of the meeting.

They were still at it in June, when Von X—— managed all German secret work in Switzerland, with a staff reduced but not demobilized. Some of them were high in Swiss society, an interesting roster of diplomats, special envoys and well-known journalists, Swiss, Russians, South Americans, Poles and some Hungarians then very eminent in their country's affairs to whom Von X—— smoothly passed German marks. Von X—— had one lieutenant whose job was to make trouble for the Peace Conference by spreading Bolshevism in France and Italy. The side-line of a gentle-

man of title in Italy was to make a propaganda campaign against France. This choice crew included a prince, a rag-picker, an old-clothes dealer (good excuses on investigations), a bank employee (the password to whom was "From Tante Lina"), a photograph enlarger (useful for passports), a former curate and a renegade Belgian.

They had closed up the Lucerne section, which in summer, 1918, was very active and spent five hundred thousand dollars under the direction of a baron and a prince, whose chief collaborator was a well-known German manufacturer. They had closed also the Lugano section that ingeniously dredged information about Italy from the patrons of a well-known gambling house where all the employees from croupiers down were in German pay. But there was still a German secret service in Switzerland reminiscent of the old one.

In neutral countries other than Switzerland, the secret war was often naval as much as military. Denmark and Holland especially, bordering Germany on the one hand, and on the other the North Sea across which lay England, were highways of sea spies. The Germans tried to find out what the Grand Fleet and patrolling destroyers, mine sweepers and trawlers were doing, when and where merchant ships would sail. Allied agents, especially British, fought to prevent that and to trace the movements of German submarines, and know what went on at their bases. Those bases, Kiel, Ostend, Zeebrugge, were within reach of jumping-off places in Denmark and Holland. So was Essen, home of Krupp, where Allied propaganda used to drop from balloons. Could it have been sent from a neutral country? From those countries the Allies, including the Americans, reached Germany by routes other than the air. In fact, American agents found their German frontiers not impassable.

American Naval Intelligence took part in the secret war,

checking German agents and gathering information about submarine plans and movements. Memory is keen of seeing late in 1917, a spy report on tissue-paper that the Germans were starting to build giant submarines to use against the transports bringing American troops to France. We had expected it, of course, but it struck a chill. Here were what purported to be particulars, especially that the new submarines would accommodate crews of seventy-five—and twenty-five prisoners. They were going after our high-ranking officers.

We knew a great deal about what German submarines were doing, even those that crossed the ocean and sank ships off our own coast. When with colors flying, weary, oil-stained crews cheering, they came into harbor again, secret agents were waiting for them at the docks.

That happened on the return July 28, 1918, of what must have been the submarine that fired the first shots along our peaceful if patrolled shores. By the time it had reported at Wilhelmshaven, our Naval Intelligence under Rear Admiral Roger Welles, knew its story, the route it had followed by way of Iceland and Greenland, across the ocean to Newfoundland, how it had cruised down our coast and later met two other German submarines near Barbados, what ships it had sunk, and that only one of the crew had been hurt. Yet to keep that story secret, the Germans had allowed none of the crew ashore!

Kiel had not so many secrets. There was a very neat map of the city and the fiord, showing the forts, the machine shops, the extent and arrangement of the greatly expanded works where most of the torpedoes were made, and the exact position of a new submarine harbor the Germans built in the quite reasonable anticipation of losing the Belgian coast, as of course, they did.

The fiords and islands of the Danish and Dutch coasts, like the defiles of Switzerland, were dodging places for spies

of all sorts. We kept our watch, which did not always fail, as witness this message:

"On the Relief Boat *Escant* which left Amsterdam September 6, sailing for America, there are hiding in the coal bunkers two people designated by the German spy Kohl to spy in the United States. The first is Otto Stecke, the second known as 'the Big Australian.' Both are connected with the German secret service at Amsterdam. The boat is due in New York September 19."

Some one met it.

Scarcely a neutral ship came into a Dutch or Danish port but had at least one spy in its crew, usually several, for several different nations. As cat watches mouse, counter-espionage services watched ships' crews ashore. Where did they go? Whom did they see? Did they ever pass to any one anything that might conceal a message? Our counter-espionage haunted water-front dives, sailors' lodging-houses.

AMERICAN SPIES AND THE "CORPSE FACTORY"

Do you remember the famous corpse factory, in which the Germans boiled down their dead for various substances described as glycerine, lubricating oil, pig and poultry food and even margarine, substitute butter? Whatever may have been believed generally in England where the story originated, the American secret service knew the truth. One of its agents reported that the "*Kadaververwerkungsanstalt*" was indeed a factory for extracting lubricating oil—from animals. The bodies were those of dead horses, not of dead soldiers.

The truth did not come out generally until 1925 when General Charteris told the National Arts Club in New York that the British Intelligence started the story as propagand-

da by switching a caption from a photograph of dead animals to one of dead soldiers. The ingenious idea was also concocted but given up of forging a diary bearing out the gruesome evidence of the photograph, and planting it where a newspaper correspondent would find it.

The real corpse factory was proof enough of the lengthening of the shadows, in beleaguered Germany. Our spies reported it, predicted the collapse long before it came. They told how German morale, weakened by years of under feeding and anxiety, was cracking under the hammer blows of defeat after defeat and the fear that Germany could not win before the millions of fresh Americans struck. Here is one such report from a spy for the Americans in Germany:

“AVIATION. On July 15 there was an air-raid on Karlsruhe and Offenburg (in Baden). 7 people were killed and 21 severely wounded. The destruction of property was very great.

“The German populace is becoming more and more incensed against the Austrians. They reproach them for having to feed them and for being too cowardly to fight.

“MORALE. The morale of the people and the military class is weakening every day. Until a month ago they lived in hope trusting in the promises that the recent loan would be the last one of the war, that they could all go home before winter, and celebrate Christmas there. But the actual events overwhelm them and their disillusion is most terrible. They are beginning to be stricken with the idea that they will all be sacrificed.

“AMERICANS. Whenever officers are heard to express themselves on the subject of the Americans, they say: ‘They are good troops, and fine soldiers for whom we have

considerable respect, but they are too young; just wait until they have had three or four years' experience as we have had and they will soon have had enough of it.'

"What they say however usually has very little effect on the people who are evidently much worried and are beginning to learn from the wounded what the American soldiers are really worth. Many say that 'if America had not come in we would have won, but since they have taken part in the war we are unquestionably done for.'

"As a rule the number of Americans in France is estimated at one million.

"WINTER CAMPAIGN. The civilian element have not yet made any provision for a winter campaign. But following the latest events at the front, a campaign is being begun in the interests of the soldiers; and everyone is busy again making gloves, socks, clothes and shoes—great use is made of posters for advertising the work. 'Think of the poor soldiers out on the field in the cold winter.' 'Let everyone who has a heart support the soldiers on the battlefield, who are fighting there in the midst of the cold and the storms of winter for the most sacred welfare of the Fatherland.'

"A very active campaign has been carried on but it does not seem to be producing any result as the people have practically nothing to wear themselves everything possible being now in use."

Spies, our own included, seem to have guessed more nearly right than some Allied statesmen and generals how near the Germans were to collapse. All Allied Intelligence chiefs did not take at full value the estimates of conditions, present and future, made by their agents in Germany. As the Armistice terms were being drawn, Field-Marshal Sir

Douglas Haig warned against pressing the Germans too hard. He did not agree with General Pétain and General Pershing that they would take what terms the Allies imposed, but it is doubtful if until the last moment even those two realized that Germany was a hollow shell, hiding near-famine and revolution. Spy reports saying so had been considered exaggerated. But this time the cry of wolf was justified. Here are a few paraphrases of such reports:

“July 9, 1918: General political reports from Germany all agree that matters will soon come to a climax, the seriousness of which should not be underestimated.”

“August 17, 1918: Lately the German people seem preparing for the defeat of the German Army which, it is the general opinion, can not withstand the great superiority of the American Army. Nobody thinks longer of victory. The middle classes look upon the intervention of America in the war as meaning the destruction of the German people. The working classes, however, secretly speak of deliverance by the Americans, and hope that militarism will be overwhelmed this winter.

“August 24: Agents report that in five places in Germany troops have refused to go to the front.”

“August 27: The German Censorship has issued to German newspapers the following confidential ‘press summary,’ telling how to write about the recent Allied victories on Marne, Ourcq and Vesle: ‘It must be admitted that our situation has become to a certain extent difficult. It is not so much the retirement of the German lines that is serious, but the fact that American help might attain sufficiently important proportions to overcome the defensive forces of the Central Powers, As a matter of fact, there can be no question of their five million men, however. That is merely a bluff on the part of the American press.’ ”

"September: German soldiers sell the clothes of their own dead comrades. They cut the leather of saddles and harness to pieces to sell as re-soles for shoes. The wounded sell their shoes to the unwounded while on their way to the hospital."

In October there were many signs in the heavens, and one American spy trick helped to read them. A strange visitor had come to a Dutch town in the early days of that month. He seemed a German. His neat civilian clothes could not hide the stiff bearing, and he bowed too unmistakably from the waist. He went about a great deal. He interested the American secret service, which was not amazed to discover that he was Lieutenant Colonel von der P—— of the Intelligence Service at German Great Headquarters, sent by Ludendorff himself to spy out the Dutch defenses at Utrecht.

What did that mean? Were the Germans planning to save their right wing retreating from Belgium, by marching through another neutral country, Holland? In 1916 they had thought of making Switzerland a short-cut to victory, and Marshal, then General, Foch, had evolved a plan to checkmate them. Lieutenant Colonel von der P—— went back to Germany on October twenty-second. Before he went, the Americans had this report of his confidential military view:

"The Meuse-Argonne front (where the Americans were attacking) causes us great anxiety. That front menaces our Fatherland, and we are sending there all the divisions at our disposal from Russia and Rumania."

G-2 put that beside this report from a train-watcher in Cologne:

"Many former prisoners returned from Russia and Ru-

mania are included among German troops sent to the Western Front. Their arms are taken away during the journey, and their courage is bad. They talk all the time in praise of Lenin and Trotsky."

Allied and American secret service foretold the German collapse practically step by step. If in September they had spoken of the longing for peace, in October they shouted of it—if a spy ever shouts. By every trick of spy wireless, they sent out word that Germany was desperate. Once Armistice negotiations had begun, more than one spy predicted there would be a revolution unless they ended successfully. On October seventh an American secret service report predicted that the Kaiser would abdicate, a full month before the event. On October twenty-third, two weeks ahead, there was a report "on high British authority," that the Kaiser was sending twenty trunks to Holland. It has been said since that King George of England had quietly arranged for the flight and refuge of his Imperial relative,

ALLIED SECRET SERVICE AND THE GERMAN REVOLUTION

Before that, American Naval Intelligence had foretold the striking of the spark that started the blaze. The sailors of the German fleet at Kiel were discontented and ripe for revolt. And finally, on October 30, 1918, a branch of the American secret service sent to Chaumont and Washington word that revolution was imminent in all Germany—based upon reports of agents who just before had talked in Berlin with some of the very men who were to become its leaders.

No wonder the Allied secret service knew a great deal about the German revolution; they helped start it. The whole truth about the uprising of the Independent Socialists that seemed to the outside world almost shockingly sudden, is scarcely known outside Germany, and inside, those who

know say little. Popular belief is that Republicanism in Germany plus starvation and defeat were the only causes. Actually, but for Allied and American intrigue, propaganda, secret agents and money, it might not have come off when it did. We kindled in Germany the fires of revolt, as Germany had kindled them in Russia—but luckily we escaped the sparks. How our above-ground propaganda at the front blew upon the flickering flame has been told already. Now a little about what went on underground.

There the game was to strengthen and help secretly in every way possible the group in Germany who opposed the Imperial Government and the military and Junker party, and were willing to intrigue within for peace and a Socialist Republic—especially if they were paid for it. Well, they were.

Quietly and long the Allies worked, sometimes with Machiavellian cleverness, to help that group expand. Their intrigue was second only to privation at home and defeat at the front in strengthening more determined Socialists within Germany until, at the right moment, they could strike and win.

A foot-note to that history is the story of the revolutionist groups *outside* Germany. Who has heard much of the German Social Revolutionary party of Paris? There was one, a group of deadly earnest men working with the French Deuxième Bureau, distilling poison to inject into the veins of the Empire they hated. That poison was news of Allied victories and policies, especially those of President Wilson, told cleverly in German in a newspaper printed in Paris, then distributed by secret means through Switzerland, in fake wrappers, to a remarkable mailing list of sympathizers within Germany that was ever increasing. Not content with cold type, this Paris group also spread its poison by word of mouth of its own enthusiastic agents, traveling in Germany on varied pretexts.

This group, too, found President Wilson's speeches most poisonous of all to German despotism. They sent no little American propaganda, and once sent a mission to American G-2 to get more.

POISONING THE GERMAN EMPIRE

In 1918 poison seeped into Germany across her northern borders as well as her southern. To both clung little pockets of German revolutionaries, ever growing, ever incubating more plots and intrigues, running frontiers by night to start whispering campaigns of revolt and defeat in the beleaguered Empire, distribute propaganda or burn munition plants or wreck trains.

In Rotterdam, a regular union of Social Democrats who had deserted the German Army to Holland, met weekly to plan how to help others like them to desert. If they needed money, a word to some Allied secret service usually provided it.

Part of the German revolution was hatched in a certain inn in Hamburg, rendezvous for revolutionaries some of whom were desperate men. It was an underground railway station, whence they smuggled out of Germany and on to ships for Denmark information how plans were progressing, and any brethren who were too closely pursued by the Germans. Allied secret services knew the password admitting to shelter, but let their agents use it only if in great danger. So it happened that several came to owe their lives to a rather long German compound word, which fortunately, they could pronounce.

One German-American may have lost his life for the German revolution. For long he led a precarious life in Amsterdam, as an agent for British and Americans. He published under cover in his office, a revolutionary propaganda paper. In its columns the German deserter in immediate

charge poured forth the vials of his wrath upon his late masters in words that crackled. The Germans tried by every means to find the source whence these germs penetrated their body politic, and finally succeeded.

Then in June, 1918, this evil propaganda paper appeared somehow in Germany with an article proclaiming in type that screamed, the real German losses to that time in great spring offensives that were to have won the war for Germany. In three months, the paper said, the German casualties had been no less than eight hundred forty thousand. Official German statements to allay popular anxiety were merest propaganda, eyewash. The offensive had failed to win the war, the Allies were stronger than ever, Americans were landing in France three hundred thousand a month,—a picture of looming defeat.

This must stop, said the German counter-espionage. Their secret service in Holland must dam the foul stream at the source. They must get the editor. They did. One morning he did not come to the office. He was not at his lodgings. He had vanished into thin air, kidnaped into Germany. Let us hope his revolution came soon enough afterward to save his life.

The American secret service had a chance to start another propaganda newspaper, under a rather distinguished editor furnished by what might be called a windfall. That is to say, the editor came from the air. He was Professor Nicholai (not related to the Colonel), a well-known German pacifist, escaped from Germany in an airplane with three other revolutionists seeking food and welcome in Denmark.

It was as tangled as most secret service matters. The aviators had been told it was the famous Karl Liebknecht they were to aid to escape. When Professor Nicholai appeared, they almost declined to start. The German secret service shadowed them all over Denmark, and tried

by hook or crook to scare or kidnap them into Germany before they could get in touch with Allied agents, especially the rich Americans. The sum mentioned was three thousand marks apiece.

At whatever price, the Germans bribed one of Professor Nicholai's companions to get them all on a Danish ship that was to be waylaid by a German submarine that would take the rest back to Germany and prison. But before the ship sailed they were interviewed by "an American journalist" who broached the idea of their all going to the United States as guests of its Intelligence Service, to which in return they would doubtless tell all they knew. Those sturdy revolutionists knew their worth, and like college football players, wanted "scholarships and jobs." The Americans wondered how much they knew, after all, and finally dropped them.

Meanwhile Professor Nicholai was discussing with the Americans a plan for editing a propaganda newspaper to be delivered to some of his colleagues far within Germany by the long distance airplanes he had heard the Allies were completing—as indeed, they were. He wrote some pacifist pamphlets for use in Germany, but the German Government finally succeeded in getting the Danes to muzzle him, although their efforts to extradite him failed. Three months before the German revolution, he had predicted it.

PART SIX

OUR SECRET PEACE

PLOT AND COUNTER-PLOT AFTER THE ARMISTICE



PART SIX

OUR SECRET PEACE

PLOT AND COUNTER-PLOT AFTER THE ARMISTICE

REVOLUTION and Armistice did not end the secret war. "Open covenants" were not quite "openly arrived at." Spying was almost as necessary, less risky and about as prevalent as before. A different sort of spying, that was all. Some striking American secret service achievements occurred after November eleventh.

What would the new Germany do? every one asked. Was the revolution real, or was it faked, as many Frenchmen feared? Would the Kaiser come back? Would the republic keep the Armistice and make peace, or would it go Bolshevik? If then we tried to police all Germany, would her Spartacists join Russian Bolsheviks and face us with another war? Not so good, with mutterings already in British and French Armies about slow demobilization. If the present government kept power, what would be its policy at the Peace Conference? Would Germany fight again rather than sign an unsatisfactory treaty? Could she? Was Germany really half-starved, or was that propaganda to win sympathy? To win the peace those questions must be answered, and correctly.

Some of our best secret service work in Europe was done not in war, but in peace, by the army, whose reports President Wilson and Colonel House had willy-nilly to accept. They satisfied both better than what British and French told them of conditions in Germany. Those Allied reports foreshadowed the conflict between the peace aims

of the Allies and of President Wilson that later nearly wrecked the Peace Conference and influences profoundly even to this day the trend of world events. They showed the Allies viewing differently than the American President, the new German Republic born in no small measure of his doctrines, signer of an Armistice based upon them. It was almost his godchild, yet the Allies began to question its legitimacy. They suspected trickery. The Americans turned to G-2 as "Old Probabilities" in the gathering diplomatic storm.

The last shot had hardly reechoed from the North Sea to Switzerland, when American secret service was taking stealthy steps to find the truth about what had happened in Germany—and a little bit more. The Americans had assisted at the birth of the German Republic, now they helped keep it alive.

To call this chapter "Our Secret Peace," should convey no wrong impressions. But during some eight months of Armistice and peace negotiations, Germany remained always a delicate problem for the Allies and especially for the Americans. Get rid of the Kaiser, we had told them in effect, have a republic, and we'll make peace with you. We have no quarrel with the German people. Well, the Kaiser had gone, the republic had come, why continue the quarrel? But rancors, hatreds and suspicions do not subside so easily, and who knew what might happen in Germany overnight?

A slip by the new Socialist Republican Government might cause either a counter-revolution of the old Junker-Militarists, or a Red revolution joining with Moscow. That danger seemed so real that German reactionaries financed radical trouble-making, taking advantage of Allied dread of Bolshevism's westward sweep, hoping to snatch the advantage. The world cried peace, peace, but there was no peace. To have it, deliberations and pronun-

ciamentos from Paris were not enough. The actual government of the new German Republic must be strengthened and supported, encouraged to sign and abide by a peace treaty with the Allies.

So G-2 waged peace. In addition to the usual "Battle-Order" section at Third American Army Headquarters at Coblenz, a "Political Section" of G-2 was established under a specially qualified officer, Colonel Newbold Morris, to get in touch with all political movements in Germany. Shortly after the Armistice, Major-General George H. Harries went to Berlin with a large staff of American officers as part of an Inter-Allied prisoner-of-war commission, to facilitate getting prisoners cared for and out of Germany. Some of the attached officers, General Harries was told, "you have nothing to do with, except that they will live with you at the Hotel Adlon." These officers were most carefully chosen, but were not officers of the secret service, G-2-B, however delicate and confidential their mission, which was well known to and welcomed by the various bureaux of the German Government.

Besides all the usual agencies, General Pershing desired to have his own means of keeping in touch with the German situation, and following the Armistice, established an "Advanced G. H. Q." at Trier, on the edge of the German Rhineland. This headquarters was in charge first of Brigadier-General, now Major-General Preston Brown, later of Colonel A. L. Conger. Until this day, little has been said of what important work this headquarters did, of how many Army officers and other representatives of the German Government came there, eager to give the Americans information and to learn their point of view. Nor were the Germans the only ones to do the visiting.

Immediately following the advance to the Rhine, begun on December 1, 1918, difficulties over the return of Allied prisoners of war led General Pershing to send an officer

of his Staff to arrange with General von der Marwitz, then commanding the German V Army opposite, for their systematic return. This first call on the German Army, after the war, led naturally to a return call, and thereafter visits were exchanged at not infrequent intervals.

OUR UNKNOWN RÔLE IN GERMANY

To appreciate the interesting rôle played, generally unknown, by the American Army at this period it must be recalled that the Republican Government of Germany was by no means regarded as firmly established. A large and noisy element demanded a Soviet Government and union with Russia, while others openly advocated return of the monarchy as Germany's only salvation. Even in the Republican Cabinet there were a "war party" and a "peace party" and outside the Cabinet plots galore to establish all sorts of dictatorships and "renew the war"; plots some of which were feared quite as much in Paris as in Berlin.

In that situation full of dynamite, if the German Republican Government were not helped, Germany might become another seething Russia, pacified only by another war. By no means all the Allies agreed, but the American Peace Commission in Paris and the American Army on the Rhine gave such help as they could.

Most of the leading German officials of that day are dead: Ebert, President; Erzberger, Chancellor, and Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, Foreign Minister. But there are still those who know, and they may some day speak. There are hints of an American officer who a few months after the Armistice, on invitation of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, visited the present President of Germany, at his headquarters in Kolberg, with startling results.

Shortly after the signing of the peace treaty, it was a common saying in Berlin that "there were two unexplained

personalities of the treaty making. One was President Wilson, the other was the American Colonel who had so much to do with our affairs." Naturally there were malcontents over the outcome, and when Germany's financial system began to totter, a leading Berlin newspaper said editorially that if during the Armistice period the German Government "had sought a rapprochement with France instead of allowing its policy to be directed by an American Colonel, Germany would now (1920) be a whole lot better off."

Americans have still something to learn of how the peace of Versailles was made—for instance, of one serious crisis when the Germans nearly unmade it and started the war again, expecting President Wilson's aid against the Allies! Americans have not heard how one of their countrymen drove day and night to Berlin and in a dramatic scene made clear the real American position, and cleared a misunderstanding that might easily have spelled disaster. When that chapter of inside history is written, it may be entitled *The Unknown Soldier*.

Through some confidential work, the German Republic was helped to remain in the saddle. Not a few of its erstwhile opponents among German politicians came into the fold. Some who had threatened that Germany would join Soviet Russia if the Allies tried to impose peace terms, became silent, some even reversed themselves and spoke openly for Germany signing the treaty. A few Americans who knew why, smiled, and kept on winning the peace.

It is told elsewhere how an American woman agent, "Q" or "Number 8," played a dramatic part in this unwritten drama of the vastest, most complex world problem that ever mortal man tried to solve. But she was not the only American agent helping to inform President Wilson what went on in Germany. Shortly after the Armistice, G-2

had under-cover men in the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils, and soon, in Berlin.

There, one story has it, an American whom those who know his record consider "capable of anything" in that line, had done for some time before the Armistice a thriving trade as a pedler of knickknacks in an important railway station. He denies it, but none denies that shortly afterward the chauffeur for Minister of War Noske, who quelled the Spartacists, was an American I. P. disguised, of course, as a good German.

Nor does any one deny that another American I. P., in the uniform and with the papers of a German soldier captured by the Americans, made his way to Berlin, started back with interesting reports including one of how the Japanese there were recruiting German soldiers and sailors of technical training, and was thrown into La Rochette prison in Paris by the French who claimed he was a deserter.

One of the best stories of American spying in Berlin is that of Agents A-1 and A-2. Nature had disguised both for the job. They were rather heavy, blond and, through early training, were at home in German language and manners. Both knew something of newspaper work, and as "American journalists" they might be excused for ubiquitous curiosity and even get a rather friendly reception. So reasoned G-2, providing them with fake passes vouching for both, for A-1 as correspondent of the New York *Sun*!

The genuine and only accredited *Sun* correspondent with the A. E. F. never met A-1. Lucky for us both, but not strange, for while the doughboys slogged down the Moselle Valley, A-1 was working his way into the confidence of the Workmen's Council of a North German city, where he cleverly explained his presence, and whence, he told them, he yearned to go to Berlin and write for the world

to read the real truth about the German Revolution. Secretly, he confided, he was a Red too. A great chance for propaganda.

They stretched him figuratively on the rack. Some of the group were from the Navy at Kiel, fanatics to whom human life was nothing in the revolution. Had they known he was an American agent, his life would not have been worth a paper mark.

"I tell you," he cried, "I am with you heart and soul. I am a brother Radical. Once I get to Berlin, I will tell the workers of the world the truth."

Then spoke one of the most influential of the Workmen's Council, a cobbler, a white-haired veteran of the class struggle in Germany who had kept sincerity, ideals, faith. All listened to him.

"My life long I have labored for this day," he said. "My dream is realized. The tyrants are gone. The common people of Germany rule. But the world does not understand. The Allies distrust us. They will not believe that the militarists and capitalists lied to all Germany, and that we believed them and thought we were in the right in this war. Now we know that it was all lies. Yes, let us, through this comrade, tell the workers of the world the truth. Only the truth can prevent another war. Let this comrade go to Berlin."

AGENT A-1 GOES TO BERLIN

So they gave the American agent a pass saying that he was a member of the Workmen's Council, and letters of introduction to Ebert and Scheidemann, leaders in the new government. Whatever else he lacked, G-2 provided. Keeping from his mind doubts and fears, he started for Berlin, whose streets still resounded to machine guns turned by Germans upon Germans.

Trouble at once! Scarcely had he wrested a seat in a crowded ill-smelling train full of returning soldiers and sailors and exuberant revolutionaries, than with a shock of pain, some one trod on his toe. Better keep quiet, he thought, but there was another crunch worse than the first. He turned upon his tormenter, and barely repressed a start, for beneath a scraggly beard he recognized a well-known French agent. Shortly both were smoking together, standing in the aisle, talking in guarded but excellent German.

"Do you too go to Berlin?" the Frenchman asked. "Well, so far, so good—but we must look out."

"Yes," the American agreed. "But, if we are caught it is not like during the war. Prison, perhaps, but no firing squad."

"Ah, you think so?" said the Frenchman. "Do you know why I go to Berlin? To take the place of Alexandre—you remember him—killed a few days ago. He was discovered, on a railroad train, like this, and the crowd hanged him with a bell-rope. They are crazy, these Germans! You can not tell. But we talk too long."

Happy thought, when German police came and searched A-1's luggage, but they wore red arm-bands and his credentials got him by. At a large city, the train stopped, and he was told there would not be another until morning. He must stay overnight. Scarcely had he finished dinner of stringy Wiener Schnitzel, carrots and flat acorn beer than there came a more fearsome ordeal. To his table strode two red-scarfed German policemen, with a hawk-eyed individual whom he recognized with a shiver as a member of the counter-espionage. Already he saw people in the dining-room craning necks. He remembered the French agent hanged with the bell-rope. He straightened his back.

"Will you be seated, comrades," he asked, "and have a drink of beer?"

They took the seats, but not the beer. They had come to question the comrade. His papers said that he represented the New York *Sun*, but they would like to be sure. Quite certainly, said the comrade, he would answer any question. A minute more and he wished he had not said that. The hawk-eyed man knew more about the New York *Sun* than he did!

Instead of starting by asking where *The Sun* office was, and about its arrangement, which the American could have told him for he had once worked for *The Sun's* syndicate department, he asked:

"If I were a reporter on *The Sun* and wrote a news story, through whose hands would it pass before it got into print—whose hands before six o'clock at night, whose hands after?"

He must know *The Sun's* editorial staffs, day and night, man for man, and the American agent knew only a few! Those few whizzed through his brain; Speed, Bishop, Lord, Snyder. But he could remember all of the former syndicate staff, the old Laffan Bureau. Instantly he decided upon a big office shake-up that should put a syndicate man whose name he knew in place of every city or telegraph man whose name he did not know. It worked. The hawk-eyed one had known the city staff, even to the office boys, but not the syndicate staff! And the American could answer perfectly all his questions about *The Sun* office, then at 150 Nassau Street, or its predecessor in the weather-beaten quondam Tammany Hall at 170 Nassau. The hawk-eyed one relaxed, the uniformed men cast meaningful glances at the beer.

"Comrades," said the American, "let us drink to the revolution." Which they did.

But when he reached Berlin, he took no more chances with the police. They knew too much about *The Sun*. He dared not make his credentials read differently, for having been a spy-chaser himself, he knew such things aroused suspicion and could be checked. So he sought a hotel frequented by Reds, and by showing his "comrade" papers, "talking right" and buying acorn beer, was received as a member of the Council from North Germany.

He saturated himself with the complicated and violent politics of Berlin in early winter 1918-19. He went to Spartacist meetings and heard the Socialist Government denounced, the Allies cursed, Russia extolled. The American secret service wanted to know especially whether Spartacists and Bolsheviks were working together and with some Russians this agent sat at table while they bought the best wine in Berlin and told of their propaganda work there under one who before the war had been a notorious Paris procurer. Twice A-1 heard of plots to attack the government forces in Berlin. When Herr Noske's men thwarted a dangerous attempt at a coup in the Alexandra-Platz, bombing many Reds concealed in cellars and showing no mercy, it was result of information passed on to him from American headquarters now established at the Adlon.

There the American agent reported each night, as a "newspaper correspondent"; actually to turn in his reports, receive instructions, and a principal part of his stock in trade. This was candy, bacon, butter, brought from the A. E. F.'s stock, by daily courier—and there was no bribe like it in Germany. Fat-famished systems shrieked for it. What would not a German of those days give or tell or do, for a bar of chocolate? Then there were soap, tooth-paste, other rare unguents of civilization. American secret service judged rightly that A-1 would find use for such luxuries.

With their aid, the secret agent gained many an entrée. A cake of soap turned locks that faked credentials might not. There was the Jewish Baroness with a salon where interesting people gathered, political leaders, even Spartacists, Army officers, a few journalists—perhaps the old story, a spy-trap, but he picked up many a good bit there. There were other ladies—as shall appear. Government offices he could enter as comrade if not as journalist, though the latter became risky as time passed. One day a friendly doorkeeper greeted him:

“Some one is impersonating you. I know you are correspondent of the *New York Sun*, and call regularly for news, but to-day comes a stranger and says he is correspondent of the *New York Sun*. Here is his card.”

A-1's knees smote together as he read; “Karl H. von Wiegand”—*The Sun* had sent a real correspondent to Germany!

“Oh, he represents *The Sun* Syndicate!” he explained casually.

That evening he hastened to the Adlon, where his Chief greeted him uproariously.

“I saved your life to-day,” he said. “Von Wiegand was going to turn you up with the German *polizei* as an impostor. I fixed it, but watch your step.”

So A-1 turned his ingenuity in other directions. In one of the important government offices was an attractive *fräulein* not insensible to chocolate bars and cakes of soap. Nor, it proved, to the question: “How about a little dinner?”

They had several little dinners, the dessert usually furnished from the store at the Hotel Adlon. The journalist told how he burned to make his reputation by sending big exclusive news to his paper. The lady reciprocated. Her boss, she said, who was a very high government official, had told her if ever the journalist asked her to go out with

him, to accept the invitation—and pump him. “He doesn’t like your looks,” she said. “He even told me not to leave papers about when you were calling.” The journalist found means to reassure her. When they met a few nights later, she was in a flutter of excitement.

“Here,” she said, thrusting a bundle of papers, “hide this. Don’t look at it until you get home.”

THE REAL GERMAN PLANS DIVULGED

When he did look at it, A-1 felt like shouting. There were twenty carboned pages of a new plan of reorganization for the Army of the German Republic—and an Army of 1,200,000 to 1,500,000 men! The plan gave numbers of machine-guns, artillery, even named some high-ranking officers. It showed strikingly the future plans of the Republic’s military leaders at least. Here was no radical disarmament, but proof, as those said who counted all the German children in the Rhineland: “We’ll only have to fight them again!”

A-1 pinned the paper inside a trousers leg and hurried to the Adlon.

“Big stuff!” his Chief exclaimed, and that night it started by courier out of Germany. Among the first and surest proofs of German plans to reach the Peace Conference, it helps explain why Marshal Foch insisted so strenuously on German disarmament, and why ever since the Allies have made such efforts to keep the German forces down to the one hundred thousand stipulated in the Treaty of Versailles.

This success heightened A-1’s danger. His enthusiastic Chief recommended him for promotion, but by mischance the papers were a moment unguarded in a room alone with a German politician whose acquaintance the Chief had made in process of winning the peace.

"His honor is beyond question," he said cynically to A-1, "in fact, far beyond. He undoubtedly read the paper, and if it is to his advantage to denounce you as a spy, he will do it."

"I'll have one more try," said A-1, and returned to Berlin.

A certain influential German had been anxious for information about what went on in the American occupied zone on the Rhine. To him A-1 made a very confidential report of the true number of American troops available for an emergency such as the Germans refusing to sign the treaty—a number that would have surprised Major-General Joseph T. Dickman, commanding at Coblenz.

One night the American agent sat down to write another report. He had spent the evening in various Berlin restaurants, and he was boiling over. He had seen German profiteers and Spartacist leaders ordering the best wine and food, laughing at a cabaret performance mocking President Wilson and the Fourteen Points. "If I were President Wilson," wrote A-1, "I would not give Germany one loaf of bread." Then on the stairs he heard heavy steps.

It was late, and he had covered the windows with blankets. He had known that the German police were keeping tabs on his correspondence, especially with leading Spartacists. Now he seemed in for closer attention. The steps drew nearer. Luckily, he had only started the report, which was on thin tissue-paper. Only one thing to do—swallow it. He gulped the last bit of pulp as there came a bang on the door.

"*Herein!*" he called, and a large policeman entered.

"What are you doing with your windows covered up?" the policeman demanded.

"Oh, just day-dreaming!" said A-1 innocently.

"Day-dreaming!" the policeman ejaculated. "At half past two in the morning? I'll have to look around."

But he found nothing, and disappeared.

Next evening came a telephone call from A-2. This companion agent had reached Berlin after arguments with the German police over some all-leather ladies' shoes he was bringing in to play the same rôle as the scarcely more rare chocolate and soap. His camouflage was also that of newspaper correspondent, but for a financial paper interested in business conditions in Germany. While A-1 gathered political and military information, A-2 had gathered economic. But now he was scared.

"Come to the Adlon," he said. "There's food for you."

That was the prearranged signal of danger, or at least, important news. And so it proved. A-2 had had a warning from "Q," the American woman agent, that he was suspected by the German police. Then he had found that he was being followed. Their Chief warned both men to be ready to leave on a moment's notice; to do no more "work," make no more reports, but otherwise live normally. Now whenever A-1 went out, he saw that he was being followed, not by one man, but by several. With a flood of relief came another telephone call:

"There's a food package for you at the Adlon—a big one."

Next day, they were on their way out of Germany.

G-2 gave both high praise. A-1 was promoted, and his Chief recommended him for the Distinguished Service Medal. He never got it. But he did get on his service record the notation "Intelligence service in enemy country"—which is rare.

That could have appeared also upon the records of four, perhaps five, American newspaper correspondents had they not been, so to speak, fired from the A. E. F. They were lucky. The French wanted them shot. And they had been doing some highly valuable spying in Germany.

That was in last analysis the most notable upshot of an

ambitious attempt at a great international news beat. The five who started were Herbert Corey, then of the Associated Newspapers; the late Lincoln Eyre, then of *The New York World*; Frederick C. Smith, of *The Chicago Tribune*; C. C. Lyons, of the Newspaper Enterprise Association; and George Seldes, whose recent book, *You Can't Print That*, tells how, ignoring Army regulations, delicate international relations and real peril to their own skins they penetrated the German lines after the Armistice and interviewed Hindenburg. Then Seldes turned back.

The four others went on to revolutionary Berlin, interviewed the heads of the government barely a fortnight in power, and returned to tell of it. Uniformed as American accredited war correspondents, in an Army automobile, they got safely through the homeward-bound throngs in *feldgrau* who mistook them for a "food commission" summoned by the American Elijah to feed Republican Germany. Red-badged revolutionists lording it over colonels and generals of the old army, commanded Hindenburg to give the Americans an interview, and after protest he did. While Seldes returned to Trier and the harsh bosom of an enraged G-2-D, A. E. F., Corey, Eyre, Smith and Lyons went to Berlin chaperoned by the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council.

There they spent a nerve-wracking week, dreading machine-gun bullets broadcast in street fighting, or a knife from some fanatic whose war ardor had not cooled, watched day and night, miserably fed, yet gathering news of a great event with little competition. The leaders of the German revolution had fallen for the same argument that A-1 used: "Let us tell the world the truth about what has happened." Ebert, Haase, Scheidemann, a host of smaller fry, they interviewed, questioned, weighed each night as they talked things over behind locked doors with stuffed key-holes.

Their half-bluff had gone one hundred per cent. with the Germans, but they had reckoned without G-2. That organization considered that the wandering correspondents had not only violated Army orders, but imperiled the world peace just secured. G-2 thought very real indeed the danger of excited Germans forgetting about the Armistice and wiping out a few old scores. That might start the war again! So to all its agents in Europe, G-2 flashed a description of the four and orders that they be stopped if they tried to get out of Germany. More fatal, every Allied cable censor in the world got orders to stop every news dispatch from them that might come over the wires—all of which the Allies controlled. The four newspaper men were hemmed in, but worse, they were muzzled.

To them came a German foreign office official, much concerned.

"We have had a wireless message," he said, "ordering that you be sent back at once to the American Army at Trier. We shall have to do it—but not yet. If you have not gathered all that you wish to write about our revolution, we can report for a few days longer that we can not find you. Frankly, we think what you write will be good propaganda for us."

A CENSOR WITH A PISTOL

But the four Americans were finding Berlin life wearing, and they clearly discerned impending trouble. Their eyesight was good, for welcome home to the A. E. F. was extended by an American censor with drawn automatic. A formidable combination, but only a beginning. At Chaumont they faced an inquisition by G-2's most inquiring minds, led by General Nolan. What had they done? Where had they gone? Whom had they seen? How had they done it? Above all, *why* had they done it? Didn't they know——?

"I can't pass on this," said General Nolan. "You must see General Pershing."

Expecting that, the four culprits kept up their sleeves a letter from Colonel House. They had not been quite so rash as they seemed. They had sounded out that silent but very influential man in Paris before they started head-long through the German Army. Suppose, they had said, trained American observers got quickly to Berlin, and saw what went on. Would the Colonel and the President like to have their reports? The Colonel's eyes shone. He had his own intelligence organization, but no pipe-line to Berlin. Still, he spoke cautiously.

"The United States Government wants the truth about conditions in Germany," he said, "and from our own people, not the Allies. Thus far most of our 'news' is propaganda and rumor. I can not authorize you to go—but I can write you a letter."

The letter was on General Pershing's desk in Paris when he asked four much perturbed correspondents:

"Well, what have you to say?"

Two delivered impassioned appeals that their dangerous patriotic service merited not punishment or even muzzling, but reward, permission to cable everything they had learned in Germany, their great exclusive story. Said Corey:

"General, I have been four years writing about this war, and never yet has the truth been told about it."

General Pershing's fist crashed upon the desk and the inkwell jumped.

"You're right!" he said.

The French had been for shooting the four, for "Intelligence with the enemy." The Americans thought it not only more humane but more sensible to pump them. So they spent long hours with Colonel House, answering questions about the German revolution, its success, prob-

able future trend, the new Republic and its leaders, their intentions. At that moment few if any other living citizens of any Allied nation knew what those four knew.

"We believe the Germans are pretty much on the level," they agreed. "The revolution is real, the Republic is real, and Americans and Allies had better support it if they want a German Government to make peace with instead of a Bolshevik madhouse."

The most expert spies in the world could have done no more than they had done, Colonel House thought. Their report influenced his and President Wilson's early impressions of the new Germany with which the Peace Conference must deal. The adventurers' reward was removal of the cable ban on their dispatches, describing the great scene they had just surveyed. But delay had taken some of the punch out of their story, as delay does. It was never quite the sensation they had hoped, and to-day their chief fame for that exploit is as President Wilson's successful amateur spies.

PLOTS TO KILL PRESIDENT WILSON

To professionals the President owed no little during the Peace Conference that followed. Perhaps he owed his life. Few if any in history have played a rôle so conspicuous as his in late 1918 and early 1919. The world's eyes were upon him, and some were out of focus. No wonder there were real plots to kill him, as well as fake ones.

One started before President Wilson reached France, at his intended landing place, Brest. G-2-B sent there every available I. P. to work with the French in sifting rumors that French Radicals had got money from Bolshevik Russia for an uprising on the day of President Wilson's arrival. The men back of it were reported desperate enough to turn the welcome ceremonies into a shambles

with a bomb. The first victim was to be the President of the United States.

For weeks before his landing, probably the largest force of American secret agents that ever worked together in one place in France, combed Brest for the plotters. Some posed as Americans, salesmen, journalists, or as Englishmen, for most Frenchmen they met knew no difference in accent. All professed Red sympathies ranging from crimson to pink, in the restaurants and cafés they frequented and where they spent many capitalist dollars. They became friends of known radicals and labor leaders who were numerous in Brest, with its munition plants and docks. Presently the fake parlor Bolsheviks began to get results.

"We are slaves, we working people!" some French leaders said. "The capitalist government owns us body and soul. They have taken away our right to strike. The only way to get our rights is to attract the attention of the world by a demonstration against the most prominent man in the world, as he lands on European soil. If it is necessary, we will kill him. Russia has shown that we must be ruthless."

Knowing now who were plotting and what, secret service started to checkmate them. Most of the American and English comrades (not quite all, which might have aroused suspicion) began to be doubtful.

"But after all," they said, "does Wilson know your grievances? Probably not. American labor is well-treated. He may turn out to be your best friend in Europe. Don't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

In odd water-front nooks, in dubious meeting-places, the I. P.'s spread this word. Some received it with ugly snarls, but more with nods. Two days before the President's arrival, some French leaders got together, American I. P.'s among them, and decided to give up assassination

and revolt. Instead, they would present to the President a petition.

So when President Wilson first touched French soil, the Frenchman who stepped from the crowd and dashed to within ten feet of him before being felled by French police, held in his hand neither bomb nor pistol, but an engrossed resolution, signed by many labor organizations in Brest, asking consideration of their grievances. The I. P.s had done their job.

After that there were repeated warnings of plots against the President, all of which had to be investigated though few proved worth the effort. In March, 1919, came word that a real meeting of known anarchist exiles in Switzerland had decided to kill the President—a decision without result.

Then came a letter to General Pershing himself, by French mail from an American soldier at Langres, saying that two men whom he knew to be German spies were in France to kill President Wilson. A second letter said that the two had left for Paris to do the deed, but never fear, two American doughboys (not Marines!) were following and had the situation in hand.

"Find 'em," said Colonel Moreno to one of his cleverest I. P.'s. And within twenty-four hours, that I. P. had found them—that is, he had found the two doughboys. There were no Germans to find. The two doughboys had invented them to explain a little trip A. W. O. L. to their company commander, whom throughout their war service they had fooled into believing them in the secret service and so privileged characters.

A real plot to kill President Wilson was frustrated in the United States primarily through counter-espionage regulations. At the time of the President's first return from the Peace Conference, aboard the *George Washington*, the desk lieutenant in an East Side New York police

station was confronted by an obviously perturbed German.

"I am German," he said. "I am enemy alien. But I don't want President Wilson assassinated. It would be like Lincoln."

"Assassinated?" the lieutenant exclaimed. "Whaddye mean, assassinated?"

"I mean assassinated here in New York, when he comes off the boat, by people who live in my house," the man said. "They are planning it now. They have guns and bombs. They are in the room below me. At night I hear them talk about it—through the register, one of those old-fashioned ones. One of them offered me a hundred dollars to keep quiet. But I am registered enemy alien, and I don't want trouble. And if they kill Wilson, it will be bad for Germany."

The police lieutenant knew that Captain John B. Trevor of the Military Intelligence in New York had a first-class dictograph operator. What a chance to get the conversations through the register! But not Military Intelligence, but the Treasury Department Secret Service, the only American organization officially so named, is entrusted by law with guarding the President's life. The Secret Service in this case did not believe in secrecy. They scorned dictographs.

They tramped up the stairs of the ancient tenement where the conspirators lived. They banged on the door. (There is no record that they cried, "Open, in the name of the law.") All of which was observed by a Military Intelligence sight-seer on a near-by roof. He was not surprised to see three figures scuttle from a rear fire-escape and disappear over the back fence.

No wonder President Wilson's life was guarded during that turbulent time. His own special secret service force was increased by I. P.'s chosen from the A. E. F. by Gen-

eral Van Deman, now charged with putting up an invisible but unscalable barrier around the American President and Peace Commission in Paris. All the time that he was in France, day and night, three shifts to the twenty-four hours, he was guarded. Those who did it knew then and know now how ridiculous were the rumors that his breakdown later was caused by burning the candle at both ends. The President liked his I. P. guards so well that he took them back with him to the United States.

The entire American Commission to Negotiate Peace was guarded, and so were its quarters at the Hotel Crillon. All who entered passed a gauntlet of secret service and I. P.'s. So did all who used the telephone, or ate in the dining-room. Almost every one was spying except, they say, the soulful Goddess of the cigar and candy stand. The frequent notes she took of names and telephone numbers were quite another matter.

Up-stairs there was a perpetual guard over the map room, somewhat like that at G. H. Q. with maps that showed toward what reconstruction of Europe the American Commission were working. The maps were based largely on information gathered by "Colonel House's service," a group of able authorities led by Dr. Sidney E. Mezes, late president of the College of the City of New York. Only the five members of the Commission, President Wilson, Colonel House, Secretary Lansing, General Bliss and Henry White, could see those maps.

Newspaper correspondents reporting the Peace Conference complained that open covenants were arrived at not quite openly enough. They also wondered sometimes whether their dispatches really were uncensored, as they were so frequently assured, especially by the French. Not incomprehensible in view of occurrences such as a dispatch written in Paris: "France never got so much in a treaty" reaching New York; "France never forgot so

much in a treaty"—after one day's delay. But those correspondents never knew just how interested American secret service was in them.

Eleven years ago the writer met in the Crillon corridor a friend of New York newspaper days, whom not long before he had seen on the Vesle front, in uniform. Now, in civilian clothes, demobilized in France, he was covering the Peace Conference for *Popular Science Monthly*. That seemed odd, but he had a regular correspondent's pass. We had a good talk, swapping experiences. Eleven months ago the writer met in the subway the same friend.

"So you're writing about secret service?" he exclaimed. "I'll tell you a secret service story. Do you remember the time we met during the Peace Conference and I told you I was working for *Popular Science*? Well, I was an I. P. And do you know what I was doing? Writing reports on all the American correspondents, especially their bad habits and weaknesses. And the first correspondent I reported about was you!"

He was not the only one. Other intelligent young men with newspaper experience represented *Nation's Business* in Paris as they had represented the *Christian Herald* in Brest. They had regular credentials and attended press conferences. The reports on real correspondents' foibles were supposedly to enable secret service to use its old weapons, wine and women, if it had to.

A CAT WHO LOOKED AT SOME KINGS

But that was nothing. In the early days of the conference, when the big decisions were being made by the Council of Ten, Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, one American secret agent went to the meetings. Assigned to cover the Quai d'Orsay, he stuck close to a

French secret service man who followed the mighty ten into their star chamber. The Frenchman placed himself at one side of the door, the American at the other. He listened, he heard discussions of great import, rearranging the map of the world. Nightly, he reported to his Chief.

But the American was a hyphenated American, who knew mostly his own language and English—some English. Nine-tenths of what went on was Greek to him, which was the only thing that appeared plainly in his reports.

Another American agent's task was to do nothing but see that President Wilson did not receive Monsieur Venizelos, the famous Greek statesman, whose claims clashed so notably with those of Italy. Perhaps he was expected to put on disguise and kidnap Venizelos. Anyway, he failed. Venizelos saw Wilson, and to his eloquence some attribute no little of the President's trouble later with the Italians over Fiume. History fails to state who was the influential American so anxious to keep them apart.

While the "secret stuff" whereof this is but a trifling fraction went on in Paris, the A. E. F. was encountering treasons, stratagems and spoils of its own as it fared forth upon its historic march to the Rhine. The first stop was Luxembourg, and in that quaintly picturesque Grand Duchy there was intrigue enough for an imaginary kingdom ten times as large. Invading German Armies had violated Luxembourg's neutrality more readily than Belgium's, for Luxembourg's Army of well-clad six-footers numbered four hundred. For four years the invaders had milked the country, whose lovely Grand Duchess became engaged to Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, old enough to be her grandfather. Now that his side had lost, the little country was in turmoil. But they united in welcoming the incoming American conquerors, with shrill cries of "*Vive! Vive!*" that ex-doughboys of the Third Army still remember.

They still remember how those people lined broad roads winding through pretty country, bordered by pink and blue and green houses, and offered various pleasant beverages. Those lucky enough to get to Luxembourg City remember the same beverages, served in the long-closed Casino, more cries of "*Vive! Vive!*" and perhaps this oft-repeated speech of a certain Y. M. C. A. man standing upon a table:

"The American Army thanks you for this splendid welcome. We are glad to have liberated Luxembourg. And we know that if ever the United States are invaded, the Army of Luxembourg will come over and liberate us."

He made it so late each night that nobody quite understood him. But G-2 decided it "might cause ill-feeling," and he disappeared.

The air of the little Grand Duchy's capital was surcharged then with political electricity playing about the question, What next? that every Luxembourger asked. They agreed that the Grand Duchess must go, if only because her side had lost, and presently she abdicated in favor of a younger sister. Then what? One party's motto in patois was "*Mir welle bleiwe wat mir sin*" (We want to remain what we are), an independent Grand Duchy of guaranteed neutrality. Others said experience showed guaranteed neutrality a farce, and favored rejoining Belgium. They tried to get Belgian troops to come and parade and stage a demonstration. While they tried, the French just did it.

First circulars appeared through the city, calling for annexation to France and signed "The French League." Then miraculously, some of the crowd who had cried "*Vive!*" in general began crying "*Vive la France!*" in particular. The favorite place for manifestations was an open square before the Grand Brasseur Hotel whose sleepy American guests vainly bawled "Hire a hall!" Many of the demonstrators were Luxembourgers who had drunk

sufficient pink wine at the Casino to cry "*Vive!*" anything. But those who started it were French secret agents. American I. P.'s spotted them.

So soon after the war's end, the French military leaders were playing an old, old game. At the head of their triumphant Armies entering Metz and Strassbourg, perhaps they saw stalking a spirit, a short, sinister figure in gray coat and cocked hat, pointing toward the Rhine where a century before he had brought briefly the eastern frontier of France. Sometimes it seemed France had harked back to those days, and that spirit was her guiding spirit.

Marshal Foch had nobly refused to follow Napoleon's footsteps when he chose Armistice rather than final bloody battle, but now it seemed to Americans that he had succumbed, with some other French generals. Draining the cup of triumph after four thirsting years, they toasted not alone Alsace and Lorraine restored, but Luxembourg and the German Rhineland, "autonomous," controlled, or some said, annexed outright, by France. To Americans from President Wilson and General Pershing down, that seemed imperialism. Inevitable friction started in Luxembourg.

The Grand Duchy was in the American zone of advance to the Rhine, and when General Pershing entered, he announced that there would be no interference in its internal affairs. Then came the demonstrations for annexation to France that American secret service found were organized largely by French agents. Marshal Foch announced that Luxembourg City would be his headquarters, and Americans would be excluded. A French regiment, his guard, made triumphal entry, and the Marshal ordered that its commander, a colonel, should have charge of all troops in the Grand Duchy, American as well as French in so far as concerned the "administration of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg," whose independence General Pershing had previously recognized. So General

Pershing simply told the hundred thousand or more American troops then in Luxembourg not to worry about what the French Colonel said or Marshal Foch either. Later Marshal Foch placed the entire Grand Duchy in the American zone.

The coup d'état that the French seemed preparing, did not come off, perhaps because they had found how President Wilson and General Pershing interpreted self-determination in Luxembourg. The friction continued for many a month. Thanks perhaps to the Americans, that small but lovely and hospitable country remains as it was, an independent Grand Duchy, though with a customs union now with France instead of Germany. Still, an unwritten comic bit of European political history tells how Americans, not French, caused a revolution there.

The Americans were two, and they did cause a revolution of the Luxembourg Army, the four hundred six-footers clad in black broadcloth, silver and scarlet, at whose appearance newly arrived doughboys, footsore and muddy, exclaimed: "Geeze, looka th' soldiers!" Hearing their history, the doughboys christened them "th' non-shootin' Army," and got a kick out of their band that welcomed General Pershing with what it firmly believed to be the American national anthem, *Yankee Doodle*—played in slow time. But they felt sorry for the Army when they heard what pay it drew. "No wonder they don't know how to shoot crap," they said to one another. "An' we gotta buy pink wine for 'em."

The matter became critical after a few months in Luxembourg—as any matter would. In civilian clothes, I. P.'s M and N sat in the Casino talking it over in any of the half-dozen languages they commanded, one being a former budding architect of the Beaux Arts, the other an ex-New Orleans detective. They were tired of being secret agents in peace-time.

"This place is getting terrible," they agreed. "No war, no spies to chase, no excitement, no nothing. What Luxembourg needs is a little jazzing up. Let's start a revolution in that Army."

So they made the non-shootin' army shoot. As they told it: "We picked out a couple that looked like good ringleaders and filled 'em full o' pink wine and told 'em about their grievances. We fermented 'em and then fomented 'em. After a while they got the idea and began shoutin' '*Vive!*' and the patois word for revolution. It's a humdinger. We took more pink wine, and advanced by rushes to the barracks and fermented and fomented some more soldiers we found there.

"The trouble was, they kept forgetting what their grievances were. Finally, we wrote 'em down a sort of Magna Charta or Fourteen Points, and they agreed to die for 'em. We brought in a barrel of pink wine, and then watched the fun."

News of that revolution of the Luxembourg Army was printed solemnly in newspapers all over the world. They told how the soldiers paraded the streets displaying a list of grievances, how they cried, "*Vive!*" the patois word for revolution, how they returned to barracks, barred the gates, fired machine-guns in air (forfeiting the title "non-shootin' Army") and finally, sent forth word that they dared any one in Luxembourg to touch them. Whereupon they got a raise in pay. But the newspaper said nothing of I. P.'s M and N, who sat in the Casino drinking pink wine, each solemnly assuring the other that it was great to be powers behind thrones.

MEET THE GRAND DUCHESS

Two other I. P.'s got pretty close to a real throne, that of the Grand Duchess. Working the favorite I. P. game, posing as correspondents of American newspapers, these

two presented themselves one day to the guardian of the outer portal of the Luxembourg Parliament. Both were arrayed like lilies of the field, in impressive civilian garb. Both had credentials showing that they represented well-known American newspapers.

"We have been sent," they explained, in French, "to report for our newspapers the very important discussion now going on in your Parliament, of the political future of Luxembourg. The American people are interested in your country which has suffered but has so kindly received our soldiers."

The guardian of the outer portal was flattered. He passed them up the official ladder. They were made free of the halls of Parliament, met members of all parties, asked questions, kept open both ears, French and German and heard the debates. To cap all, they were presented to all the Grand Duchesses. The Grand Duchess Charlotte so impressed one of them that he sent her flowers, which she did not decline.

Besides a little defensive counter-espionage on Allies, necessitated by differing interpretations of "Let us have peace," we did some offensive counter-espionage on Germans with whom our secret service must remain on a war footing until the treaty was signed. Indeed the war above ground might break out again at any time should Spartacists gain control in Berlin, or Republicans refuse to sign the treaty. That would mean an advance, more or less opposed, of all the Allied Armies from the Rhine to Berlin. G-2-B had two tasks, to know all it could of the German Army that might oppose that advance, and to see that the Germans knew as little as possible about our own Third Army that would make it.

By this time our secret service, like everything else in the A. E. F., had really learned its job. Some I. P.'s had been weeded out, and those left had learned by experience how to be secret agents. Also, they were aided more than

the agents of any Allied Army, by conditions in Luxembourg and Germany. The American Zone was sometimes called the Dutch Uncle Belt, so many of its residents had nephews in the United States. There are more Luxembourgers in Chicago than in Luxembourg, more Germans in Milwaukee than in Coblenz. Thousands of doughboys of the Army of Occupation spoke German. Many of the I. P.'s were German born. Information flowed in.

The Germans had tried an old trick of retreating Armies, and left behind spies disguised as peasants, to report what the oncoming Americans did. Most of them did not last long, for real peasants who recognized them as strangers denounced them to the American secret service, sometimes from friendship, sometimes to curry favor, sometimes to get a cake of soap and a bar of chocolate. We found several such German spy nests in Luxembourg, and turned over the birds to the avid French.

At Allied request, our secret service was always looking for former German submarine commanders, looters and those accused of atrocities. Of the former, the British had a blacklist, and they knew it. One German arrested at the railway station in Coblenz protested: "But my submarine never sank any hospital ships!" In the latter class was a rather evil-looking ex-officer whom the French asked the Americans to arrest. First they lured him abroad by a fake message and searched his house. They found undeniable proof of looting of French homes in Douai, packing-cases filled with linen, silver, tapestry.

"What do you arrest me for?" he asked.

"We know everything you've done," an I. P. replied. That night the German committed suicide in his cell.

The new German Republic was not so immaculate that its spies did not go marching on. They pumped systematically Germans who crossed from our bridgehead to unoccupied Germany; they sent experienced agents into Co-

blenz. I. P.'s met every incoming train and picked out some of them.

Others were bound to get by. One of the best looked like a prosperous butter and egg man. His business seemed legitimate, papers in order, and he had been born in the United States. No wonder he passed. He had been a spy, he said later, in England, France and the United States. But something he did aroused suspicion. Perhaps he asked too many questions about the Army of Occupation. Perhaps he forgot that the German-Americans in it were Americans, not Germans. At any rate, one night one came to see him in his lodgings, dressed in civilian clothes of German war-time cut and shabbiness. He looked, talked and acted German, and had been—some years earlier.

"I'm from Berlin," he said. "They sent me to help you."

"I don't know what you mean," the honest business man replied.

The newcomer proved to him that he did know. So they became partners. Under cover of various errands, they listed all the American units in Germany, whereabouts, strength, morale, what they talked about, their homesickness, whether they would be willing to fight again if Germany refused to sign the treaty. Night after night, secluded, they tabulated their results, on sheets of thinnest tissue. Finally the task done, they hid these in the false bottom of the business man's trunk. Now for Berlin again, by a roundabout route. He sent the trunk to the station, paid his bill, took a walk before train-time.

A TAP ON THE SHOULDER

Suddenly he felt that sensation that criminals and spies dread most—a light tap on the shoulder. Nerves tense, he whirled like a top. He faced two men in American olive drab, sergeants by their chevrons—I. P. sergeants, in fact.

"Colonel Williams wants to see you," said one, and to the other, "You frisk him while I watch him."

The spy carried no weapons. He protested a little, but went with them to the office of Colonel R. H. Williams, Chief of Intelligence of the Army of Occupation, nicknamed "Houdini" because he liked the mystic. Now he did a conjuring trick that horrified his unwelcome visitor. He produced from a desk drawer a neat pile of thin tissue-papers, filled with close writing. He held them out to the German.

"Do you see anything familiar there?" he asked sardonically.

The German's face turned ghastly white. He started back. "What's the use?" he said, in a strangling voice. "My partner is the only man who could have given you those." He struggled for self-control, searching Colonel William's face. "Well," he asked, "do I go out right away, or do I have time to write my family?"

He thought it meant a firing squad. Legally the war was still on. But Colonel Williams had a better way. He smiled and waggled a finger beneath the spy's nose.

"Listen," he said, "what good would it do us to kill you? We've got your reports—and half what's in them has been printed already in the newspapers. What we want you to do is go back to Berlin and tell the people who sent you we know what they're up to. If they want to know anything more, tell them to read the newspapers, or write us a letter. We're very likely to answer it. Why not? The German Army now is just a shadow of its old self. The American Army of Occupation alone could lick you, and we know it. Why should we worry?"

The German's mouth was open; his eyes were bulging. He could conceive no German Intelligence officer talking that way. But it must be true. Colonel Williams was offering him a cigar!

"Well, I'll be damned!" he swore. "I'm through! I've taken lots of chances and got away with them. But what's the use trying against your own people? That man you sent to me was more German than I am. I'll tell 'em in Berlin what you say—and get out of their secret service."

He must have kept his word, for thereafter Colonel Williams did receive from Berlin several letters of inquiry, most of which, if not all, he answered.

"If we'd shot that fellow, or even locked him up," he explained, "his bosses would have thought we had a lot to conceal, and sent a whole regiment of spies."

There were others around. Two foreign office officials, Baron von Matuska and Herr von Rheinhaben, came in with forged papers, dressed as working men. Von Rheinhaben had dyed his hair. Von Matuska said he was the man who actually paid Lenin the German bribe to start the Russian Bolshevik Revolution. Varied trouble-makers came to Coblenz, or tried to come; from the east, German agitators trying to prove that the doughboys were oppressing the Rhinelanders; from the west, Allied inspectors trying to prove that the doughboys were fraternizing with the same Rhinelanders. That bothered the French especially, and they rewarded the writer of articles in an English newspaper saying it was happening. From all points of the compass, on all pretexts, came Bolsheviks, parlor or genuine, seeking to stir up trouble, and last, a stream of Germans deported from reconquered Alsace-Lorraine for hostility to the new French Government. Such people needed watching.

OUR SPY-TRAP ON THE RHINE

So the Army of Occupation bored a peep-hole and watched them. The peep-hole was the Riesenfuertstenhof, then and now one of Coblenz's most popular hotels, over-

looking the broad Rhine and its bridge of boats, facing the rock fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. In 1919 it was known to the outer world principally as headquarters of the correspondents' "Razzberry Club," but to the inner, as an American spy-trap. Nothing happened there that they did not know. It was the Crillon in Paris, but more so.

In many rooms there were dictographs. Telephone operators, chambermaids and waiters were American agents. Into this listening gallery, G-2 introduced all visitors to Coblenz who were the least suspect—mostly Germans, some Allies, a few Americans. Many an interesting new arrival in Coblenz found that the Riesenfuertstenhof was the only place in town with a vacant room, and some who stopped there may hear now for the first time why they never got permission to see the things they wanted to see or visit the places they wanted to visit. Sometimes they made certain convivial acquaintances at the hotel, and talked—confidentially. All this was kept quiet, but once the hotel manager nearly spilled the (for him golden) beans.

"*Dumkopf! Esel!*" he cried to a waiter who told Major Arthur M. Scully no table was vacant. "Don't you know there is always a table for the Herr Direktor of the American *Geheimpolizei*?"

Many a German diner smiled discreetly into his napkin, and Major Scully soliloquized: "So much for secrecy!"

Whether or not the Germans knew him, his spy-trap and his I. P.'s did some good jobs in Coblenz. One was to prevent a big fraud in the buying of surplus stocks of American Army goods sold to the Germans as our troops left for home. A ring of German and Jewish merchants had joined to manipulate bidding at open auction sales so that its members should get the goods they wanted, at lowest prices. I. P.'s in civilian clothes mixed with the

crowd, began raising the bidding. After a few moments one heard a whisper in his ear:

"If you want these goods cheap, stop bidding. Come around to-night to the Riesenfuerstenhof, and we'll take care of you."

As newcomers to town, many of the bidders had been put in the spy-trap. They had chosen the spy-trap for a meeting of all in the ring, to plan the next day's bidding. The walls with ears had done the rest. Faces eager with cunning and avarice surrounded the table as they made a pool for the next day, listing what each contributed. Higher grew the pile of bundled bank-notes. It totaled over one hundred thousand dollars in marks, still quite near par. Upon one of the crowding faces, a grin had been barely concealed. Then the mouth grew stern. He raised a hand. Amazed, some saw that it held a Colt automatic pistol. Another man slipped to the locked door.

"That'll be about all," said the first. "Now, *I'll* bid. I'll take the works."

He stretched a protecting hand over the piled bank-notes. The second man opened the door, and in stepped a dozen, twenty, about all the I. P.'s in Coblenz, each with a Colt. Outside came the sound of hurrying feet, a company of military police.

Within the lighted, smoke-filled room pandemonium arose, then was stilled at the brief order of the I. P.'s "Stick 'em up!" They routed from that room and other recesses of the spy-trap, two hundred prisoners, a glorious company of apostles of gain, every species of profiteer and speculator. One typical Prussian aristocrat raged at the insult when he had had no part in the plot—whereupon an I. P. told how much his bid had been.

Through the Coblenz streets the Americans marched their two hundred, to an overflowing jail where they set the prisoners to work. The haughty aristocrat's job was

peeling potatoes. But the American civil authorities did not like it. Peace negotiations were delicate, already the pother had reached Berlin. After all, the prisoners had not actually got away with much if anything, they said, whereto G-2 replied: "Thanks to us." They tempered justice with a great deal of mercy, and released the prisoners, but first they paraded them again through Coblenz with an armed guard, so that every one could get a good look at them.

Just about that time also, G-2 on the Rhine was completing its main job of finding out what lay beyond, in case the Third Army should have to advance. That meant not only a survey of the part of unoccupied Germany that the Americans would traverse in an Allied advance on Berlin, but a survey of what remained of the German Army. The I. P.'s did it, scouring the country on motorcycles, in or out of uniform, sometimes inside the bridge-head, sometimes slipping across its dead-line to cities beyond. They came and went as they pleased, armed with passes authorizing them to go "anywhere throughout the Third Army Area, at any time, day or night, by any means of conveyance in any uniform or civilian clothes. This includes all restricted districts." They had "authority to carry a concealed pistol or revolver" and "must not be delayed, and military police and Assistant Provost Marshals will give them priority over all others." That is how important secret service was on the Rhine.

OUR GERMAN-AMERICAN AGENTS

No wonder, with such power, that German-speaking, looking, acting German-American I. P.'s found out what they wanted to know. They could camp out unnoticed in a German city, especially in the half-disorganized state of affairs since the German revolution. But when bolder

methods were needed, they used them. The return of the Polish Army to Poland gave an opportunity.

Many of this Polish Army were Polish-Americans, recruited in this country for Western Front service. After the Armistice some returned to the United States, others went to Poland via Germany, a ticklish trip that caused near-riots and confusion whereof G-2 took advantage. As the troop-trains went through Coblenz there got aboard I. P.'s speaking Polish and German, officially accredited as "interpreters." They alighted at Giessen, and stationed themselves in the railway station, ostensibly to help the trains through. Actually, they were giving Giessen a thorough once-over, especially its railroad facilities. They finished by bearing triumphantly back to Coblenz stolen records that showed exactly the capacity of the station and yards in event of a heavy troop movement. In an advance toward Berlin, Giessen would have been one of our first important rail centers. The I. P.'s were in uniform, so even if caught might be jailed, but not executed as spies.

Thus it came about that when the Germans threatened not to sign the peace treaty, and troops and guns in the American bridgehead, as in the Allied, prepared to move, it would have been no lunge in the dark. Thanks to the German-American I. P.'s, Colonel Williams had a treasured map upon which was marked the whereabouts, strength, armament and morale of every body of German troops for five hundred miles. He gave copies to British, French and Belgian Armies of Occupation, which found it more complete than theirs.

The Allied Armies were ready to advance, though many thought the German threat of refusal to sign a mere spring fever, no more than a gesture to satisfy popular pride before yielding to the inevitable. They were trying every device then, especially dangling the bogy of the German Spartacist party as menace of Bolshevism. The Ameri-

can secret service knew that was why the German Government had winked at, if it had not actually started, the Spartacist revolt in the Ruhr at the same critical time. Plot and counter-plot.

A dangerous plot to start a Bolshevik revolution among the American troops on the Rhine was frustrated by American secret service, which thus cut a deep notch on its gun. A true "spy story" is how a clever and devoted agent risked his life to break up a group of revolutionary propagandists whose plans went far.

Early spring of 1919 was a bad time for the A. E. F., especially on the Rhine. The war was over, but there was neither peace nor homecoming. The most popular occupation was thinking about the troubles of the world and one's self; what was happening back in the States, to family or job, and why doesn't Pershing send me there tomorrow? Morale was low—quondam heroes were now bad boys with grouches. Secret service knew that through Silent Watchers and mail censorship, and looked for trouble. More came than they expected, trouble made in Germany, partly by a man who so far as this writer knows is the only native-born American to try to cause revolution in the A. E. F. That he failed is due mainly to a hyphenated American.

THE DÜSSELDORF AFFAIR

Some call it "the Düsseldorf affair" because it started in that city of refuge for riffraff of all Armies, in a sort of No Man's Land between the Belgian zone and unoccupied Germany, where authority was a bit lax. International gangs of crooks and deserters used it as base for daring raids. Radicals and malcontents drifted there to see what trouble they could make for moderate Socialists in Berlin or capitalists in Paris. What better place for

the dangerous "Archangel Group," some of whom were said to have so undermined with Bolshevik propaganda the American 339th Infantry in North Russia that the regiment had to be sent home. The group had come to the Rhine to do that again, on a bigger scale.

Not unreasonably, they expected success. Experienced Red propagandists, who hoped for and believed in World Revolution, they were a cosmopolitan group. One leader was the Spartacist Chief of Police of Düsseldorf, who protected them while they plotted against the near-by Allied Armies. There were veteran Russian comrades, versatile in revolutionary arts. There was a Dutch woman. There was an Englishman and last, but not least, an American.

He was Robert A. Minor, Texan by birth but radical by evolution, at the last election Communist candidate for senator, and to-day editor of *The Daily Worker* in New York. Inspired by Bolshevik leaders met in Russia, he had come to Düsseldorf, to do to many thousands of Americans at Coblenz what had been done to a few at Archangel.

The group planned a still bigger job. Not the American Army alone, but the British as well, were to be given the propaganda poison, that would cause discontent and mutiny. There is said to have been a "death list" of those deemed greatest enemies of Red Revolution: the commanders of the British and the American Armies of Occupation, Generals Plumer and Dickman, the latter's Chief of Staff, General Craig, the American Intelligence Officers Colonel Conger, Colonel Williams, Major Henrotin, Major Richardson and Major Scully. But there is no evidence that Minor helped prepare the list. The group planned to distribute printed propaganda among the dispirited Allied troops whom they considered fertile soil.

Meantime, in or out of bridgehead areas, so promising

a trouble hatchery as Düsseldorf hardly remained uninvestigated by curious Americans. Before starting there from Berlin, Minor dropped a hint in hearing of an American secret agent posing as a Spartacist. Then in Coblenz, Sergeant Siegfried got into a row with his commanding officer.

That was surprising, for Siegfried was a fine I. P., German born, enthusiastic over his native land's change from empire to republic. With American initiative and German thoroughness, he ferreted out suspects, violaters of the lenient American regulations. Among good Republican Germans, to be sure, he had friends, but every one was shocked when one day his commanding officer publicly accused Siegfried of selling them Army stores at profit. Siegfried sputtered and got angry, denied the charges, forgot discipline, cursed the Army. Ordered in arrest, next morning he had escaped.

"And from the way he talked," other I. P.'s said, "he's going over the hill. He'll never be back."

Too bad, thought every one; a good man gone wrong. His commanding officer agreed. A few days later his telephone rang. It was the British secret service Chief in Cologne.

"We've some surprising word from Düsseldorf about one of your men," he said. "Seems to have deserted, and joined up with a gang of Bolshies there that we think are planning trouble."

"Don't talk over the telephone," the American cut in. "I'm driving over to see you."

One night two weeks after Siegfried had deserted, a closed sedan drove across the American bridgehead boundary, into unoccupied Germany. It turned up a small lonely road, following the strange and unmistakable tracks of a car that had preceded. They led into a wood where, beside a dilapidated German automobile with wire tires

stood a figure in rough civilian clothes. He lifted from the car a heavy package.

"Here they are, sir," he said, "three thousand of them. The printer's just got started, and this is only the first batch."

The officer tore off the wrapping, revealing a pile of pamphlets that screamed "Let's go home!"—of course, in English. "Why can't you go home now?" they were headed, and the reply was: "You are being kept in Europe to prevent the rule of the working people, who have always got the hard end of it from the capitalists." There was a lot more. The circulars were signed by "The German Communist Party."

"Pretty raw stuff," the officer said. "But our troops are feeling pretty raw, and it might work with some. It did at Archangel. You say there'll be more?"

"Yes, sir," the man chuckled. "I'm the messenger to deliver 'em, in this German car."

Now propaganda flew from the hidden press in Düsseldorf, and their trusted messenger reported to the Archangel group that he was delivering it to the Allied troops along the Rhine. They must be ripe for revolt.

So several of the group started by night circuitously from Düsseldorf toward Cologne. At a place where there had never before been a British sentry, through the early mist ghostly figures closed in. One man ran for it, the messenger. Rifles flashed, but he made his escape. The others entered Cologne surrounded by British bayonets.

Meantime, in Düsseldorf, soldiers of Republican Germany clumped into police headquarters, to emerge escorting a very white-faced Chief. There, too, one member of the group escaped, the Dutch woman who had been his mistress.

The British gave the captives an excellent trial, although the outcome was somewhat forecast by Siegfried's

story of the meetings he had participated in, posing as a rabid Red American deserter. He illustrated it with pamphlets, six thousand of which he delivered to the Americans. He testified not as Sergeant Siegfried but as Lieutenant Siegfried. The British gave him their Distinguished Conduct Medal. The Americans recommended him for our D. S. M., but like other I. P.'s thus honored, he never got it.

THE AMERICAN BOLSHEVICK WHO RISKED A FIRING SQUAD

The American charged with having written the pamphlets did not face a firing squad for treason. Colonel House interceded for him with President Wilson, but denies it was because Minor's father, a federal judge, was a good Texan friend of the Colonel. Actually, he says, it was due to beseechings of American correspondents and writers in Paris who knew Minor, notably Lincoln Stefens. Just after Minor's release, the American woman agent "Q" brought in the Dutch woman to tell her story. Minor came home hot-foot to speak at radical meetings, one of which ended in a riot.

Some other American correspondents heard a little of the case from an indignant G-2 officer, and cabled across enough to stir up Congress. The Senate of the United States wanted to know why Minor had been released, demanded that the Secretary of War produce all the secret service files on the Düsseldorf affair. Those files contained Siegfried's reports, signed with his own name, and names of other American agents who had worked on the case, names which G-2 had promised should never be divulged.

The file lay upon the desk of the Secretary of War. He left his office for a time. When he returned, all the papers that contained names were gone. The Secretary smiled—and said nothing.

PART SEVEN
EVES-DROPPING

ADVENTURES OF WOMEN SPIES THE AMERICANS
KNEW

PART SEVEN

EVES-DROPPING

ADVENTURES OF WOMEN SPIES THE AMERICANS KNEW

"WOMEN do not make good spies—though married men may not believe it."

So Sir Basil Thomson, Scotland Yard's chief spy-chaser, taught British Intelligence officers during the war, but like many things one hears in secret service, perhaps it wasn't true. There, too, it seems harder to get along without women than with them.

The British had some very clever women spies, but claimed the French employed too many, who gave much false information—which the French denied. One of the most successful American secret agents was a woman—but so was one of the most unsuccessful. At least one woman super-spy was among the myriad who worked for the Germans. So it went. The game was uncertain—as might, perhaps, be expected.

Women spies! Romantic creatures! Beautiful, of course, seductive, yet keen-witted, using feminine charm to lure secrets from the unsuspecting male, feminine intuition to elude his clumsy attempts at capture. The words suggest a mask of black silk, soft and delicately perfumed, emblem of who knows what intrigues.

Sometimes it was like that, sometimes women spies did play a great and romantic rôle in the vast conflict of nations. To make a man talk who knew he ought not to, European secret service often "put a woman on him."

Frequently she would get information, but sometimes it was misinformation. Few of the women who went from the United States to France, for instance, to do American secret work, knew armies as did Europeans. They found it hard to get soldier talk straight.

Women spies, those say who should know, are a gamble. To the reader, that may make them the more fascinating. They have, to be sure, more aptitude for deceit than men. But secret service chiefs agree that they have three drawbacks: their reports, especially on military matters, tend to be inaccurate and exaggerated; they wear out quickly with fatigue and nervous strain, or on the other hand, rebel at spells of monotony that are an unsuspectedly large part of spy work; and last and worst of all, they fall in love. Often, they fall in love with the very man they have been "put on"—whereupon they become worse than valueless.

Women entered World War secret service from a variety of motives, among them usually desire for romantic excitement. Some won brilliant success, but many found it a hard game. Their stories are pathetic. Of three outstanding woman spies already mentioned, two, and they of breeding and refinement, failed ultimately. The one who did not fail was least womanly of the three, hardly woman at all, a sort of Medusa, and her final fate was most terrible of all.

There were high spies, like Queen Sophie of Greece, the Kaiser's sister; and low spies like Mademoiselle David of Longwy whom the Americans arrested for using her own French brother as source of information sold to the Germans for one hundred dollars! None of the three was advertised like the well-known Mata Hari whose spying was little better than her morals, which were awful. The unprecedented feat will be attempted of leaving her out of a tale of women spies. So many others are so little known, especially to Americans.

AMERICAN WOMEN SPIES

How many ex-doughboys know now, more than ten years afterward, that some twenty-five women did in Europe, some in France, American secret work of one sort or another? They were part of our war, like machine-guns and barbed wire and, one had almost said, the Y. M. C. A. But of many volunteers, few indeed were chosen. Most of them helped chase German spies, although by an interesting contretemps, not under G. H. Q., A. E. F. The wife of one officer sent valuable information from Paris, where she was a "relief worker." A very few became "spies" themselves, American woman agents, and went into enemy country—with results ranging from sublime almost to ridiculous. Of their select company was the lady described already as one of our most successful secret agents. She was never quite what is commonly called a "spy." She was truly a lady, which made her success greater, her adventures more surprising.

The motives that drew her into secret service were as interesting as everything else about her. Member of a well-known southern family, cultured, intellectual, attractive in appearance and manner, she had been happily married. Her husband's death left a wound that work on a well-known newspaper could not heal. Grief forced her to seek something absolutely absorbing, emotionally distracting. Desire to serve her country, perhaps justifiable belief in her own ability, suggested secret service. So she became that best of all secret agents, a patriot spy. From generals down, the few who knew testify how well she played her hazardous rôle.

She appeared at the Paris Peace Conference as a newspaper correspondent. Like other American correspondents, she gleaned news at the Crillon, American headquarters, or at headquarters of others of the thousand and one races congregated in Paris after the Armistice. Betweenwhiles,

she frequented the press room, where American correspondents gathered to pass about "the lowdown" of the Peace Conference that for one reason or another they could not write. Sometimes it would be backstairs gossip, sometimes what was back of an important semi-official outgiving in the day's *Temps*, occasionally a report of what Colonel House had told a few American correspondents that morning—a harvest sometimes of tares, not infrequently of golden grain. This she passed on to the American Peace Commission's Intelligence Service, without exciting suspicion even among newspaper correspondents proud of their vigilance. One day she told them she was going to the American bridgehead zone on the Rhine, at Coblenz, and they saw her no more.

Not strange, for she had gone to Berlin. Coblenz had been only a way-station, where Intelligence officers of the Army of Occupation could show her how to get through the lines. That took managing, since beyond the American outposts and the neutral area were German Republican troops, and no one in the unoccupied Rhineland was especially friendly toward Allied Armies who as conquerors dominated their sacred river.

There was, be it remembered, danger in the spring of 1919 at the capital of the new and precarious German Republic. Factions still struggled. There was often street fighting. One day as Colonel Williams talked by long-distance telephone from Coblenz with General Harries in Berlin, he heard the crashing of machine-guns.

"They're at it again," General Harries remarked. "Couple of bullets just came in this window."

"Q," WHO SPIED FOR PRESIDENT WILSON

In Berlin alone, of course, were the answers to those important questions that President Wilson was asking

himself about the new Germany. He got answers sometimes from the woman journalist's note-book.

She was indefatigable. Here was what she had sought, occupation so engrossing, so exacting, that she had no time to grieve. Day and night she worked, writing for her newspaper special articles; then for the Intelligence service very special articles into which she put things newspapers long for—highly valuable, confidential information, political, social, economic, dug up and weighed by a mind that seemed often providentially masculine rather than feminine, presented clearly and vividly. Every Intelligence officer who saw those reports grew enthusiastic over the great "Q" or "Number 8" who wrote them.

She made the most of three advantages: she was an American, and a journalist, and she spoke German well. Before long she was drinking coffee with the new leaders, yet on good terms with the families of some of the Kaiser's former generals.

It has remained untold, but three of those whose names are well-known, were plotting in spring 1919 a coup that might have plunged Europe into war again—to split Germany in twain, one part more reactionary, more militaristic even than the old Empire. Power over this new Germany, comprising East Prussia, Lithuania and Latvia, would be seized by the three generals, working with Prussian Junkers and Baltic barons, supported by the bayonets of the famous German Iron Division and Lithuanian and Lettish troops. The German Republic and its liberal ideas could go to the devil. They would secede and make a little Junker Paradise, the worst storm-center in Europe. The American woman helped gather information in Silesia that, sent to Paris, nipped that plot and saved the German Republic which was no more anxious than the Allies to have the coup succeed—saved too, the peace of Europe.

Her estimates often were true: that the German Republic was making an honest effort, deserved to succeed, and would if the Allies let it; that ultimately the German Peace Commission headed by Brockdorff-Rantzau would sign whatever treaty the Allies presented, though only after a struggle.

The American woman believed the Germans commenced to suspect her dual rôle. She returned to Coblenz, but there she found another challenge that one of her spirit could not refuse. The American and British secret services had nearly unraveled the Düsseldorf plot, which has just been described fully. Several men who had tried to cause a Bolshevik revolution in the British and American Armies were safely locked up. One of the gang, the Dutch woman, had escaped into the interior of Germany, none knew where. But her testimony was important.

"I'll find her, and bring her in," said the American woman. Turning back into the country where she feared detection, she started a lone hunt that ended in the upper Rhineland. She found the woman conspirator and by clever work induced her to return to Düsseldorf and tell her story. Had she rested on those laurels, her tale would end here, but she sought fresh ones. After Germany, the great field for secret service then was Soviet Russia, and there, she decided, she must go. Old hands tried to dissuade her.

"Those Bolshies are a tough gang," they told her. "If they catch you, it's a bullet, sure. That's no game for any one like you."

"I think I can make it," she said with calm confidence, but a bit of pink in her cheeks.

Some say she never had a chance, that before even she reached Russia, Red agents had her spotted. Yet some months passed before they put her in prison. Better for them, perhaps, to have let her continue to play her dual

rôle, for her reports to Washington concerned not the Red Army or military matters, but the political and economic progress of the Soviet Republic, and were fair, even favorable to that rather friendless political experiment. Seeking truth, she exposed propaganda tales, such as that the Soviets had nationalized women, which was merely a wild proposal once advanced by an obscure Moscow anarchist, not Communist, newspaper. Also, she predicted that the Soviet Government would stand.

But she was long in prison, and it nearly was a bullet. When American Intelligence heard of her arrest, it got in touch with Tchitcherin and Krassin, Soviet leaders.

"Trotsky wants to shoot her," the Russians said. "He says he's got the goods on her—even found codes and secret messages."

"Ask Trotsky," said American Intelligence, "if he has forgotten that the Germans had the goods on Edith Cavell, and shot her. But what good did that do the Germans? About the worst mistake Soviet Russia could make would be to shoot an American woman as a spy."

So they let her go, and she came home. Her adventures had been anodyne to her grief and even without this one failure, her days in secret service would have ended.

"It seems so far away now," she said recently, smiling disarmingly. Then, letting fall her sewing and looking about the cozy living-room, "And see how domestic I am! I'm sure you won't tell my name, will you?"

Of course, there is only one answer to that.

A JEANNE D'ARC OF THE SECRET WAR

Of all women spies of the World War, the most poignant resembled in some respects that American woman. Like her, Louise de Bettignies was a patriot spy, not a mercenary; like her, she was of good, even of noble French

family; like her she did her secret work without demeaning herself, without trading upon her sex. She won respect of friend and foe. Long brilliantly successful, she shone through the murky secret war, almost a Jeanne d'Arc. Yet at last, being not divine, but human, and a woman, gently reared, sensitive, she failed—and died in prison.

But her soul marched on. After the victory she had helped to win, French and British gave her great military funerals. They laid treasured decorations upon the casket, citations for "displaying, in a word, a heroism which has rarely been surpassed." In November, 1927, with a fund started by the *Echo de Paris*, a statue of her was erected at Lille, unveiled by Marshal Foch, and the United Veterans' Association of France and Britain fêted in London her chief aide in many adventures, Mademoiselle Marie Léonie Van Houtte, of Roubaix.

These two women, Louise de Bettignies especially, were the leading spirits of an heroic group of French and Belgian men and women who for nearly two years after the German invasion of August, 1914, always in danger of their lives, furnished information of high importance to the British Army opposite. The British regarded her highly, not only as one of their best agents, but as a courageous, patriotic Frenchwoman. Since her death Louise has even become a legendary character, credited with some exploits of her devoted companion, Léonie, or others of their group. While at last the strain proved too great for her, until then, she led, inspired; the others followed. The organization was founded upon her great heart, her nimble brain; and those gone, it fell.

Birth and training had prepared her. The de Bettignies (not Buttignies nor Bretignies as it is spelled sometimes) had been for centuries of the *haute noblesse*, though now in reduced circumstances. She was educated

in France, at Oxford, and in Italy. Then, unmarried (though some call her Madame) and one of a family of seven, she debated whether to become a nun or a governess. Her nature had two sides: the mystic and religious, the active and practical, that made her for a French girl athletic, a good swimmer and hiker. The active side won, and she went to Germany where in high Prussian families she learned to speak fluently a fourth language, meeting prominent people. The German invasion found her, aged thirty-four, back in Lille, whence she fled as refugee to England and there fell in with the British secret service. They saw at once her qualifications and proposed that she return to Lille as spy.

Her decision showed the courage and will behind the attractive face crowned by luxuriant dark hair. She had hoped to live with her mother, safe already, behind the British lines. Aside from risk of capture and death, she was not the woman to return willingly to a country filled with enemy soldiers. But she consulted her mother and a priest, then it is said, the British Commander himself, Sir John French. A few days later, she had made the hazardous trip through Holland and Belgium, through cordons of German guards, and was back at home in Lille, but not as Louise de Bettignies. Alice Dubois was the *nom de guerre* under which she was to fight the oppressors of her beloved *patrie*.

With her own keen mind and admirable sang-froid, aided by British advice and money, she recruited her secret band for the war to be waged amid the German Army just behind the front. Soon, not in Lille alone but all the way back to Holland, she had spread nets that caught the precious information for which she risked her life.

From headquarters in the Rue d'Isly, Lille, she could move by the underground railway she had built across the Channel to England and back—several hundred miles'

journey. Dressed in worn garments of the lower class, as seller of cheese or old lace, she moved from one refuge to another as in a game of checkers. One such place was in the frontier village of Estaimpuis, six yards from the border-line. If she was stopped, she showed false identity cards and passports which the chemist, De Geyter, in Mouscron, another frontier town, made so cleverly that the Germans never suspected them.

On the frontier between France and Belgium Marie-Léonie van Houtte had already played a part before she met Louise and became "Charlotte," her right hand. Roubaix, where Léonie was a dressmaker, was just across the line from Estaimpuis, and she knew every nook and corner, every trick to slip past a German sentry. She had smuggled her brother, two Belgians and an Englishman to safety, hidden in two wagonloads of straw. The first the German Uhlans examined with lances and found empty. While the driver distracted the Germans, the second wagon, bearing the men concealed, drove up and passed the first. Its driver mounted the first wagon. Then the driver of the first, emerging with his clearance papers, mounted the second wagon, and drove off. All four men joined Allied Armies. Two were killed in battle. Léonie is said to have made twenty such trips.

The Belgian-Dutch frontier, last obstacle before safety, was a gauntlet to run, protected by barbed wire, electric cables and searchlights, besides many German sentries. Allied spies bearing reports must run that gauntlet and none were more clever than Alice and Charlotte. Barbed wire they cut, charged deadly cables they got over with rubber gloves and shoes and insulated ladders, or under by passages dug beneath. Alice is said even to have walked right in the searchlight beams in light clothes, believing herself less conspicuous. She was never shot. She escaped

land mines planted to blow to atoms those trying to run the gauntlet. Sometimes the girls had as guide an eccentric but faithful Belgian whom Alice had got out of prison for border smuggling, to work for her as an "insurance salesman."

In Tourcoing, the Préfect of Police, Monsieur Lenfant, was part of the underground railway. So were other loyal Frenchmen in suburbs of Lille. In Audenarde, Belgium, was a station. The underground worked so well that the British asked Alice to branch out farther and cover for them the highly important railway junction of Mézières, a hundred miles southeast, later one objective of the great American battle, the Meuse-Argonne.

Almost anything seemed possible to Alice. The short, rather slight young Frenchwoman with her magnetic smile brought often to Folkestone information of great value. She told where German batteries were about Lille, so accurately that British guns shelled them to pieces. She told where were big German ammunition dumps which British bombing airplanes blew up, once unwittingly as demonstration to a doubting Thomas among Alice's lieutenants. She reported so accurately how many and how large trains of German wounded passed nightly through Lille, that the British could estimate enemy losses to a nicety.

She and Charlotte had many real adventures, to which legend has added many more. Their life became harder. With many loyal Belgians in their midst fighting them secretly, the German invaders built up a counter-espionage service so hated that its leaders were marked for death by the Belgians and fled the country at the Armistice. They were aided by Belgian criminals who thus bought their release, and sometimes by Flemings of good family, like the betrayer of Miss Cavell, seeking preferment under the Germans.

WOMEN'S WILES

To outwit such cunning took all the wiles generally attributed to women spies. Alice and Charlotte were repeatedly stopped and expertly searched. Once when false papers and prepared story didn't quite go, crude bribery did. But for the more dangerous German spy-chasers, the two women evolved such ruses as hiding reports in a bar of chocolate that they ate as they were searched, even offering the searcher a bite, or in the candle of a lantern, or in a ball of black yarn thrown at night into the bushes and found later by a single strand, such as in ancient Crete once saved from a predicament hardly less dangerous. Charlotte carried an important message written in invisible ink inside a rosary case. Once Alice prepared a minute map of the German arrangements about Lille, which went through pasted on the lens of an eyeglass! An expert penman had done it on translucent paper, with microscopic pen and invisible ink. Children carried messages for them, escaping entirely unsuspected.

Did such success turn Alice's head? Perhaps it was the effect of the life of constant strain, physical and nervous, upon one of her high-strung, sensitive temperament. She became daring to the point of bravado. She carried reports openly in her hand-bag, sometimes mixed with a half-dozen manufactured passes in as many different names. Sometimes she went without any pass. She dared the Germans to catch her.

"Oh, they are so stupid!" she said to Charlotte after she had outwitted them once more. But they were not so stupid as she thought. Even then they were watching her and Charlotte. First they arrested Charlotte in Roubaix, then Alice, at a border station she tried to get by without her own pass. In her hand-bag they found as usual, passes for several other persons.

A little before, visiting her mother, Alice had confided a premonition of evil—her mystic side, or the nervous strain? When the blow fell, she was stunned. She disobeyed her own strictest order to her confederates, a rule of secret service everywhere: "If one of us is caught, the others must all disown him or her. Never admit that you know me." Now she took the German police to her good friend, the de Geyters, to vouch for her. They obeyed orders, and said blankly: "We do not know you." Even then, the Germans searched the house, just missed incriminating papers and held the de Geyters for a time.

Perhaps that experience showed Alice how her moment of weakness had imperiled friends who had often warned her that her recklessness endangered many others besides herself. When she and Charlotte were confronted with each other in prison, both told the Germans: "I do not know her." But Alice's grip of herself relaxed again, or her captors surpassed her in cunning, for she succumbed to that ancient police trick, the stool-pigeon. A renegade Belgian woman put in her cell soon lured her into admissions enough to bring both girls before a German court martial, charged with espionage.

Unaided by Belgian or French lawyers, the two Frenchwomen defended themselves gallantly, denied everything, and each asked that the other be let off. The sentence was death, but it was commuted to life imprisonment for Alice and fifteen years for Charlotte. The Germans hardly realized that the two were no ordinary spies, but heads of an important espionage ring. Perhaps, too, they repented their tactical error in the Cavell case.

In prison in Cologne, Alice was again the old Alice who for nearly two years had defied the German Army. She persuaded other prisoners to refuse to work on munitions to kill their compatriots, and was forced therefore, it is claimed, to wear thin clothes in winter. First pneumonia,

then an abscess, wore her down. The Germans refused to let her go to Switzerland, and she died after a prison operation, September 27, 1918, only forty-six days before the ending of the war throughout which she had fought gallantly for her country and its Allies.

Charlotte nursed prisoners ill of typhoid, which she herself contracted, and nearly died. The German revolution released her. In March, 1927, she was decorated with the Legion of Honor, in token of France's gratitude.

QUEEN OF SPIES: FASCINATING, DEADLY, TRAGIC

The last of the trio of women super-spies was, as far as this writer knows, a success from start to finish, so admirably was she suited to the evil tortuousness of the passion for it that seemed almost Berserk. She was said to be a Norwegian, who worked for the Germans, and both the names Allied secret services attributed to her sounded German: Heinrichsen and Hackemulleur. Her real identity remains secret. But she was commonly called *Fräulein Doktor*, by her obedient if not always devoted pupils in the big spy school at Antwerp.

A fascinating person, the *Fräulein*. An officer of the American secret service wrote of her during the war that she was "a beautiful blonde, of great intelligence, who speaks many languages very well, and enjoys a great ascendancy over the clients of the house." That ascendancy she exercised ruthlessly, first driving her pupils to their limit in learning their hazardous profession, then demanding that they take big risks to execute her missions, keeping them meanwhile under surveillance. Tall, strong, a "pure Nordic type," her power seems to have been animal magnetism no less than intellect. Her pre-war existence was dubious, daughter of an art dealer, it is said, then a police detective; but in secret service she found herself. She gloried in it.

"All my life I have loved intrigue and power," she told one pupil. "Now I have both. I am on confidential terms with the highest. Only in secret service can one realize fully a desire for an interesting, adventurous life—that is, if one is not too scrupulous. I would not exchange my position for a throne."

She reigned in Antwerp through the war, living in a fine suite at a leading hotel, but the shifting boundaries of her shadowy realm extended farther, across frontiers into Switzerland, and Holland; even into France, behind the Allied lines, and England. Spies trained by her gathered information about Americans as well as French and British. She trained them well in her remarkable educational institution in a fine old Belgian mansion in the center of the best quarter of Antwerp, at 10 Schoonbeke Fishpond Street, with a second entrance at 33 Harmony Street. One corner was still scarred by a German shell fired in the invasion of 1914.

A devoted Belgian agent went through the school, and to him the Allies owed a minute report of Fräulein's interesting methods. Secrecy was her first and great commandment. She tried to conceal by every means from Allied spies, the identities of the pupils continually being sent her by other branches of the German secret service. These pupils were brought into Antwerp usually only by automobile, or if by train, were met at the station. Always the automobile shades were lowered. The Harmony Street side of the house was the automobile entrance, but arrived there, secrecy deepened. The new pupil must see none of the other pupils, nor be seen by them.

Through darkened halls, with all doors closed, he was led to one of many rooms, marked with letters of the alphabet and assigned each to a special group of pupils and teachers. Entering that room, he began to become a spy, for the letter on its door, together with another, and the

number of his matriculation in Fräulein's secret academy, were to become his secret designation in her system. These were concealed later on passports the spy received and got him through many places where others could not pass.

Immediately Fräulein gave the new pupil a sort of intelligence test, to find out what he knew, and could know, his capacity, memory, presence of mind. If he passed that grilling, his troubles began. Through waking hours he was scientifically crammed by one German expert after another with information about French, British and American Armies, how they were organized, what equipment they used, what guns. No "modern" school has a more complete collection of models for demonstration: types of war-ships, dirigibles, airplanes, ships, weapons of all sorts, colored charts of uniforms and badges of rank. The spy must know the difference between the veteran Marine leatherneck and the partly trained "draftie" of a National Army Division.

That groundwork mastered, the course grew even more secret. Mysterious men described only as "of the German middle-class," visited the pupil in his secluded room, to teach how when he had gathered information, to accomplish the harder task of getting it back to Fräulein. They showed him how to write, often with a ball-pointed pen, invisible messages on paper, handkerchiefs, margins of newspapers, and how to bring out by chemical reagents the further instructions he would receive from time to time written between the lines of apparently innocent letters. They taught him secret ciphers to be used in his correspondence with Fräulein. One document says:

"According as the capacities of the pupils yield to instruction more or less complex, the course becomes more or less advanced, more or less profound. But the instructors seek to draw profit even from mediocre intellects, presenting the tasks to them for elucidation in form

severely didactic and elementary, foreseeing and solving beforehand all the uncertainties that they could encounter, locking them up, so to speak, within the network of problems, exact, most minute, frequently childish; but which leave no room for the least distraction or forgetfulness."

Like a conscientious teacher, Fräulein gave her graduating pupils good advice.

"Be good," she would say, "and be careful. Keep sober. Above all, remember that in secret service, he lives longest who lives alone. The Allied secret services put women counter-spies on men, and men counter-spies on women. Watch yourself. Plan everything you do carefully, for your success and perhaps even your life, will depend on your capacity for taking pains."

Following her own advice, she gave her pupils easy assignments at first, not to overstrain ability, and to beget confidence, also as a sort of post-graduate training in accuracy and reliability. But soon she demanded more, and more. The assignments always required exact, truthful reports, not the guesswork and exaggeration in which many spies, like other pupils, indulge if they get a chance. "Bring me facts, not opinions," she would say.

Still more secrecy marked the fledgling spy's departure on his first mission. To get him by the police and frontier guards, besides the marked passport he got a marked cigarette paper to be hidden in a tuft of cotton in his ear, or in hollow cuff-buttons or coat lining. Another talisman was a bank-note of the country he was to visit, with the letters S. H. C. written in the corner. Thus equipped, from the darkened hallway he stepped quickly into a darkened limousine and was driven to the frontier where an officer met him and, having seen passport, cigarette paper or marked bank-note, helped him across. His job done, he might return to Antwerp, or meet Fräulein at the frontier, or he might be attached to one of the ~~many~~

separate information centers of the German secret service, and never see her more.

THE EVER-OPEN EYE

But as long as he worked under her, her eye was on him. Not only had she spies to spy upon the enemy, but spies to spy upon her spies. Were they in Paris, or London, or Bar-le-Duc, she knew what they did, and whether they followed her commands. Supposing himself safe, one of them sought relaxation in the society of a Paris dancer. Soon on a boulevard, a polite stranger asked him for a light, then remarked casually:

"You have forgotten Fräulein's warning," and walked on. A few of the dutiful she paid as much as two thousand dollars a month. The faithless she paid sometimes with death. Not one but several of her unsuccessful agents with cold-blooded intention she sent back into enemy territory to walk almost into the arms of a firing squad. She knew many ways to put the Allied counter-espionage on their trail. One was to send to the spy, by a route she knew they had discovered, in a code she knew they had solved, orders to do a job that could not be done undetected. Then, hoping that Allied attention had been distracted, she would send to the same place where her miserable victim had just been caught, a real spy with a real assignment.

Utterly ruthless, Fräulein ruled her satellites regardless of previous race or condition. In fact, they were a poor lot. There were few German patriots among them. There were renegade Belgians, often criminals, recruited by a Belgian traitor who ran an Antwerp hotel, decayed Dutchmen unable to earn an honest living, nondescripts of all races seeking money and adventure. Some were Belgian and French women of few morals or none, who found the

combination of spying and the oldest profession quite to their liking. Perhaps Fräulein believed herself dealing with curs, so used the lash. They feared her, wherever they were, and more than one welcomed a prison term rather than the bullet or knife of one of her doubly secret force of supervisors. They told of her with shivers of horror, apparently eager to help their captors to trap her.

She had a few assistants of a higher type, German Army officers of undoubted patriotism, well-educated and experienced. One such the Allies knew as "Schmidt," "a remarkable person equipped with identification documents and Belgian decorations, who is continually traveling between Belgium, Holland, England and France." Another was an expert engineer, of high rank and, some say, title, whose death she is said to have caused in a dramatic manner that illustrates the deadly female at work.

It was about the first tanks, crude, gangling but overpoweringly new and undeniable threat of what their successors would do, that the British used on the Somme in the autumn of 1916. They were result of long study and experimentation kept as secret as possible—but not secret enough. German spies had reported on them before they first spread dismay among German infantry. Those reports, rather vague as to detail, but substantially correct, had reached Fräulein. She had turned them over to her technical adviser for his expert opinion. That opinion had been whatever was in 1916 the German equivalent of "Boloney!" The British might succeed in building a tank, he admitted, but under modern battle conditions on the Western Front, it would accomplish nothing. Then came the first tank attack, warning of what came later when Ludendorff said that Allied tank attacks were one of the principal causes of German defeat. Fräulein summoned her technical expert.

"Here," she said, her large eyes flashing, a sneer on her lips. "Here, technical expert!"

She handed him a pistol—to use upon himself. And he did.

There is a story that Fräulein killed one man with her own hand—the Belgian who had gone through her school. According to that story, she suspected him of treachery, called him an accursed Belgian spy and shot him dead. If the story is true, that was Fräulein's one mistake, the only time when she failed to be a super-spy. For by every rule of secret service, she should first have found out who were the Belgian's superiors, how he communicated with them, have sent by the same channels fake reports. She should have extracted every bit of information by ruthless third degree. Not until then could she conscientiously have allowed herself the satisfaction of killing him. Was she, then, for a moment not the super-spy, but the woman? A romancer might make more of that tale. Perhaps she had loved the Belgian. Or could she love any one? Who knows?

SIC TRANSIT

A strange woman. She paid a high price for her brief intoxicating power. She became a drug user, and in April of this year was interned in a German asylum. Her true identity may never be known now.

An ever-present atmosphere of romance and mystery intermingled makes the woman spy more intriguing even than the man. Here are extracts from genuine letters of a German woman spy, one of Fräulein's pupils, that passed through the hands of the American secret service in late 1918:

"Last night I made arrangements with the Deck Officer. Poor devil, he already loves me passionately. Think

of it—he wants to marry me! He invited me to pay him a visit on board the ship. Of course I have accepted. I take it upon me to get into the map room in his company. Two dark eyes will do the rest!”

“The case of the Deck Officer has come to an end. The information was important. I am sorry for the man. He has touched me very much, but I am in the service of the Fatherland. I would gladly give my life if I could bring those hateful English to ruin.”

“I am interested in the old man, Mr. B., in the coal office. Women play a great part in his life. An attractive woman can do much. I don’t know yet whether I shall act as a Dutch woman, or an American. There is also Herr I., a Dutchman, who hates the English ‘like a pest,’ and may become useful to us. The plans and maps of the Netherlands military positions are printed there.”

“I saw Marie S. just before the departure of the convoy. She will give us information about the ships, and also as exactly as possible, the place where they meet the war-ships. Believe me, if it is handled in the proper way, one can learn enough in the café! It is visited only by Englishmen, Norwegians and Danes. She is on a good footing with these men and can be of the greatest use to us. When the English ‘gentlemen’ have too much, they talk like anything.”

“I feel very uneasy. Yesterday morning I thought I saw the Spaniard who gave evidence in the Mississippi affair at Washington (White House) about what happened the night of June 11, 1912. It can not be true, as he died on that terrible night. I don’t like to be laughed at, at Stelle 1. I can not forget it, though, as the Spaniard looked at me in such a sharp way. I have an idea that I am being shadowed.

H. E.

“Please burn this letter at once.”

Poor "dark eyes." Perhaps they were not seeing things, and the owner really was being shadowed. Certainly her letters were being intercepted, and the parts quoted here show not only the methods of the woman spy, but the semi-hysterical state that some say, makes her so often useless to her employers. Like, for instance, Bella Donna. The American secret service in Switzerland fooled her, not so long after the capture of The Master. Here is the story.

One of G-2's best stunts, also one of the biggest practical jokes one Army ever played upon another, was the Alsace Ruse. By tricks almost Machiavellian, the Germans were warned of a big American attack in Alsace to reach the Rhine, when really we were preparing to attack some distance away, at St. Mihiel, and later even farther away, in the Meuse-Argonne. Major-General Omar Bundy commanding the VI Corps, and his Chief of Staff, Brigadier-General Briant H. Wells, were sent with staff officers to Belfort in French Alsace, where they openly established headquarters and drafted plans for the fake attack, while parties from seven American divisions reconnoitered the French trenches.

Then came a stroke of genius. Colonel Conger wrote General Pershing a letter outlining the fake Alsace attack plan, and saying all that was needed now was the Commander-in-Chief's O. K. He made a carbon copy of the letter. Then he threw the crumpled carbon paper into the waste-basket of his hotel room in spy-infested Belfort and went out. When he returned soon afterward, the carbon was gone. The Germans prepared to evacuate Mulhouse, our "objective," moved more troops to Alsace and made other arrangements showing that they expected an attack there—an attack that never came. That has been told already in a book called *Without Censor*, with the addition

that "in Switzerland, American secret service did a clever job. . . ." What follows, elucidates the line of dots.

G-2 handled the Alsace Ruse according to a law of secret service originated long before *Fräulein Doktor* was heard of: whenever possible, keep secret from each of your own agents what the others are doing. To this day, some Americans who participated think they alone, or almost alone, were in the secret. Actually, a number were, Americans and French. There was, for instance, Captain A——, who after reserving billets for General Bundy's staff, "picked up" in fairly rapid succession, a half-dozen of the more gregarious young ladies of Belfort and bought each in turn drinks enough to justify the loquaciousness with which, in excellent French and German, he boasted of the great American attack that was being prepared. A fair share of the practising *demi-mondaines* of Belfort were suspected of being German agents.

Then there was Lieutenant-Colonel B—— who first reserved billets for twenty-five American newspaper correspondents, still to come, then made thorough inquiries about the Belfort postal and telegraph facilities for handling a sudden flood of dispatches they would file. And what would be the occasion of this influx? Ah, an affair secret, you understand, about which I can answer no questions.

OUR SECRET SERVICE IN THE ALSACE RUSE

Belfort was less than twenty miles from the frontier of Switzerland, that great switchboard of the German secret service whence news would flash to Great Headquarters at Spa and to Berlin. In Berne was even a better place to sow the seeds of false information, and the Chief of the American secret service there was so reminded.

"The Americans," he was informed, "are going to make a big attack in Alsace. The German secret service may be interested to hear about it. See that they do."

He must do that, the American Chief reflected, without disclosing the identities of any of his men whom the German did not know already. But he knew that they had spotted two or three Americans "doing some Intelligence work." No harm in using them in the ruse; in fact, it would distract attention. So a few days later the German Chief in Switzerland began to get reports.

"X and Y, suspected American agents," was their purport, "are going to all the libraries and bookstores in Berne, searching for information about Alsace. They ask for data about geography, topography, railroads, roads. They want to buy books or maps, and offer good prices to overcome the booksellers' objection to violating the Swiss neutrality regulations."

Geography, topography, railroads, roads! Just what an invading Army must know about. The German Chief handed those reports to his best code expert. "Get them into Germany immediately!" he ordered. Then he called in some agents, among them the heroine of this piece, the damsel, Bella Donna. Bella Donna, it might be explained, was what the Americans called her secret name—secret even from herself.

Her eyes had won it for her. Those great luminous black orbs were prominent features of the lobby in the celebrated Bellevue Palace Hotel in Berne, during four years scene of untold espionage and intrigue by a score of nations. Here was her hunting-ground, masculine Allied officials or officers her prey. Bella Donna was right at home in European hotels. She was, one might say, a natural born lobby vamp.

She was a handsome creature, dark, tall, graceful, with the exotic Russian air and gestures. Perhaps that was

why the German Chief had "put her on" the Americans, to scrape acquaintance with young secretaries of legation or military attachés, who handled each day precious documents, yet were young enough to be gallant and succumb before those lovely eyes. So she ogled them and rolled them, flashed them and melted them, but to little purpose. The Americans simply would not succumb.

"Wonder what she puts in those lamps?" they asked one another, and christened her "Bella Donna." Her real name does not descend to us. Now, the German Chief told her:

"You have one last chance. We hear that the Americans are going to attack in Alsace. We must have confirmation. If you can get it, you keep your job. If not, you lose it."

So that evening in late August, 1918, the woman spy posed herself fascinatingly on a hotel divan, scanning soulfully if a little anxiously, the cosmopolitan crowd that flowed in and out. American faces remained impassive, unmoved by arts of veiled seduction that years in the German service had taught her. Then for an instant they leaped, as with long strides a tall, rather youthful man crossed the lobby. A big fish, she thought, in position to know something about the Alsace attack, if any one was. Hitherto, theirs had been only a bowing acquaintance. Could she land him now? She turned the eyes upon him—and they worked.

"Why, Mademoiselle," he beamed, coming up with outstretched hand, "you are charming this evening. And who could resist that smile? Won't you come into the bar and have a cocktail before dinner?"

Bar? Cocktail? Bella Donna heard the words in a rosy mist. The eyes would still do it, she told herself joyously.

"I should be charmed, Monsieur," she said demurely.

There was a laughing noisy crowd in the bar, and at once her escort caught its spirit.

"Otto," he cried to the rubicund bartender who was something of a character in Berne, "Otto, the two stiffest Martinis you ever mixed! Then two more—and make them stiffer."

In a little nook, they were gay and talkative, speaking first French, then English, which both knew well. But as the Martinis grew stiffer, the American's tongue grew thicker. His head rolled, then fell forward upon his chest. He slept. Now the great eyes flashed indeed, as Bella Donna leaned forward.

"Otto," she whispered, "come stand in front of us."

Then, shielded by the broad aproned figure, rapidly and with expert fingers she searched the American, and with a little cry found a long narrow envelope.

"Let him sleep a moment until I return," she told Otto, and disappeared.

In her room in the hotel she lighted an electric heater under a small teakettle, steamed open the envelope and drew out the single sheet, folded twice, of an American official paper. What she read made the eyes glow with triumph. It was an order, in proper official form, from General Nolan, commanding G-2 at American G. H. Q., France, to the Chief of the American secret service in Switzerland, directing that he send at once to G. H. Q. all men in his service who had ever been in Alsace, or had special knowledge of the country, or spoke its patois. Intelligence officers for an invading Army! The very news the German Chief wanted!

BELLA DONNA GETS THE PAPERS

Bella Donna worked quickly. Disconnecting her electric wire from the heater, she connected it again with a little box-shaped instrument taken from concealment.

Soon she had an excellent photostat of the precious paper. Replacing the original in the envelope, which she glued shut and dried carefully, she hurried again to the bar. There still lay the American.

Again shielded by Otto, she replaced the envelope. Then she shook the sleeper.

"Come, Monsieur Sleepyhead," she cried gaily, "you have slept long enough. Let us dine."

Slowly the American raised a befuddled countenance.

"Wha'? Wha'?" he stammered, then with a sudden look of alarm, clapped his hand to his inside coat pocket—and heaved a sigh of relief. Bella Donna struggled to keep triumph from the famous eyes. She bolted her dinner in manner American rather than Russian, made an excuse, hastened to the German Chief.

"Here," she said, extending the photostat. "And you must apologize for ever doubting me. And I want a hundred marks more a week."

Meantime:

"Hook, line and sinker!" the American told his Chief exultingly. "Once though, I thought it was all off. When she was searching me—she tickled."

"Guess I'll plant a waiter or a busboy in that bar," the Chief mused, "now that we're sure Otto's in with them."

He is sure to-day that the Germans really did swallow the bait thus enticingly dangled before the Bella Donna eyes. Authority for that belief came not only from German prisoners captured later, even from admissions of high German officers to American Intelligence officers after the Armistice but from another woman—a spy for the Allies.

She was the antithesis of Bella Donna, a Frenchwoman of patriotism as pure as the courage that kept her for four years behind the German lines, well within the danger zone, sending to her countrymen information of what went

on there. Before the war one of the American secret service had known her as mistress of a fine château in the Alsatian mountains, just on the German side of the frontier. But she was French, and although her husband was drafted into the German army and sent to fight in Russia, though a German general and his staff took over the château, she remained, not to serve them, but to spy upon them.

On clear days, the French could see with powerful glasses from the eminence of Hartmannsweilerkopf the château and its grounds. When there was washing on the line, they could see it, even count the number of sheets and pillowcases and towels, see how they were arranged. Somehow, the French knew pretty well what German troops were moving and where, behind the lines in Alsace. They knew when the Germans moved a division from Mulhouse, to close behind the trenches where the American attack would come, replacing it with another division sent to Mulhouse itself. In other ways the Americans found out that on August thirtieth a general alarm had been ordered in Mulhouse, hospitals and bank reserves taken across the Rhine out of danger, government employees prepared to flee.

The real American attack, of course, came September twelfth at St. Mihiel, one hundred twenty-five miles northwest of the Alsace front. Doubtless somewhere in the smudgy pages of the history of secret service in Switzerland, is written what happened to Bella Donna.

Many other women played the game in Switzerland, sometimes failing, sometimes succeeding. All nations employed them more or less, including the Americans. The Germans had an assorted lot chosen mostly for beauty of face and form, and for quick wits, rather than for morals. Another besides Bella Donna had a "secret name," Turkish Delight, for she came from Constan-

tinople. The Americans who thus rechristened her gathered that her profession there had acquainted her with diplomats, which made her valuable in Switzerland. The lady ran to flesh and jewelry, and of course, men, but her besetting weakness was *pâté de foies gras*. She was, as one American expresses it, "susceptible to *paté*." Plied with this favorite delicacy, she talked freely as do others plied with wine.

Women spies of deviousness almost unbelievable plied precarious trade in neutral countries, working first for one Power, then for another, sometimes for several at once. One little person quiet but for flaming eyes, so adored intrigue and danger that she worked for British, French, Americans—and Germans. She had *entrée* day or night to a German Chief who, she said, wanted to marry her, and took him papers "stolen" from the Americans. She attended many of his spy conferences.

But the real apple of her eye was a Frenchman high in the *Deuxième Bureau* in Paris, who never told his local colleagues she worked for him. They put her on their suspect list, as did every one else, including the Americans, who also had her on the pay-roll for two years during which they trusted her as far as they could throw the proverbial bull. A great game, secret service. She must have prospered at it.

A tidy sum in American dollars once fattened the purse of another woman trickster through a trick whereof she was innocent. Her Austrian paymasters tired of her, and let her "steal" what seemed a hot tip on a Teutonic plan to cut a cable in Cuban waters. She sold it to a branch of the American secret service, which cabled it to Washington. Immediately came back from General Churchill approximately this message: "What the hell? That cable was cut *yesterday*." As, of course, the Austrians had known.

DELILAH'S SISTERS

One of the most interesting of them all was "The Princess," not a "secret name," for she had the title, genuine, honorable and Polish, from her husband. The Prince was old enough to have known better, but had money to afford a gamble. She added to a clever calculating brain, a convent education, and wound him where such husbands usually are wound. Like Fräulein Doktor, she craved excitement, and found it in secret service.

Working for one of the Allies, she opened a salon in Paris, one of those gathering-places of great and near-great (both came to hers) that are such fertile fields for spies. Information, rumor, "inside stuff," flew back and forth, and was reported by the Princess to her superiors who found her valuable if only as a check upon the discretion of her guests. Not a few who lost responsible and pleasant government jobs in Paris never knew it was because they talked too much in her salon.

So she was promoted to Switzerland, where she fell into devious ways. Perhaps she did not make good with her employers. At any rate, she was suspected of being an *agent double*, working for the Germans—though to start such rumors is a common stratagem. Later she became friendly with some Japanese. Then she began to cultivate the Americans. She heaped attentions on them, entertained them at the Bernerhof, then climaxed her campaign by offering them a splendid Swiss cheese of a size and richness forbidden by the food regulations. Driving out into the country, they found it as she had said, in a village—a monster of a cheese, that could be concealed only in a tire case, and covered the center of the table at the American Christmas dinner in the Bellevue Palace. Finally it dawned upon them what this was all about. The Princess was laying siege to the heart of their Chief

himself, with what motives that discreet gentleman never stopped to ascertain. He executed a rapid retreat.

A favorite German game that American and other Allied attachés, diplomats and officers had always to be dodging in Switzerland, was a variation of the familiar "badger game." Women spies would endeavor to lure them to hotel rooms, where they would be discovered by "husbands," and threatened with exposure if they did not leave Switzerland at once. Sometimes the lure was a promise to give valuable information. The same American who played a part in trapping The Master had a piquant experience.

Among the sisterhood with Bella Donna and Turkish Delight was an Italian woman, with beautiful oval face, splendid figure, and a "Come and get me" manner. She tried all three on the American, who reported the experience to his Chief.

"See what she wants," the Chief ordered, "but watch yourself."

So next evening when they met in the Bellevue Palace lobby, things progressed almost as rapidly as they had for Bella Donna. As the Italian arose to go, she whispered, "Come in a few minutes to my room, and I will tell you something your government wants to know." The American nodded, and shortly rapped softly but with some trepidation upon her door. He could not but wonder what trap waited, even though comrades were "covering" him.

The door opened, disclosing about what he had expected—his hostess clad mostly in a peignoir. The fair enchantress was at her most enchanting as she led him in and indicated a *chaise longue*. Then, as he moved toward it, she stooped, as if she had dropped something, locked the door and slipped the key into her bosom. The American leaped across the room.

"What are you doing?" he cried, and seizing both arms,

shook her like an old coat. As he had hoped, from somewhere or other the key fell to the floor. He pounced upon it, unlocked the door. Nobody in the hall. He stepped back into the room, past the amazed woman evidently struggling with very mixed emotions. He ran to the heavy curtains swathing the windows, ripped them aside, disclosing—nothing.

“Must be a dictograph,” he said to himself, sitting down on the edge of the primmest chair in the room, as far as possible from the *chaise longue*. “And now, Signora, what was that information you were going to give me?”

He had outraged the Signora’s finest feelings. How could he suspect her? Was she not Italian, a friend of the Allies? But there was room for two on the *chaise longue*. No? Reluctantly she began to tell about a new German plan she had heard of “on the very best authority,” to beat the British at their own “Q Ship” game. There would be a merchant ship with neutral flag, Swedish, Norwegian, whatever, steaming along the surface. Lurking beneath, always following, would be a submarine, to stab whatever patrolling Allied war vessels should search the neutral. They had also a clever plan to refuel submarines at sea by neutral ships. That was the Signora’s information, drawn from her piecemeal. True, or made in the German rumor factory? All the American could do was pass it on to G-2-B, to be weighed and estimated. So to the Signora’s apparent disgust, he got up and left. Next day, so did she, and the hotel saw her no more. Pique, or was her job done?

AN HISTORIC DICTOGRAPH

Another titled lady tried a dictograph coup that deserves recording on history’s page because it played a

real if hitherto unknown part in the downfall of the Central Powers. It helped prepare the defection of the first, Bulgaria, which asked Armistice September 25, 1918. About a week before, a so-called baroness of dubious reputation came to an American secret service chief.

"I can help you get Bulgaria out of the war," she announced. "Their defeat in Macedonia is the last straw. Their Premier has ordered a Bulgarian diplomat here to find out secretly whether if they quit, President Wilson will let King Ferdinand stay. I can arrange for you to meet him, in my apartment."

The American Chief looked interested. The woman continued:

"This is no fake. All you have to do is listen to what he says. I'm going to have a dictograph there and you can have the record—and I'll sell it to some one else, too."

Too big a chance to lose. The Bulgar diplomat and his mission turned out quite real. The Americans transmitted the message to Washington—and the reply seemed encouraging. All of which, recorded verbatim, the nimble-witted lady sold first to the Germans, as proof that their Bulgarian Allies were deserting them, then to the Swiss, as proof that they were violating Swiss neutrality. As the American Chief exclaimed when he heard it:

"What a woman!"

Those inquisitive instruments—the dictographs—played a part in American secret service, as in any other. For a time it was a comedy part. G-2-B of the A. E. F. asked M. I. D. in Washington to send across quite a number of them whereupon a bill reached Chaumont for several thousand dollars, but no dictographs. A search started. "Dic, dic, who's got the dic?" became an indoor sport. Nowhere could they be found, though the most expert sleuths took the trail. A second bill came. The joke wore thin. Then G-2-B found the dictographs—in

the Paris office of G-2, S. O. S., the spy-hunters of the rear areas, who were using them enthusiastically.

How many of the A. E. F. remember that hotel in the Rue D, not too far from the Boulevard des Capucines patrolled by those charming and friendly *boulevardières*? A find, that hotel, with unobtrusive entrance, and despite regulations, always hot water and other "*confort moderne*." So discreet, so safe.

That was where some of the dictographs were. Through long winter evenings, stenographers, American and French, listened to many a conversation between American officer and pretty lady, perhaps a German agent seeking information, or a French agent helping spot loose tongues that should be sent where they could wag harmlessly. Time after time, listening stenographers wrote:

"'Ow mannee Americain' arrh on France?"

Their pothooks caught odd fish sometimes. One operator nearly broke the headpiece wires when there smote his ear the well-known voice of a certain high-ranking officer—but using language he had never heard that officer use. The officer got a newer safer job far from Paris and *boulevardières*—and wondered why.

There was reason for the warnings spread through the A. E. F. about the little ladies. Notwithstanding, many doughboys thought those warnings "the bunk," as witness this episode.

It was in May, 1918, time of great anxiety for the German High Command. Their powerful offensive started March twenty-first had almost broken through and separated British and French—but not quite. Succeeding blows, however staggering, missed the great result the Germans must win. The Yanks were coming, in hundreds of thousands, that might turn the tide. How soon? How much time left? That the German secret service was ordered to find out, and one of many moves on the chess-board

started from a cellar beneath a cobbler's shop in the Rue Prevot-Martin, Geneva.

That cellar held uniforms of all sorts of French regiments, with badge of rank complete, decorations, kepis, calots. At a corner workbench were cobbled proper papers for whoever wore these outfits, slipping across the frontier into France by any of several low drinking places directly astride the border-line, rendezvous of spies, deserters and smugglers. Cafés and cellars were the burrows used by a polyglot pack of foxes headed by a French deserter, a desperate youth whose cutthroats would take on any dirty job, espiecially of espionage against the Allies.

To them came orders to send two women into France, to find out: How many Americans were now in France? How many more were coming each week? At what ports were they landing? Anything about them, in fact. And exactly what damage were airplane bombs and Bertha shells doing in Paris? So Yvonne Schadeck and Anne Garnier, both in their twenties, packed their hand-bags and found in the cellar passports to get them by the frontier. This was not Yvonne's first such trip. She had spent part of the previous winter in Paris, with results profitable to the Germans.

But the cellar was beginning to be known, and the girls aroused suspicion at the frontier. Every step on French soil was watched. For nearly a week they were allowed to operate unmolested, to search the city for marks of shell and bomb, but mostly, to "work" the railroad stations, especially the Gare de l'Est which most Americans used. Officers they found more circumspect, doughboys were their favorites.

PUMPING THE DOUGHBOYS

"'Ave dreencck?" they would ask, and the prey would reply:

"Yer darn shoutin' I'll 'ave dreenck! Lead me to it, kiddo!"

Before the deadliest combination of secret service, wine and woman, the prey succumbed.

"Some kiddo you are, all right," he expanded. "Some swell burg this Paris is, too. Why, say, that dump we're in, near Looneyville, 's a pain in the neck. The ol' Steenth Infantry ain't gettin' a square deal. But we're goin' into the trenches in two weeks, an' then—— What trenches? Near Baccarat, they say. But you just watch the ol' Steenth——"

Yvonne and Marie were experienced and quick workers. They could go through a good many doughboys in twenty-four hours. So when finally the waiting French pounced, they hoped to find ample reports as yet unsent. But the first search revealed nothing. A second search of Marie revealed nothing. But when they split open a small ornament on Yvonne's dress they found a bit of tissue-paper covered with tiny characters, written with a fine pen.

"That's nothing," said Yvonne, reaching for the paper. "Burn it."

Later a code expert pronounced it a very neat tabulation of the whereabouts of American units. But it omitted one movement, started almost exactly as the girls were led off to prison—that of the Second American Division, regulars and Marines, to Château-Thierry, to stop the latest German drive. Of course, the Second told the Germans what they wanted to know in a day or two, anyway, in language quite unmistakable. The Yanks had come.

For every Schadeck or Garnier caught, how many spied on us uncaught? Hundreds, probably, and they a fraction only of all the women spies in France. Whomever they worked for, most were Frenchwomen, of all European women most intelligent and independent. The overwhelming majority were patriotic and loyal, though tried sorely,

especially in regions occupied by the Germans for four years. Not strange that a few succumbed. A vivid remembrance of the early morning of the last day of the war, along the front line, remains: A tall slim Frenchman of waxen complexion, in civilian black, questioning peasants of a village just recaptured. He was sifting loyal from disloyal, aided by a list of names that the Deuxième Bureau had been compiling patiently for four years—those guilty of "Intelligence with the enemy." For them the "day of glory" was the day of retribution. And so many were women.

Nor did the Americans get along without them—entirely. Whereby hangs a tale.

There came from the United States to France a young lady called, perhaps, Estelle. She was of French descent, spoke French perfectly, had taught it in a smart American girls' school. In manner and appearance, she was attractive with lovely brown hair and eyes, graceful, chic. In fact, she was so good-looking that cynical secret service men muttered: "Humph! Enter the fascinating woman spy."

But others might be less suspicious, and she was chosen for an important job in Switzerland. Fashionable resorts like St. Moritz were to be her hunting ground. She was to mingle with the cosmopolitan *haut monde*, and keep her ears open, even if necessary, use her pleasant manner to facilitate the flow of gossip. So she started for the Swiss frontier.

There was a slip before she left Paris, unfortunately, and this time a slip probably not feminine but masculine. As result of it, Estelle was inevitably spotted at the frontier as a lady aspiring to espionage, not only by the Swiss secret police, but by The Master's German organization then flourishing. She got into Switzerland, but that was all the good it did her. Her description had been whispered from

mouth to mouth in the spy world. Her good looks made her easily identifiable. She had as much chance of extracting confidences from highly placed Germans as from deaf and dumb men. She did her best, some say, but the cards were stacked against her. Speculating later on what might have been done to camouflage her, she said:

"False reports could have been fabricated of me in Allied Intelligence offices in France, rumors spread through suspect circles that I was having trouble with the authorities. I would then have gone to Switzerland presumably to get away from Allied surveillance. Once in Switzerland, more 'secret' reports might have been sent about me, to the effect that I was dangerous to the United States Government, a pacifist propagandist with a German husband in the United States Army whom I was going to help desert. These 'secret' reports could have been allowed to leak out to the enemy. Once in Switzerland, with the exception of one or two confidential persons, no one should have known about me and Americans should have been allowed to think that I was 'suspect,' possibly working for Germany."

Recognized ruses of secret service. Whether or not they would have worked in the case of Estelle, who can say? Some say she failed less because of insufficient camouflage than because she fell in love! Further, some say, he was a German agent put on her trail. Whoever he was, they add, with emphasis, he was lucky. Anyway, Estelle's exit from Switzerland confirmed General Nolan in his determination to keep all her sisters out of American secret service activities controlled by him.

General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, France, dispensed with women spies. Married or single, General Nolan agreed with Sir Basil Thomson that "women do not make good spies." French and Italian secret services laughed and asked: "But how can you get along without them?" Yet G. H. Q. did that.

Some other branches of American secret service in Europe employed women, mostly for counter-espionage. Some came from the United States, some were French. The fate of one of the latter was pathetic. She lost her figure in the American service. Loaned by the Deuxième Bureau after a thrilling and successful spying career, she found American pay and especially American candy a little too good. As her weight waxed, her efficiency waned.

More women did American Intelligence work of one sort or another in the United States than in Europe. Women of high, low, and no social position played the game, lured by desire to do something for their country—and get a thrill. Many were volunteers, American, Allied and German. The amateurs furnished most of the fireworks. They tapered upward from the lady mosquito inspector in New Jersey who assured the Naval Intelligence that she had seen a moving van stopped on the sands while men of Teutonic appearance removed therefrom and operated the usual secret wireless.

WHY GIRLS GO INTO SECRET SERVICE

Intelligence suspected an Austrian baron of violating his parole and doing some quiet spy work for the Central Powers. Shadowing about New York showed him engaged in several intrigues, to be sure, but not the sort suspected. The Baron was a ladies' man. It was decided to put a woman on him.

"She's got to be a good-looker," the shadows reported. "He's some picker."

Where search for good-lookers but in the chorus? Especially as a well-known New York theatrical producer was a valuable member of the Intelligence forces. He produced a girl whom the shadows pronounced a good-looker. They arranged for her to meet the Baron, then told her what to do. She was the blonde type, sufficiently uphol-

stered, that would appeal to a Teuton. She was to tell the Baron she was of German descent, worm her way into his confidence and find out what he was doing for Austria.

The first week passed without news. "Probably just getting started," they thought. A second week passed, and a third. No reports. Then this note:

"The Baron and I were married this morning. Thank you."

He was a real baron. Explaining, perhaps, why girls go on the stage, and into secret service.

The greatest center for that game in this country was, of course, war-time Washington. There was nothing imaginary about the presence there of agents and friends of Germany eager to pick up precious nuggets of information and forward them across the ocean, usually by South American countries and Mexico. In Mexico City was a German spy center not unfamiliar to the German Legation, that sent more than one agent to the United States. One was the famous Pablo Waberski. Another was a dangerous woman spy, who unlike Pablo, was not caught until she had worked for some time in Washington, and nearly done very serious harm.

One of the most important government departments guarded closely its many secrets. In a special camouflaged safe were kept papers, drawings, letters whose possession would certainly mean thousands of lives and millions of marks to the Germans, might in a few cases at certain times, have meant the difference between victory and defeat. The men who saw the contents could have been counted upon one hand—whereof one finger would have been President Wilson. The safe had a guardian, who almost alone knew its secret and how to open it. He had an excellent record as a Government servant and was trusted.

But does secret service entirely trust anybody? The safe's guardian was watched, from his getting up in the

morning until his retiring at night, and it is lucky he was. He began spending his evenings with a beautiful dark woman of Spanish type, unknowing that everything he did was noted. Infatuated, he became not alone indiscreet but disloyal. To their amazement, the shadows beheld the woman and this trusted officer enter a certain apartment-house in a quiet Washington street. The shadows knew that in that house was a small apartment ostensibly that of a bachelor business man, actually conducted by a branch of the government as a hidden rendezvous for confidential interviews. The guardian of the safe was one of the few who had keys, with fully understood restrictions governing use. The shadows telephoned their Chief:

"He's taken her up to the apartment."

"Grab them both!" the Chief exploded. And they did.

A WOMAN SPY IN WASHINGTON

The third degree revealed that the beautiful dark stranger was from the German spy center in Mexico City, caught as she had begun to weave around her intended victim a web of blackmail from which he could have escaped only by giving up the secrets of the safe.

At least, so the Intelligence officers believed who questioned her. She got off easily, as did some other enemy agents—deportation to Mexico.

They went over the guardian of the safe with a fine tooth comb, from head to foot, from birth to present. They asked all about his wife, from whom he was separated, and who lived in Europe. He described her minutely, appearance, mannerisms, the four languages she spoke fluently. Then they showed him a sort of "general alarm" circular, a blacklist, received from the French, naming and describing twenty men and four women.

"These are the most dangerous German agents of

whom we know," said the circular in effect. "We urge all to seize them immediately, and ask questions and think up charges later."

First of the four women was the American's wife! Soon afterward she was caught in Rome with a high Army officer, and barely escaped with her life. The guardian of the safe said he did not know that she was a spy but—he was no longer guardian of the safe.

A hard task of secret service in Washington was to protect high government officials against espionage, which irked some of the great ones who would have it that "this spy stuff is the bunk."

One such, whose name appeared daily in newspapers during the war, proved susceptible to a dashing Levantine woman of somewhat hazy past, who was so suspect that secret service became violently upset. They set a watch upon the lady, which she discovered, and told her admirer. But they also put a dictograph in his office, where he received her, which neither of them discovered. So one day those listening at the dictograph, after certain endearing passages, heard the public man say this:

"Come over to the window, darling. See that short fat fellow down there—the one smoking the long cigar? He's an Intelligence man. The damn fools have started shadowing me, too!"

A dictograph was silent but principal actor in another little spy drama of war-time Washington with locale in circles higher still. The dictograph was planted by an official of an Allied Government, one of whose duties was to keep his eyes open for German intrigues, in the apartment of a woman of considerable social position, whom he suspected of being responsible for leakage of information.

Men called upon her, some of whom held high positions in the government's war-making organization. One particularly had information of the highest value, for he had the confidence of the President, with whom he con-

ferred frequently. He was ideal prey for a woman spy—and of all the callers he came oftenest, stayed longest.

Whatever they said the dictograph recorded, and the inquisitive official accumulated a collection of records. They showed that the high-placed caller was being indiscreet, very,—but whether the indiscretion was of kind and degree to justify his removal was more than some Americans who heard the record of the conversation could determine. There was no question of his loyalty.

They put that up to President Wilson himself. He heard the record of the conversation read, but he was suspicious. It might be a Republican plot, he said, to make trouble for the Administration. He would take no action. But others did. They enlisted the adept cooperation of a woman well known in Washington, of ancient American family. So skilfully did she drop a word here and a hint there, that shortly the government official ceased to call upon his innamorata. The last scene in the little drama was a diplomatic incident caused by resentment at the activity of the foreign official who planted the dictograph. No mention of which appeared in all the newspaper columns devoted to that diplomatic incident.

Does this narrative seem unfair to women spies? Perhaps, after all, it is to women's credit if they do not make good spies. The failures among them, of course, come to the surface, the successes remain often hidden. To right the balance, there is one more story, to Americans perhaps the most touching story of all. Unfortunately, it must be told briefly and without official authority.

OUR UNKNOWN HEROINE

It seems that there was one American woman spy who played for a great stake, won, and died.

It was in Austria-Hungary, where American secret service accomplished more than is generally known. The former Dual Monarchy was for various reasons a better

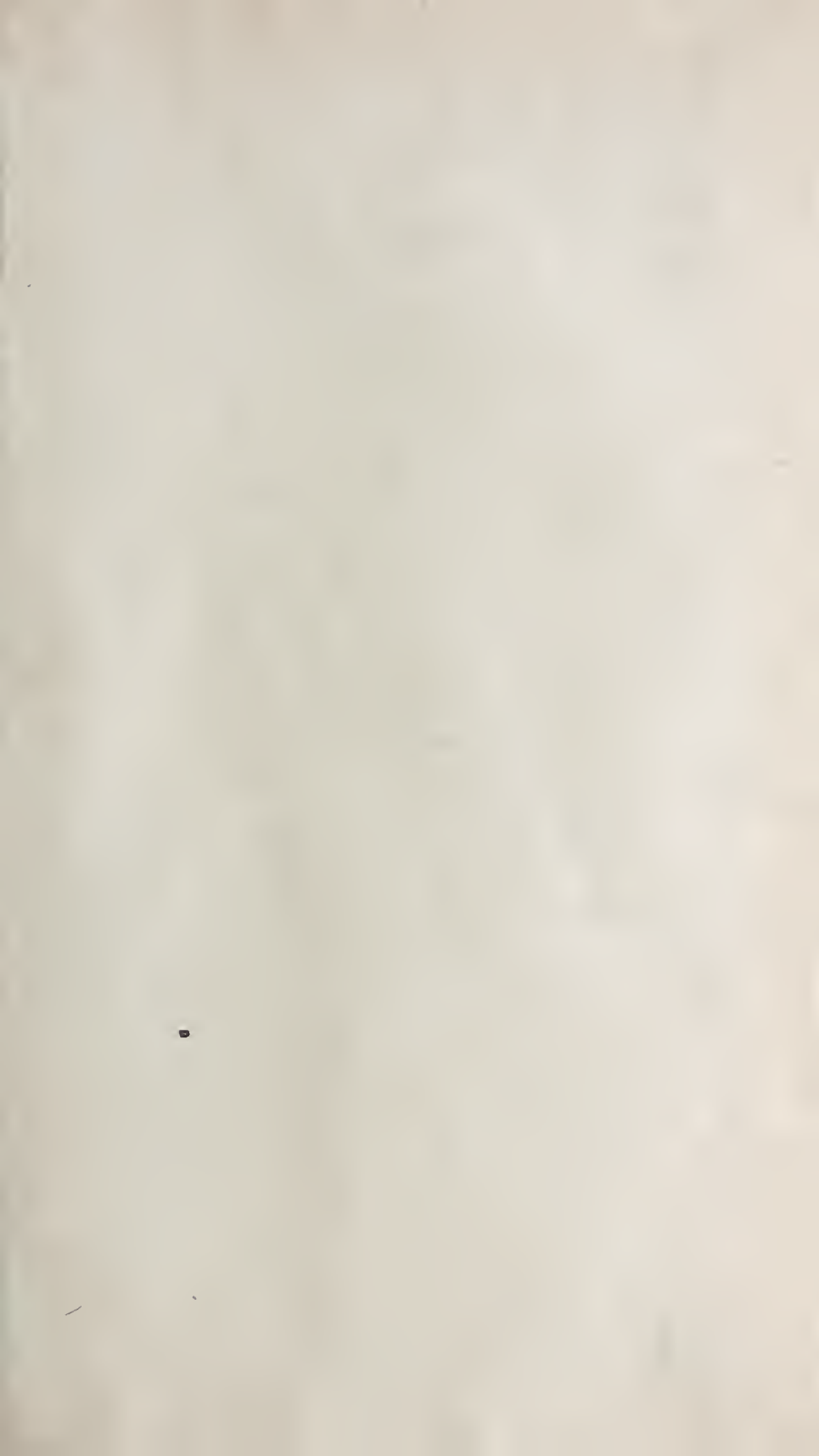
field for American agents, than Germany. One of these American agents was a woman, who, some say, had been in Austria-Hungary before the war, and others say, got in through the efforts of that unusual personality, Captain Voska, and operated partly with the amazing Czecho-Slovak secret service.

In the early fall of 1918 she decided upon her great coup—to hasten the downfall of Austria-Hungary then imminent, from internal dissension, war-weariness and near-famine. She was not in Vienna, but in another large city, very possibly Prague, for she had help such as few within the iron ring but Czecho-Slovaks would have given. On a concealed printing press, she printed thousands of the tickets by presenting which alone the hard-pressed people could get bread or meat. Then she distributed them to many agents, some knowing, some ignorant of what she was doing. There came a rush on provision stores that stripped them, throughout a province at least. People who for years had not eaten their fill, went on a food drunk. Then came the cry, "There is no more!" Now real famine threatened, and that threat, the story runs, hastened the peace overtures of the already willing Emperor, and the proclamation that part of his former realm was become the Czecho-Slovak Republic.

But the fabricator of the false food-tickets had been traced, arrested and, woman or no woman, executed with short shrift. She knew, of course, that that would be her fate if she were caught. Yet she did her bit to end the war.

How that woman died, where she was buried, under what name, who were her family or friends, the writer does not know. The story he has told comes from three sources, all reliable, none official. Surely somewhere there must be a clue that would enable the American people at last to know who was their World War heroine who lies in an unknown grave.

THE END



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